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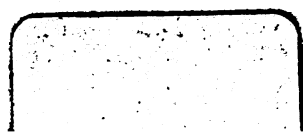
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Tuesday
March 1st

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HISTORY
OF
TUCKER COUNTY,
WEST VIRGINIA,

FROM THE EARLIEST EXPLORATIONS AND SETTLE-
MENTS TO THE PRESENT TIME;

WITH
BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF MORE THAN TWO HUNDRED AND
FIFTY OF THE LEADING MEN, AND A FULL APPENDIX OF
OFFICIAL AND ELECTIONAL HISTORY; ALSO, AN
ACCOUNT OF THE RIVERS, FORESTS AND
CAVES OF THE COUNTY.

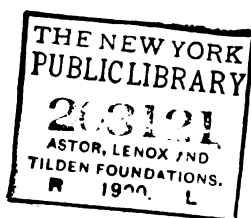
BY HU MAXWELL.

ILLUSTRATED WITH
TWENTY-EIGHT PHOTOTYPES OF NOTED PERSONS.

KINGWOOD, W. VA.:
PRESTON PUBLISHING COMPANY.
1884.

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1884



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KINGWOOD, W. VA.

AS A
SLIGHT, BUT SINCERE EXPRESSION OF GRATITUDE,
AS A TOKEN OF RESPECT FOR INTEGRITY AND FIRMNESS
IN THE CAUSE OF HISTORICAL RESEARCH,
AS A MARK OF ESTEEM FOR NOBILITY OF PURPOSE
IN ALL THE LESSER AND LESS-TRODDEN PATHS OF LIFE,

THE AUTHOR

DEDICATES THIS BOOK TO HIS FRIEND,

WILBUR C. BROCKUNTER.

INTRODUCTION.

Had some things been different from what they were, I believe that I could have made the History of Tucker County better than it is. The labor required to collect and arrange the material was greater than would be supposed by one who has never undertaken a task of similar nature. No previous history, covering the period and territory, has ever been compiled, and I had to enter upon original and unexplored fields wherever I went. There was no scarcity of subject-matter; but, at times, it was not easy for me to decide what to use and what to reject. I am not certain that I have not erred seriously in one thing—that I trusted more to the whims of others than to my own judgment. The plan of the work would have been quite different had I followed my own inclination to make the whole thing one connected story instead of biographical fragments, as it is. Yet, as it is, it will please more people than it would if cast in the mold for which it was first intended. I was not writing it for myself, but for others; and, as my tastes and fancies differ from those of others, I thought it best to suit the book to those for whom it was intended.

But, as I said, if some things had been otherwise, this book might have been better. The circumstances under which the work was done were not at all times pleasant or favorable. I commenced it in 1881, and devoted to it only what time was mine after devoting twelve hours a day to school work. At first it was my intention to publish it in the *Tucker County Pioneer*, as a serial story; but this was abandoned when it was seen how unwise it was. The his-

tory as it was then was less than half as large as now, although it devoted more space to the guerrilla warfare that was carried on along our county's borders during the Civil War. When the idea of publishing it in the newspaper was abandoned, it was next proposed to bring it out in book form, and the first half-dozen pages were actually set in type. But, I was not pleased with it, and concluded to rearrange the whole work, and the printing was accordingly suspended until the writing should be completed.

Meanwhile, I found it necessary to give some attention to other matters; for, it has never been my fortune to be so situated that I could devote my whole time to literary work. Soon, too, I grew doubtful if it was worth while to do anything further with the matter. So, it was allowed to lie idle, while I found more agreeable employment in other fields of history. Thus, nothing was done till the winter of 1883-4. I was then in California, and had done as much on a new history ("Conquest of the Ohio Valley") as I could do without a personal visit to the Library at Washington City, and, as I was not yet ready to return to the East, I began to consider whether it would not be a good opportunity to revise the musty manuscripts of the Tucker History. I was the more inclined to do this because I did not like the idea of having commenced a thing without finishing it. So, I sent to West Virginia for the manuscript and revised it by the time I was ready to start home, in April, 1884. Upon my arrival at home, I added the part embraced in "Brief Biographies," and sent the book to the press late in August.

If I had quieted myself to this task, and had nothing else to lead my mind off or to disturb me, I could have done better. I could have better interwoven the stories, one with another, and made of them one continued purpose,

and about them there would have been a completeness which I am conscious that they do not now possess. But it is not necessary to speculate upon such things as might have been. The book is as it is, and those who feel troubled at the discovery of logical errors may, if they will, let charity cover what is best concealed. It is not my intention to undertake another task of the kind, so I cannot truthfully promise to profit by irregularities that may be pointed out. But, from this, it should not be inferred that I look upon my labor as that much thankless drudgery. Far from it. The people of Tucker County have lent their aid and encouragement to me, and have done what they could to assist me, and, on their account, if for nothing else, the work, in spite of its many discouragements and difficulties, has been to me a pleasing one. No person feels a deeper and kindlier interest in the majestic mountains, the quiet valleys, the green meadows, the blooming orchards, the sweeping streams and the crystal springs of our little county, than I do. The interests of the people are mine, and their hopes and aspirations are in unison with my sympathy. The whole county, from the wind-swept crags of the Alleghanies to the sugar-bloom of the Seven Islands, is throbbing with the pulse of universal life. The past with its romance is lost in the present, and the present is newer and beautifuller than the past ever was. Who would not feel a pride in such a county? If I have done anything for it in the present undertaking, I am glad of it; if I have done nothing, I am sorry, for I have not done my duty.

Some of the history has been wholly neglected or only touched, because I could not utilize it all. What I have left has been principally romances that cling around old memories. I would like to fling history aside and cast my

lot with them for a season. No mountain of Scotland has echoed to the themes of more beautiful legends than our mountains have. The temptation to me was great as I was writing the history, for I wanted to turn myself loose among such landscapes and people and stories as my fancy could create or my eyes could see already created. But I held steadily before my mind the fact that I was writing history, and I did all I could to weed from it what was not sober and true. I have given nothing that I do not believe to be the truth. I am able to rid myself of all partiality when it is necessary to do so, and in this case I have done it. I feel that I have done injustice to none. If I have, it was unintentional on my part. It has been necessary to write of some who are anything but my personal friends; but I have done it without one shadow of desire to do them a wrong or to let them suffer by neglect. All I could ask of any man is to be treated as fairly as I have treated my characters in this History of Tucker County. I hold that no man should be misrepresented; but, if misrepresentations be tolerated, it is better that they affect the dead than the living. I would rather harm the memory of a dead Washington, although he was my friend, than to take a mean advantage of a living enemy—to injure him in a manner wherein he could not defend himself. Whether right or wrong, thus I believe.

To those who will read this book closely enough to notice errata, where they exist, I would say, bear in mind that the book was written in fragmentary parts, and did not receive the supervision that all histories should have. However, I feel confident that the serious errors are few, and what they are, they are there without the knowledge of the author at this hour.

HU MAXWELL.

Kingwood, October 23, 1884.

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HISTORY OF TUCKER COUNTY.

CHAPTER I.

JAMES PARSONS.

TUCKER COUNTY, West Virginia, is bounded on the north by Preston, on the east by Maryland and Grant County; on the south it is bounded by Randolph, and on the west by Barbour. It lies along the valley of Cheat River, and includes the tributaries of that stream for about thirty-five miles north and south, and twenty east and west. The area of the county would, therefore, be about seven hundred square miles; but, if an actual measurement were made, the area would probably fall a little short of these figures.

The county is not mentioned in history prior to the French and Indian War, about 1762. Of course, it is understood that when the county is spoken of in this manner, reference is had only to the territory now included in the county of Tucker. The territory so considered appears to have been unknown to civilized man till about the year 1762 or 1763. The accounts of the earliest explorations

are vague and conflicting, and very few positive statements can be made on the subject. However, it is certain that both Preston and Randolph were visited by white men before Tucker was.

Probably the first white man in the county was Captain James Parsons, who then lived on the South Branch of the Potomac, near Moorefield, in the present county of Hardy. During the French and Indian War, the Indians often passed from beyond the Ohio, across the Alleghany Mountains, into the settlements on the Potomac River, and particularly on the South Branch. They killed or carried away as prisoners everybody they could catch. On one of these raids they captured Capt. James Parsons.* They carried him with them all the way to Ohio, and kept him a prisoner for some time. At length, however, he managed to escape from them and set out for home. He knew that the South Branch was in the east, and he traveled in that direction. He guided his course by the sun by day and the moon by night. But, as it was often cloudy, he wandered at times from his way. In this manner he proceeded many days, and from the length of time that he had been on the road, he thought that he must be near the South Branch. He struck a small river, which he thought to be the South Branch, because it flowed in an easterly direction. He followed it until it emptied into a larger river, which flowed north. This stream he followed, thinking it might be a branch of the Potomac, flowing in this direction to pass around a mountain, and that it would turn east and south again in the course of a few miles. With this impression he followed it. But it did not turn east, and showed no

* It is now a question whether it was Parsons or another man. The best authorities say Parsons.

sign of turning. He became convinced that he was on the wrong river, as indeed he was. The first river followed by him was the Buckhannon. At its mouth he came to the Valley River, and down it he had traveled in hopes that it would conduct him to Moorefield.

As soon as he was satisfied that he was on the wrong river, he left it and turned eastward across the mountains. He passed Laurel Ridge somewhere near the head of Clover Run, and came to Cheat above the Holly Meadows, probably near the farm of Ward Parsons, Esq. He concluded that this must certainly be the South Branch, and followed down it. When he reached the Horse Shoe Bottom he was struck with the beauty of the country, and noticed in particular the great forest of white oak trees that covered the whole bottom land of the river from the Holly Meadows to the mouth of Horse Shoe Run. The trees were nearly all of the same size, and there was little underbrush.

Up to this time he had thought that the river must be the South Branch; but, now he began to doubt it. It was too large. Already it was larger than the Branch was at Moorefield; and, he knew that he must still be far above that town; because no country like that in which he then was could be found near his home. He knew that, if it was the South Branch at all, he was above the mouth of both the North and South Forks, or upon one of those rivers. Neither was half as large as Cheat at the Horse Shoe. Therefore, he was certain that he was not on a tributary of the Potomac. He was confirmed in this conviction when he had passed round the high point of land, where Judge S. E. Parsons now resides, and saw that the river, instead of continuing toward the north-east, broke away toward the west, and flowed in that direction as far as he could see.

He could not divine where he was. He knew of no river of this kind anywhere in the west. For the first time, in all his wanderings, he became confused, and knew not where to go next. He would have followed down the river, in the hope that it would lead him to some settlement; but, he felt sure that it must empty into the Ohio.

After pondering over the matter for some time, he resolved to continue his eastward course. He saw a long valley extending east; and, crossing the river, he was at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run. As far as is known, he was the first white man ever in Tucker County. However, there is a tradition that a band of Indians, with a prisoner, once halted at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run; and, leaving their prisoner tied on the bank of the river, they went up the run after the lead. In a few hours they returned with some. Whether this event, if it happened at all, was before or after Captain Parsons was there, cannot now be determined. One account says that the prisoner was Captain Parsons' brother Thomas. But, all accounts of the subject are vague and conflicting. If the Indians got lead in that manner, it was probably some that they had hidden on a previous expedition. There are not known to be any lead mines in that vicinity; although some people think there are. It was a custom among the Indians, when they went upon an expedition, to hide lead along the road so that, upon their return, they might have a supply without carrying it with them during the whole journey. This is likely why they went up the run to get that article, at the time mentioned. This probability is strengthened by the fact that an old Indian war path crossed Cheat River at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run; and, if lead were left anywhere, it would likely be along a path.

When Captain Parsons crossed the river at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run, it was with the intention of continuing toward the east. This he did. He pursued his way up the stream a little distance, when he came upon a large, old path. It was perhaps an old Indian trail; or it might have been made by animals. Parsons would have followed this; but, it turned to the north, and he left it. At the mouth of Lead Mine, he left Horse Shoe Run; and, by going up Lead Mine, he crossed the Backbone Mountain near Fairfax.

This path across the mountain was the route by which nearly all of the first settlers of Tucker found their way into the county. After crossing the mountain, Parsons struck the North Branch of the Potomac, and finally reached home. Of the Horse Shoe Bottom he gave an account that filled the settlers about Moorefield with longings to see it. But, it was several years before any of the people from the South Branch again visited the Cheat River lands.

At that time there was a large fort at the mouth of the Monongahela River, where Pittsburgh now stands. In 1761, four of the soldiers who garrisoned the fort became dissatisfied and deserted. They passed up the Monongahela, and at the place where Geneva, Penn., now stands, they made them a camp. But, they did not like the place, and moved into Preston County, and made them another camp not far from Aurora. No one then lived anywhere near them, and for a year they saw no trace of human, except themselves. But, at length, one of them found a path leading south-east. He thought that it must go to Virginia, and he hurried back to camp and told his companions that they ought to follow the path and see where it would lead. They were all willing for this, and at once set out to trace

the path. It is not now known who made the path or where it led to and from. But, the deserters followed it until it conducted them to Luney's Creek, in Grant County. Here they stumbled upon a frontier settlement; for, the whites were just then colonizing the upper part of the South Branch, and the adjacent valleys. This was near where Seymoursville now stands, and was not more than fifteen miles from where Captain Parsons lived, near Moorefield.

This was in the vicinity of Fort Pleasant, where Dr. Eckarly, from Preston County, had been arrested on suspicion, some six or eight years before. They suspected that he was a spy from the Indians. The South Branch was evidently a bad place for suspected characters. At any rate, the four deserters from Pittsburgh had been there but a short time when they were arrested as deserters. However, two of them, brothers named Pringle, made their escape, and ran back to their camp in the glades of Preston.

In the course of a few months, a straggler named Simpson found his way to their camp, and remained with them. By this time, hunters from the South Branch began to hunt frequently in the glades of Preston; and the deserters felt insecure. They determined to move further west. Simpson agreed to accompany them. The three men broke up their camp near Aurora, and took their way down Horse Shoe Run. At its mouth, they crossed into the Horse Shoe. After they had crossed the river, they fell to quarreling. The two Pringles took sides against Simpson, and drubbed him off to himself. He crossed to the Valley River. Not liking the country, he passed on to Harrison County, and, not far from Clarksburg, built him a camp. He made that locality his permanent home until the country about him

began to be settled, five or six years later. The Pringles likewise crossed to the Valley River, and ascending it to the mouth of the Buckhannon, passed up that river to the mouth of Turkey Run, in Upshur County, where they made a camp in a hollow sycamore tree.

We have no account of any other persons visiting Tucker for some years. The only occupants were wild animals that filled the woods, or wild Indians who occasionally roamed up and down the valleys. It is possible that Simon Kenton was on the river at the Horse Shoe in the summer of 1771. He had had a fight with a man in Virginia, and thought he had killed him. He fled westward and reached Cheat River. It may have been at the Horse Shoe; but, more probably it was in Preston County. At that time, Kenton was only sixteen years old. He afterwards went to Kentucky and became one of the most illustrious characters in all border history.

When first visited by white men, there were no Indians who made the territory of Tucker their permanent home. If they came within it at all, it was only to pass through, or to hunt for game. Many people hold quite erroneous ideas concerning the Indians who used to kill people and do all manner of wickedness in West Virginia. Some suppose that they lived all over the valleys and mountains like bears and panthers, and in an unguarded moment would run into a settlement, murder all the people they could catch, and then retreat to the woods, and skulk about through the brush like wild animals until a chance came of killing somebody else. This was not the case. No Indians have made Tucker County their home, so far as is known, since before Columbus. Undoubtedly, they once lived here; but they had long been gone when first the white man

came; and nothing but graves, remnants of arrows and other implements, found scattered about the ground, told that they had ever made this part of the valley of Cheat their home. Nor was the land between the Ohio River and the Alleghany Mountains, now West Virginia, the country of Indians at the coming of the whites. A few scattered huts and two or three little towns were all that our state contained of the living Indian race. But, in earlier times, they had lived here, as their remains now prove; and there is reason for believing that the country was tolerably thickly inhabited. Why they deserted the land, or what became of them, is a question that none now can answer. It is useless to put out theories on the subject. Of all specimens of human weakness, a mere theory, unsupported by evidence, deserves most to be pitied. We know that there was a time when West Virginia and Tucker County had inhabitants, and we know that those inhabitants were Indians; but further than this, nothing is certain. What became of the tribes—whether they departed for a better country, or whether they were exterminated by some stronger nation, or whether some plague carried them off—we do not pretend to say. Any opinion on the subject is only guesswork, because no man knows.

It is not theory, however, to say that before West Virginia was inhabited by the Indians, there was another race of people living here. They are called *Moundbuilders*, because they usually built mounds in countries where they lived. There may have been Indians here before the Moundbuilder came, and there certainly were after he departed, but, there is no evidence that the two races occupied the same country at the same time. A thousand theories are extant concerning the origin and fate of that mys-

terious race, which built the ten thousand mounds and fortifications in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys; but, no man knows whence they came, when they came, how long they remained or when or why they left, or whether they were white or black, or what was their religion or their laws, or who they were. However, it is tolerably well established that they ceased to be a people in the United States at least nine hundred years ago. Indeed, from all the evidence in the case, one is nearly obliged to believe that the mounds of the west are as old as the Tower of Babel.

It is not certain that the Moundbuilders ever lived in Tucker; but, there is a little ground for attributing to them the small mound in the Horse Shoe, on the farm of S. B. Wamsley, Esq. The mound in question is about forty feet in circumference and four or five high. It is on the first terrace above the river. It may be the work of Indians; but, it is more probably the remains of the Moundbuilders, who had their center of empire in Ohio, and extended their frontiers over nearly all the land of the Mississippi Valley, east of Texas and Kansas. Nobody knows what the mounds were built for. They were constructed of earth and loose stones, sometimes of sand, and occasionally fragments of wood were found in them. Some of the structures seem to have been used for fortifications, some as churches, or rather temples, and some may have been built as tombs for great men. But, this is not a settled point. In some of them, altars with charred human bones among ashes have been found. This suggests that the Moundbuilders offered human sacrifice to their idols, as the Mayas and people of Mexico did. Some think it probable that the Moundbuilders were originally a colony from Mexico. Skeletons in the mounds have led some persons to conclude that the

mounds were built for tombs. It would be as reasonable to conclude that a stack of hay was built for a rat because a rat's nest was found in it. Yet, doubtless, some mounds are only the huge graves of kings. But, no doubt, very many of the bones and relics found in mounds and hastily attributed to the Moundbuilders, are only the old carcasses of Indians, and Indian whims. It is a known fact that the Indians often buried their dead in the mounds.

Although many of the relics taken from the mounds are counterfeit, yet some are surely genuine. From these we learn that the Moundbuilders were not much larger or much smaller than the average Indians. The accounts of skeletons of giants thirty feet long, dug out of the ground, are not to be believed. It is doubtful if a race of people, much larger than able-bodied Englishmen of to-day, has ever been in existence.

The mound in the Horse Shoe is known to have been the burial place of human beings; but, it is not known that it was built for that purpose. Ground-hogs that dig their holes in it, used to throw out pieces of human bones. But, this is no evidence that the bones were from the skeletons of Moundbuilders. In fact, there are many reasons for believing that they were Indian bones. An old Indian village stood on the bank of the river, less than a mile above the mound. Indian skeletons have been found in other places about the river, and there is no reason why they may not have buried some in this mound, as they did in other mounds whenever they had an opportunity of doing so. In early days, the river used to wash bones from its bank, where stood the village. Captain Parsons and Samuel Bonnifield once found a jaw bone so large that it could be placed in position on the outside of their faces. A thigh

bone, also enormous, is reported to have been pulled out of the river bank at the same place. The bone was said to have been so long that when stood on the ground beside a man it reached up under his arms. This magnitude was probably due to excited fancy, like that possessed by the Indian, who returned from traveling and reported that he had seen a race of men whose ears hung down to their hips.

The Moundbuilders must have been an agricultural people; because, a population as dense as theirs could not have lived in any other manner. Then, it is probable that the Horse Shoe was, long years ago, farmed something after the manner that it is now. But, the ancient people have left no trace that they had horses, oxen, any iron or steel tools or any kind of machinery, except such as they could make of wood, shells, stone and copper. But, whether or not the river bottom, from the Holly Meadows to St. George, was once a thriving settlement, and corn fields covered it from one end to the other, yet when the first white men visited it, it showed no sign of ever having been tilled. Nothing but the little mound, above referred to, is left to tell that the Moundbuilders ever lived; and, this mound is not conclusive evidence of the presence of that ancient race.

But, one thing is certain: Tucker County was once the home of Indians. The Indians of America seem to have belonged to one general race, the same as the people of Europe belong to one. The Indians are divided into numerous tribes, nations, families and confederations. These differ in language and customs. How the Indians got to America is unknown; and it is only wasting time to offer theories upon the subject. There is about as much reason for believing that the old world was peopled from the new as that the new was colonized from the old. Each continent may have

had a people indigenous to itself. The Esquimaux of Alaska and the Siberians are known to cross and re-cross Behring Strait, and America may have received its inhabitants from Asia in that manner. The islands of Polynesia are known to be sinking. Some of them are believed to have sunken ten thousand feet, so that the islands now above water are only the mountains and table lands of a submerged continent extending from the coast of Asia nearly or quite to that of America. Indians may have come from that continent to America. The Telegraph Plateau, from New Foundland to Ireland, has the appearance of an isthmus that once connected Europe and America. It is now under water, but so near the surface that icebergs lodge on it. This may have been the Island of Atlantis that some of the old heathen writers say was swallowed up in an earthquake. If so, the tribes of America may have come from Europe.

It is useless to speculate on this. It can be proven with equal conclusiveness that the Indians are mixed with Welsh, Japanese, Norwegians, Jews and Carthagenians. It is unknown where they came from or who they were before they came. We take them as we find them.

What tribe inhabited Tucker County is not known. Jefferson says that it was the Massawomee. It may have been; and for all the difference, we may consider that it was. They were gone when first the white man came, and nothing but graves and other relics told that they were ever here.

We cannot tell why they departed from this part of the State; but, they all, except a few little towns, left for some country unknown to us. We cannot tell why they abandoned the country. War may have exterminated them, or they may have gone to occupy a better land. Cusick, an

educated Indian, wrote a book about the Indians, and said that many tribes wanted the Monongahela valley, and not being able to agree, they held a council and decided that all should leave it. But, this story is not to be credited. Cusick did not know any more about it than he had read in books or had fabricated himself. The Indians knew no more of their history than the white people knew—not as much, for that matter.

The Indians who killed people in West Virginia generally came from Ohio; but, some came from Pennsylvania and Indiana. Ohio was full of Indians. They had towns on the Muskingum, Tuscarawas, Hockhocking, Scioto, Sandusky, Maumee, Miami and all through the intervening country. The meanest Indians were those on the Sandusky and Scioto. During the winter they did not often bother the settlements; because they were too lazy to provide themselves clothes to keep them from freezing in cold weather, and had to lie in their huts by the fire. But, as soon as the spring came and the weather began to get warm, they crawled from their dens, and fixed up their guns, knives and tomahawks for a raid upon the settlements. They traveled about twenty miles a day, unless in a hurry. If they set out from the Scioto River on the first of May, they would reach the Ohio somewhere between Point Pleasant and Wheeling in from four to seven days. They would cross that river on a raft of logs, and if they were aiming for Cheat River they would reach it in from four to seven days longer, provided they did not stop on the way.

When they came into a settlement they would hide in fence corners and in brier thickets until they saw a chance of killing somebody. Then they would leap out and seize their victim. They sometimes killed and sometimes carried

away as prisoners those whom they could catch. If they carried a prisoner off, they would tie his hands and make him walk between two warriors. If they had plenty to eat, they gave the prisoner plenty; but if their provisions were scarce, they gave him very little. When they got him to Ohio they sometimes turned him loose in a field, and all the Indians got after him with clubs and rocks and pounded him to death. Sometimes they tied him to a tree and burnt him; and sometimes they adopted him into their tribe and treated him well. A prisoner never knew what fate awaited him, and always tried to escape.

But, the Indians always watched so close that a prisoner seldom got away. It was an unlucky thing for a prisoner to try to escape and fail. It made the Indians mad, and they would show little mercy afterwards. Indeed, it was a perilous thing to fall into the hands of the Indians at any time; and many people would be killed before taken captive by them. If they got a grudge against a prisoner, he had a poor show of ever getting away. Simon Kenton, who was on Cheat River in 1771, five years before the founding St. George, was once captured by the Indians. He had stolen seventeen of their horses, and when they caught him they put him in a field and three hundred of them tried to pound him to death; but, he whipped them out eight times and got away. They tied him up three times to roast him; but he still got away and escaped to Kentucky. But, he was more fortunate than the most of prisoners; and, besides, he was such a terrible fighter that they were afraid of him.

The Indians in Tucker had a town in the Horse Shoe, opposite the lower end of Sycamore Island. The traces of the village may still be seen in summer on account of the

weeds that grow larger there than on the adjacent lands. This is the place that the bones are washed out of the bank. On the other side of the river, one mile above St. George, are numerous Indian graves. It used to be reported that there were five hundred graves within half a mile; but the writer took the pains to count them, and could not find more than forty-six. They are rude heaps of stone, and extend along the side of the hill in an irregular manner. Some of them have been opened. Nothing was ever found in them. They are probably very old. An old account says that a battle was fought there between two tribes of Indians; but there is not a shadow of foundation for the story, except the graves. Why so many Indians should have been buried so near together is hard to account for, unless they were killed in battle, or by some other violent means. But this does not prove that a battle was fought. Probably there was a town near, and this was the graveyard.

The Indians used arrows tipped with flint. Many of these flints are found scattered about the country. Where the Indians got the material from which they made them is now unknown. The making of the arrow points was a profession among the Indians. They had men who made it a business. One of these factories is believed to have been situated on Horse Shoe Run, where R. Maxwell's barn now stands. When the ground was first plowed it was covered with bits of flint and broken points, and everything indicated that a shop for manufacturing flint points had formerly been there.

The French and Indian War closed in 1764. After that, came a wonderful immigration to the West. West Virginia and Kentucky were the main points to which settlers flocked. West Virginia was soon spotted all over with col-

onies. Within six years, settlements were on all the principal rivers. But none were yet in Tucker. Capt. James Parsons knew of the Horse Shoe Bottom, and was only waiting for a suitable time to lay patents on the lands. Sometime before 1774, probably about 1772, he and his brother Thomas came over to Cheat from Moorefield, to look at the lands and select them favorable places. James chose the Horse Shoe, and Thomas all the land from the mouth of Horse Shoe Run to the Holly Meadows, exclusive of the Horse Shoe. They afterward obtained patents for these lands; and James bought some other tracts, among which was the farm since owned by the Bonnifields, on Horse Shoe Run. This was originally a "corn right."

These lands were marked out at the time of their selection, but, in 1774, as shall be seen in the next chapter, a colony from the South Branch built a fort in the Horse Shoe, and cleared some of the land. But, in two years, John Minear, leader of the colony, removed to St. George, on land of his own.

When the Parsons brothers were passing back and forth between Moorefield and the Horse Shoe, there was not any particular war between the white people and the Indians. But, the Indians were always ready to kill a man when they could find him by himself in the woods. They would be still more likely to do this if he had a good gun and a horse. These were articles which the Indians always wanted, and they would plunder a man of these whenever they got a good chance. James and Thomas Parsons always rode splendid horses, and the straggling bands of Indians who roamed along Cheat were very anxious to steal them. They would have killed the riders to get the horses.

In this state of affairs it was dangerous for two men to

come alone so far into the wilderness. But, in spite of danger, Captain Parsons and his brother came often while they were surveying and locating their land. They crossed the Backbone and Alleghany mountains near the Fairfax Stone. In order that they might the more successfully elude the Indians, they were accustomed to put the shoes on their horses, toes behind, so that the Indians would be deceived in the direction in which the horses had gone.

On one occasion Captain Parsons had come alone from Moorefield. He had visited his land, and had just crossed the river at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run, when an Indian, hidden in the weeds near by, gobbled like a turkey. The savage probably thought that he could decoy his man within gunshot; but in this he was mistaken. Captain Parsons was too well posted in Indian tricks to be trapped in such a manner. Instead of going to kill the turkey, he put spurs to his horse and reached Moorefield that night, a distance of near seventy miles. The path was through the woods, and crossed the Alleghany Mountains. These were the first locations of lands in Tucker County. The next chapter will relate to the settlement of these lands, and of others taken up near the same time by John Minear, Robert Cunningham, Henry Fink and John Goffe.

The first explorers and settlers of the county were the Parsons and Minear families. The main part of the county's history has been enacted by the representatives of one or the other of these.

CHAPTER II.

JOHN MINEAR.

AS NEARLY as can now be ascertained, John Minear first visited Tucker County in the year 1773. He was a native of Germany, where he was born about 1730. It has been said that he was a soldier under Frederick the Great; but the truth of this is not well authenticated. In 1767, he came to America. He was already married, and brought with him a small family, among whom was David Minear, then twelve years of age.

John Minear bought land on the Potomac River, and lived there until 1774. He had heard the reports brought back by Capt. James Parsons, and he determined to visit the new country and see it for himself. Whether any one accompanied him or not, is not stated; but, probably, he was not alone in his series of explorations, which he made in 1773. He visited the country along Cheat River, from the Holly Meadows to Licking Falls; and, having selected a suitable farm in the Horse Shoe, he returned to the Potomac for his family.

So great was his influence, and so general was the desire for emigration, that he found little difficulty in gathering about him quite a company of farmers, willing to risk their fortunes in the new land. He was the leader of the colony, and all placed confidence in his judgment and trust in his bravery. His education was in advance of the farmers of his time; and, those who came with him looked upon him, not only as a military leader in expected wars with the Indians, but also as a counselor in civil affairs, in the settle-

ment of lands and the deeds and rights appertaining thereto. How many came with him is not known. The names of a few survive, and we know that there were others. They did not come merely to explore the country and speculate in lands; but, they brought with them their families, their household goods, and what movable property they could, and had no other intention than that of making the valley of Cheat their permanent home.

They reached their destination early in 1774, probably in March. They spent the first night in the woods, not far from the crossing at Willow Point. The men at once commenced work on a fort, which they built as a defense against the Indians. The fort was nothing more than a large log house, with holes left between the logs through which the inmates could shoot at Indians. The building stood on or near the spot where now stands the residence of S. E. Parsons. It was used as a fort and also as a dwelling house for all the families. It was made large enough to give room for all. In the daytime, the men went to the woods to clear corn fields, and left the woman and children in the fort. If any alarm was given of Indians, the men would run to the fort, and bar the doors, and watch through the cracks in the walls for the coming of the enemy. They never lay down to sleep without locking the doors to keep the Indians out.

For awhile everything went well in their new home. As the spring came on, the weather got warm and delightful, and the huge oaks and gigantic chestnut trees came out in leaf. The men worked hard, and soon had cleared the logs and trees from several small corn fields, which they planted as soon as the frost was all out of the ground. The settlers sometimes were out of bread and had to live on meat; but,

venison and bear meat were plentiful, and there was no danger of starving. What corn and wheat they had was carried on pack horses from the Potomac River.

Early in the summer, new danger from the Indians began to be feared. Up to this time, there had been no actual hostility, except an occasional murder of an Indian by a white man or of a white man by an Indian. Even this had not disturbed the settlement in the Horse Shoe. But, with the return of the spring, in 1774, a war seemed certain. Along the Ohio, above and below Wheeling, several murders were committed, both by white men and by Indians. Greathouse, a white man, fell upon a camp of Indians a few miles above Wheeling, and killed men and women. This so enraged the Indians that they at once commenced war upon all the settlements west of the Alleghany Mountains. The principal settlements in West Virginia then were on the Monongahela, the Valley River, the West Fork and on the Greenbrier, Kanawha and the Ohio. The small fort in the Horse Shoe cannot be reckoned as a settlement. But the Indians soon found it out. In fact, it was on a famous war path that crossed the river at the mouth of Horse Shoe Run, and the Indians who would walk to and fro along this path must necessarily find the fields.

Early in the summer of 1774, Colonel McDonald, with a few hundred men, marched into Ohio and burnt some Indian towns on the Muskingum River. Nobody but Indians lived in Ohio then, and they were furious when the white men burnt the towns and cut down all their corn. As soon as McDonald left the country, the Indians hurried across the river, and commenced killing people and burning houses and barns in revenge for the treatment received at his hand. The settlers who lived nearest the Ohio were in the greatest

danger, but all west of the Alleghany Mountains were unsafe. Minear's colony in the Horse Shoe soon found occasion for alarm. Indian tracks were discovered not far from the fort, and the people were in constant fear of being massacred. Nobody went beyond the reach of the guns of the fort, except with the greatest caution. But, they had to hunt through the woods for venison and other meat; for, the corn was not yet ripe enough for bread. Sometimes the hunters were chased by the savages, as was the case with one of the men who went to the Sugar Lands, on the Backbone Mountain, some four miles east from the fort. He was hunting, and looking at the country, when he heard strange noises on the hill above him, and immediately heard answers from the valley below. He knew at once that it was Indians trying to trap him, having nearly surrounded him already. He affected not to notice the noises; but, he started off at a rapid rate down a cove that led into Coburn Run. When he passed over the bluff in his descent to the run, the noise of the Indians, who were whistling to each other and gobbling like turkeys, died away in the distance, and for some time he heard nothing more of it. However, he did not slacken his speed, but hurried down the rocky bed of the run, and had gone nearly two miles when he was suddenly startled by a hooting like that of an owl, on the hill near above him. The imitation was not so perfect but that he could detect that it was not an owl. He knew that it was an Indian. He was yet three miles from the fort, and only by flight could he hope to escape. The channel of the stream was rocky, full of cataracts and falls, and trees that had lopped into the ravine from both sides. Over and through these blockades and obstacles he ran as fast as he could, and with as little noise as possible. From this point,

there are two accounts of the affair. One says that, as he was climbing down over a fall, an Indian came sliding down the hill within a few steps of him. The Indian was snatching and grabbing at brush, and seemed to be doing his best to stop himself. It is thought that he had tried to run along the side of the hill, which was very steep, and, missing his footing, could not regain it until he slid nearly to the run, and was almost under the hunter's feet. But the hunter saw his enemy just in time to escape. He wheeled and ran under the falls of the creek into a dry cavern beyond. Then, turning, he discharged his gun at the Indian; but, there is no evidence that the shot took effect. The Indian seemed to think that the white man was shooting at him from under the water; and, scrambling and clawing back up the hill, he disappeared in the weeds. The hunter made use of the opportunity and escaped to the fort.

The summer of 1774 was passing away; and danger from the Indians did not lessen. It is not recorded that any of the settlers were killed; but, all must have felt that the peril of the colony was great; for, late in the summer it began to be considered whether it would not be better to abandon the fort and retreat to the Potomac. This was about the time that Lord Dunmore and General Lewis were organizing their army for a general campaign against the Indians in Ohio. Probably the settlers in the Horse Shoe heard of the gathering strife, and knowing that hard fighting was at hand, thought it best to retire beyond the Alleghanies till the storm should pass away. Be this as it may, early in the fall of that year, 1774, the people of the Horse Shoe collected together what they could of their property, and fled to the Potomac. The fort, the small fields and all the improvements were thus abandoned; and, during the

winter of 1774-5, there was not a white man in Tucker County, so far as is now known.

John Minear and his colony remained on the Potomac about eighteen months. Whether they all remained together, as they had lived in the Horse Shoe, can not now be stated. Nor is it known who composed the colony, further than a few names. But, they could not content themselves to give up the valley of Cheat forever. They were only waiting for a more auspicious season for founding a permanent settlement.

The next we hear of John Minear, he was again on Cheat, and was building up a colony on the site of the present town of St. George. For some reason, he did not return to the Horse Shoe, but chose St. George in its stead. What influenced him to this choice is unknown. But, it is probable that Capt. James Parsons had by that time secured the pre-emption of the Horse Shoe lands; and Minear, desirous of having the colony on his own lands, moved three miles further down the river, and located at the mouth of Mill Run, where the county seat of Tucker has since been built. It cannot be ascertained in what year Parsons secured his grant of the lands above St. George; but, it is well known that they were for a long time in dispute between him and Minear, and the final settlement at the land office gave the Horse Shoe lands to Parsons. The greater part of this land is still in the Parsons family, having descended in an unbroken line of succession from Captain Parsons to its present owners, Joseph and S. E. Parsons.

The emigrants which Minear led to St. George were not identical with those whom he conducted to the county in 1774. Some who had come in that year did not return in

1776; while some came in 1776 for the first time. Nor do we know the number of those who came in 1776. In addition to John Minear and his two sons, David and Jonathan, and several daughters, and other women, there were men named Miller, Cooper, Goffe* and Cameron. John Minear's land claim was along the north side of the river, from St. George down the river two miles. On the other side, but not extending as far east as St. George, was the claim of Jonathan Minear, John's son. Cooper's land was two miles further down the river, at the foot of Miller Hill. Cameron located on the opposite side of the river from Miller Hill.

John Minear's land, like that of James Parsons, has continued in the Minear family to this day. It is now the property of D. S. Minear, Esq.

During the early years of the colony at St. George, there is on record nothing that hindered its prosperity. The first step of the settlers was to build a fort as a defense against the Indians. This fort stood on the ground where now stands the Court-house. It was a better fort than the one in the Horse Shoe, and was also four times as large. It was composed of a large log house, surrounded by palisades.

The logs, of which the house was built, were notched and fitted close, one upon another; and, so well were they placed that there was left not a crevice through which Indians could shoot. But, in the upper story, openings were made between the logs, so that those in the house could shoot at approaching Indians. The chimney ran up on the inside. This was to prevent the Indians from getting to the roof by climbing up the chimney. There were no windows

* This name must not be confounded with that of James Goff, who settled on the river near the Preston County line.

in the fort. Light was admitted through the port-holes, as the openings between the logs were called. In cold weather, or when no light was wanted, blocks of wood were fitted in the port-holes. The door was made of split boards, so thick that bullets would not go through. The fort was surrounded by palisades, or a line of stout posts planted firmly in the ground side by side and fitted closely together. These posts were about twelve feet high. They resembled a huge paling fence, and enclosed over one fourth of an acre of ground. The fort stood in the center of the enclosure, which was higher ground, and gave the inmates command of the neighboring fields. No Indian could approach in the daytime without running great risk of being shot.

Among the first improvements in the colony was a mill at St. George, near where the school-house now stands. The mill-race, and some of the old timbers of the dam, are yet to be seen. The mill was intended only for grinding corn. At that time, no wheat, rye or buckwheat was grown in the county.

During the first four years the settlement prospered greatly. New emigrants came into the country, and brought horses, cows and domestic animals with them. But, there was constant anxiety lest the Indians should break into the settlement. In the winter there was not so much fear, because the half clad savages did not travel through the snow when it could be avoided. They would be in danger of freezing to death; and they preferred to remain in their huts on the other side of the Ohio River. But, when spring came, all the wigwams and Shawanese dens poured out their warriors; and West Virginia, Kentucky and western Pennsylvania were overrun by warlike savages. It was thus at the commencement of the year 1780. That year

will ever be memorable in border history on account of the raids and murders by the Indians upon the white people. But, it is not so famous in that respect as 1777 and 1782. But, so far as Tucker County is concerned, the years 1780 and 1781 were the most disastrous in the Indian Wars. St. George was then the most flourishing settlement on Cheat River, and they soon learned the paths that led to the new country. It may be borne in mind that Tucker was naturally one of the most secluded localities in the State, being even less exposed to Indian attacks than Preston was. Randolph, and the more southern counties along the western base of the Alleghanies, were well known to the Indians, who, in the French and Indian War, had passed to and fro through them while making raids into Virginia. But, there was no occasion for passing through Tucker; and, if occasional bands of Indians did so, as in the case of the capture of James Parsons, they did it for the purpose of hunting or making explorations. Not so with the counties along the Ohio, and on the Monongahela and Kanawha. The Indians from Ohio could cross over at any time, and within a short distance find a thriving settlement to plunder. Before they could reach Tucker or Preston, they would have to pass through several inhabited counties, which the Indians did not like to do, because the settlers might track them. But, Tucker's isolated position and its high mountain defenses did not exempt it from its full share of Indian outrages. The first of these was in the spring of 1780.

The band of Indians who made this incursion into Tucker, were remarkably persevering in their pursuit of wickedness. Very early in the spring of 1780 they crossed the Ohio in the vicinity of Parkersburg, and made their way unobserved

into Lewis County, where they suddenly appeared before a fort on Hacker's Creek, known in early times as West's Fort. There were only a few men in the fort, and they were afraid to go out to fight the enemy. The Indians did not make an attack on the house, but lay hid near about in the woods, ready to shoot any one who should come out. The people thus penned in, were on the point of starving, and knew not whence deliverance was to come. Buckhannon was the nearest place where assistance could be obtained, and that was sixteen miles. One in going there would be exposed to almost certain death, for the Indians were entirely round the fort.

One of the inmates, Jesse Hughes, was a man who shrunk from no duty and quailed at no danger. He was the most successful Indian fighter in West Virginia, except the Zanes of Wheeling, Captain Brady and Lewis Wetzel. He had passed through scores of hair-breadth escapes, and had fought the Indians for eleven years and knew their nature well. He it was who explored the country westward from Buckhannon. He discovered and gave name to the West Fork River, and was the first white man who stood on the site of Weston. This was in 1769. From that time till the close of the Indian wars, in 1795, he was ever where brave men were most needed, in the front. To him Clarksburg almost owed its existence. There was scarcely a settlement in the central part of the State that did not profit by the bravery and courage of Jesse Hughes. Even St. George, sixty miles distant, had occasion to thank him, although his assistance did not avert the disasters which are now to be recorded.

He was in West's Fort when the Indians besieged it. His farm was almost within sight of the fort; and he had

sought shelter there in common with his neighbors. After the place had been invested for some time, and the inmates were getting short of provisions, while the enemy showed no disposition to raise the siege, it began to grow manifest that something must be done to procure help in driving the Indians off, or the place must fall. The plan most practicable seemed that of sending some one to Buckhannon with intelligence of the distress, and bring help from thence. Hughes volunteered to go; and, on a dark night, he slipped from the fort, broke by the Indians, and ran to Buckhannon. He collected a company of men and at once started back. He arrived about daylight, and it was thought best to abandon the fort. This was done. The inmates, men, women and children, proceeded to Buckhannon. On the way the Indians tried to separate the company so as to attack it, but, in this they failed, and the settlers all reached Buckhannon in safety.

The Indians followed on to Buckhannon and prowled about the settlement a few days. They waylaid some men who were going to the fort, and one of them named Curl was shot in the chin. All the other men, five in number, started to run; but Curl called to them to stand their ground, for they could whip the Indians. But, the men were some distance away, and a powerful Indian warrior drew a tomahawk and started at Curl, who was now alone and wounded. Nothing daunted, he raised his gun to shoot the Indian. But, the blood from his wound had dampened the powder, and the gun missed fire. Instantly picking up another gun, which had been dropped in the excitement, he shot the savage and brought him to the ground. The Indians then retreated.

One of the whites ran after them alone, and being a re-

markable runner, he quickly overtook them and shot another Indian. The other Indians got behind trees; and, in a few minutes, the rest of the whites came up and renewed the fight. One of the whites was shot through the arm; and, a third Indian, who was hiding behind a log, received a bullet which caused him to go howling away. In a few minutes the whole band of savages took to flight, and night coming on put a stop to the pursuit.

Early next morning fifteen men took the trail of the Indians and followed them several miles, and finally found where they were hidden in a laurel thicket. As they approached, one of the whites was shot; but, the Indians got away. However, the settlers found several Indian horses with their legs tied together. The Indians had left their animals in this fix to keep them from running off. The settlers took them back to Buckhannon. For several days nothing more was seen of the Indians; and, in the hope that the savages had left the country, some of the people returned to their farms. But, the enemy were not gone. They killed a man and took a young lady prisoner. The people fled back to the fort, and the Indians found no further opportunity for doing mischief at that time.

Thus far, the savages had raided through Lewis and Upshur counties. They now passed into Randolph, where they continued to murder the people and burn property. They first made their appearance in the upper end of Tygart's Valley. This was in March. A man in passing along the path saw moccasin tracks in the mud. He stopped to look at them, and while doing so heard some one in the brush whisper: "Let him alone; he will go and bring more." He at once suspected Indians; and, without further examination, he hurried to Hadden's fort and reported

what he had seen and heard. But, he was not believed. There was a party of men from Greenbrier spending the night at the fort, and they intended to start home in the morning. Their road home led by this place where the tracks had been seen. When they got ready to go, a party of citizens volunteered to accompany them to this place, and ascertain whether there really were tracks in the mud.

The men proceeded carelessly, and when near the suspected hiding place of the enemy, they were fired upon by Indians in ambuscade. The horsemen sprang into a gallop and escaped; but the men on foot were surrounded by Indians. The only means of escape was by crossing the river and climbing a steep hill on the opposite side. In doing this they were exposed to the fire of the enemy, and several were killed. John McLain was almost to the summit of the hill when he was shot. James Rolston, who was still further, was also killed at the same instant. James Crouch was likewise ascending the hill, and was nearly to the top when he was shot. But he was only wounded, and the next day made his way to the fort. John Nelson, another of the party, was killed at the water's edge. He had crossed the river with the rest, and would have ascended the hill with them; but, they were a little in advance of him, and when they fell, he turned back, and tried to escape by running down the bank of the river. But this was a fatal policy. A fierce Indian leaped upon him, and a desperate fight ensued. No white man saw it to tell how it went. It is only known from circumstances that it was a hand-to-hand fight, and a terrible one. The breech of Nelson's gun was split and shattered, and from appearances he had pounded the Indian with it. His hands, still clinched although he was dead, contained tufts of Indian hair, and gave evidence that

it was a prolonged fight. But the savage got off victorious, and Nelson was killed. When the whites visited the scene of the battle, they found the dead man where he fell. The ground around him was torn up, as though a long struggle had taken place. It undoubtedly was a dear victory for the savage.

In a few days the Indians fell upon the family of John Gibson, on a branch of Tygart's Valley River. The family were at the sugar camp, when the Indians surprised them and took them prisoners. Mrs. Gibson was killed.

With this, the Indians left Randolph County and proceeded into Tucker. Of course, it is understood that these counties—Lewis, Upshur, Randolph and Tucker—are called by their present names, and not by the names by which they were known at that time. Nor is it absolutely certain that all the mischief, narrated and to be yet narrated, was done by this band of Indians. It requires some little arbitrary chronology to arrange into this order the fragments and scraps of history and legends gathered from various sources, but principally from Withers' Border Warfare. But, at this point, Withers' narrative ceases to furnish material for the account, except the mere mention of the killing of Sims above St. George; and, for the rest of the raid, and the murder of Jonathan Minear below St. George, and the captivity and rescue of Washburn, this account rests upon the authority of private papers and the traditions that have come down from generation to generation. Unwritten tradition is one of the most unreliable sources from which to gather history. Yet in the absence of all other means, it must be resorted to. However, the following account of the Indian raid through Tucker has records for authority, and tradition furnishes little more than the minutia.

There is question concerning the date of the incursion ; but contemporary facts ought to settle the question, and place it in the spring of 1780. Some maintain that John Minear was killed before Jonathan was, and that the murder of the latter took place as late as 1795. But this is so plainly a gross mistake that it is not deemed necessary to refute it.

It was in March, 1780 ; and the Indians, after their ambuscade on the Tygart River, moved over Laurel Hill and down Cheat River toward St. George. That had been a severe winter for Minear's colony. In addition to the suffering from want, the small-pox broke out among the people, and the affliction fell heavily upon the destitute settlers, who had spent the greater part of the winter without bread or salt. One thing was to their advantage, and that was that there was little to be feared from Indians during the winter months. The Indians seldom broke into settlements in cold weather when the snow was on the ground.

So, the colony at St. George pulled through the winter the best they could. They did not occupy the fort ; but each man lived on his own farm, and worked to clear fields in which to plant grain the coming summer.

It was customary at that time to go east once a year to lay in a supply of such things as must be had. For the central part of West Virginia, the eastern market was Winchester. The people of the frontier counties carried such produce as they had to that place and bartered it for salt, iron, ammunition and a few blacksmith and cooper tools. With the first appearance of spring, the colonists at St. George prepared to send their plunder to market. It was the plan to go and return before the warm weather would bring Indians into the settlements. The principal article

of export was the skins of bear and other fur-bearing animals. With a load of these strapped on pack horses, the settlers filed away through the woods toward Winchester. It was then early in March, and they expected to make the trip within two weeks.

Intelligence of the Indian murders in Lewis and Upshur counties had reached St. George, and the people, not knowing whither the enemy had gone, thought it best to leave their farms and move into the fort. This they did. But some who had the small-pox were excluded from the fort. This was a harsh course to pursue; but it was rendered necessary. It was deemed better for a few to run the risk of falling a prey to Indians than for the whole colony to be stricken down with the small-pox. Accordingly, those who had that disease were not allowed to come near the fort. Among those thus excluded was the family of John Sims, who lived about five miles above St. George at a place ever since known as Sims' Bottom. Sims' Knob, a high mountain overlooking the Horse Shoe, is also named from this man.*

When the Indians left Tygart's Valley, they aimed for St. George; and, by passing along the west bank of Cheat River from the mouth of Pheasant Run, they had arrived within five miles of the fort, when they came into the clearing of Sims. The house stood on the bank of a swamp full of brush and weeds. The Indians made their way unobserved into this thicket, and were cautiously crawling toward the house when they were seen by a negro wench,

* Sims was brought to Cheat by Captain Parsons, and was only a tenant on Parsons' land. He had been placed on the farm where he was killed, to oversee the upper part of James Parsons' land, and to keep Thomas Parsons' cattle from crossing over into the Horse Shoe. The sycamore tree behind which the Indian lay was still to be seen a few years ago.

who ran to the door and gave the alarm. Bernard Sims caught up his gun and ran to the door. He was just recovering from the small-pox. As he stepped out at the door, he was shot by the Indians and fell forward in the yard. The savages leaped out from the brush and rushed into the yard ready to tomahawk and scalp the dead man. But as they came up they observed that he had a disease, to them most terrible; and, instead of scalping him, and killing those in the house, they took to flight, yelling as they ran: "Small-pox! Small-pox!"

They kept clear of that cabin after that, although they remained in the neighborhood several days. They moved on toward St. George. The people there discovered that the enemy was in the vicinity, and the strictest guard was kept night and day. Nobody left the fort under any circumstances.

The fort stood where the Court-house now stands, about two hundred yards from the river, on a rising ground. The Indians remained on the opposite side of the river, and concealed themselves on a bluff overlooking the fort and surroundings. Here they remained several days. There were not many men in the fort. Some had been kept away on account of small-pox; and those who had gone to Winchester had not yet returned. The garrison well knew of the presence of the enemy, and knew just where the Indians were hidden; yet, they affected not to suspicion that an enemy was near. But, the greatest anxiety was felt, lest the Indians should make an attack while the place was so defenseless. The concealed foe could be descried crouching under the thicket of laurel on the bluff beyond the river; and their number was probably overestimated, although the actual number could not have been much less

than fifty. The whites expected an attack any hour. If the attack had been made, it is doubtful if the place could have held out; because the hill near by would have given the assailing party a great advantage.

The garrison were desirous of impressing the Indians with the idea that the fort contained a strong force of men. To this end, they dressed first in one kind of clothes and then in another, at each change walking about the yard in full view of the foe. The Indians, who were all the time looking on, and not more than a quarter of a mile away, must have been led to believe that the fort was stronger than they could attack with safety. At any rate, they made no assault; and, in a day or two they disappeared from the hill, and the people hoped that the foe so much dreaded had indeed left the country.

However, it was deemed best to remain in the fort till the return of those who had gone east. This was not long. The men returned the next evening, and for the present little fear of danger was entertained. The people did not remain so constantly on the lookout. When they began to visit their cabins near about the fort, it was found that the Indians had rummaged them, and had carried off what they could, and had destroyed much that they could not take. Still, nothing was seen to indicate that the enemy was yet in the country.

Some of the men took their families to their cabins, determined to do a little more work before the season for Indian incursions—for it was still earlier in the spring than the Indians were in the habit of making raids into the settlements. Among those who left the fort under the impression that the red men were gone and danger for the present at an end, was Daniel Cameron, who lived opposite

Miller Hill, on the farm since known as the Bowman Plantation, by the nearest road some three miles from St. George. He removed his family to his farm, and that night they locked the door, as was usual at that time. Awhile after dark, a noise was heard like the rattle of a charger against a powder-horn. If no danger had been feared, this slight incident would scarcely have been noticed. But, at a time of such intense anxiety, it at once aroused suspicions. Presently other disturbances were heard, and it became nearly certain that Indians were prowling about. The light in the house was extinguished, and the family crawled out at the back door, and hid in a brush heap until everything became quiet, when they made their way to the fort, and reported what had taken place. But the people were not disposed to credit the story, and little attention was paid to it.

A day or two more passed, and nothing further was seen or heard of the Indians. But, all this time the treacherous savages were lying hid on the hill above the mouth of Clover Run, in a field near the present residence of Hon. William Ewin. They were about a mile from the fort; but still in sight of it. They had abandoned the laurel thicket opposite the fort, because they suspected that the garrison had discovered them. They selected their new hiding place, and remained in it during the day, and at night they prowled about the settlement. From where they were they could see all that went on in and about St. George, and they were ready to fall upon any stray party who should go out. An opportunity for this soon came.

Jonathan Minear's farm was two miles below St. George, on the south side of the river, just below where John Auvil, Esq., now lives. Jonathan Run is named from him. He

selected this site at the same time that his father selected the one where St. George stands, and he made it his home, except when danger compelled him to remove to the fort for safety. When the Indians first came into the neighborhood, he abandoned his farm and retired to St. George, where he remained until he considered all danger at an end. But, when nothing more could be seen of the enemy, and nothing heard, except vague rumors, of which there always was sufficient, he determined to visit his farm and look after his cattle. His brother-in-law, Washburn, volunteered to go with him, and, at daylight, the two left the fort together and proceeded to the ford, about half mile below. Here they were joined by Cameron, who was afoot, and was on his way to his own farm. His way was along the northern bank of the river, while Minear and Washburn's was along the southern bank. They talked a few minutes, and separated, Minear and Washburn, on horseback, crossing the river and Cameron proceeding down the northern bank on foot.

The morning was clear and cold, for it was in March or early in April. The men on horseback passed very near where the Indians lay concealed, but not so near as to be shot. However, the savages probably learned from their conversation where they were going, and running on ahead, hid in the tall dry weeds that stood thick along the bank of the river in the field where the cattle were. The men rode leisurely on, thinking little of danger. When they got to the cabin they tied their horses. Washburn proceeded to the field to feed the cattle fodder, while Minear went to get corn for the hogs. With a shock of fodder on his back, Washburn was passing through the bars when some Indians sprang out of the fence corner and seized him. Immediately

there was a discharge of guns, and Washburn saw Minear running toward the river, and a dozen Indians after him. Minear ran as though wounded, and the savages gained fast upon him, and overtook him on the bank of the river.

He had been shot in the thigh, and was so disabled that he could not escape. When he reached the bank, he saw that the Indians would strike him with their tomahawks; and, to avoid the blows, for him the last resort, he ran round a beech tree, bracing himself against the tree with one hand and fighting the Indians off with the other.

It is a characteristic of the Indians that, when they chase a man, as they did Minear, they always run one behind another, and do not try to head off the object of their pursuit. Thus, when they came up with Minear at the beech tree and he ran round it, instead of some of them turning back in the opposite direction to head him off, they all ran round the same way, round and round and round. They were striking at him with their tomahawks, and he was trying to ward off the blows. Several times they missed him and struck the tree, and the marks of their tomahawks are to be seen on the tree to this day. Three of his fingers were cut off while thus defending himself. But the odds were too great against him, and he fell, his head cleft by a tomahawk.

All this, from the first attack on Washburn till Minear fell dead, was done in a few seconds; and, while Washburn was standing with the fodder still on his back, and looking at the Indians who were murdering Minear, Cameron was also an eye witness from the other side of the river. Washburn, in his anxiety for his companion, forgot that himself was a prisoner; and, not until ordered to do so by the Indians, did he throw down his fodder. But Cameron realized

it all at a glance, although he did not know the whole truth. He saw Minear overtaken and tomahawked, and supposed that Washburn was likewise killed. He had heard the discharge of guns, and concluded that by them Washburn was killed. Without waiting for further investigation—in fact, further investigation was not possible—he wheeled and ran with all his speed up the river toward the fort.

But the discharge of guns had been heard at St. George, and the wildest excitement prevailed. The men mounted their horses in hot haste and galloped off down the river. They did not cross at the ford, but continued down the northern bank. This probably saved them from a bloody ambushade; for the Indians were ready for them, and would have cut them off almost to a man, had they gone down the same path that Washburn and Minear had taken. But fortune favored them, and they continued down the northern shore.

They had not proceeded more than half-way when they met Cameron, who was out of breath from running and could scarcely speak for excitement. He told them that Minear and Washburn were killed. The party halted, and a hasty consultation took place. If the men were already dead, it could avail them little to be avenged. The strength of the Indians was not known; and it was feared that they would immediately bear down upon the fort. Under the circumstances it was thought best to hurry back and put the place in the best possible condition for defense. This wise resolution was immediately carried into effect. The men rode back, carrying Cameron with them, and brought the sad intelligence to the fort. All was hurry and activity. There was no time for lamentations. A supply of water was provided, so that the inmates might not suffer from thirst

in case of a siege. Ammunition was gotten ready. Large quantities of bullets were molded, and all the guns were loaded ready for an attack any moment.

The day passed, and no attack was made. The enemy had not appeared in sight. But the anxiety and dread were not lessened; for it then began to be believed that the Indians were probably keeping out of sight in order to throw the garrison off their guard, and that an attack would be made that night. No one thought of sleep. Every man was up and in arms. The fort was not defended by regular soldiers, but depended for defense upon those who took shelter within its walls. When night came, and the additional suspense and fear, that always accompany darkness and silence, fell upon the people, they determined to put on a bold front, hoping that, by doing so, they could strike terror into the hearts of the Indians and keep them at bay.

There was in the fort a gigantic negro named Moats. Him they dressed as a soldier, and had him march round and round the fort, within the palisades, beating a drum. This was to cause a belief among the Indians, should they be skulking near, that a large force was under arms in the fort-yard, and that this martial display was a legitimate manifestation of power. This was kept up all night, and scarcely an eye was closed in slumber. No enemy appeared. Whether the display of force had alarmed the Indians, they did not then know. But, when the morning broke, and no enemy, or sign of any, was in sight, the men prepared to visit the scene of the tragedy of the previous day. It is not now known how many men were in St. George at that time; but, judging from what is known on the subject, there must have been between twenty and thirty. They were

gathered in from all the settlements for miles around, both above and below St. George.

It had been a cold, frosty night. Early in the morning the men formed in a body and marched down the river, on the the north side. When they reached a point opposite where Minear was killed, the men ranged themselves in line of battle along the side of the hill, and sent Moats, the negro, across the river to see if the Indians were anywhere about. The men stood ready to fire, in case the enemy should put in an appearance. Moats rode over, searched the thickets up and down the shore, and saw nothing to indicate that the foe was hidden anywhere around. Then the men crossed over, using the greatest caution lest they should fall into an ambushade. They feared that the Indians were hidden in the weeds, and would wait till an advantage was presented, and then run out and attack the party.

When they got over the river they found Minear lying dead where he fell. The Indians had killed him by the beech tree, and had chopped the upper part of his head off with their tomahawks. They then broke his skull into fragments and drove the pieces into a stump hard by. A dog that had always followed him was found guarding the dead man.

Search was then made for Washburn. It was not known what had become of him. Cameron had not seen him; but he supposed that it was at him that the guns had been fired. The whites explored the woods and the corn field, but could find no trace of him. Nor was anything seen of Indians. But, finally a trail was found leading up a ridge, since known as Indian Point, and by following it a short distance it was found that the Indians had retreated by

that way on the day before. It was also discovered that Washburn was carried off a prisoner. His track was distinguished from those of the Indians. The Indians did not always kill every one whom they caught. Often they carried their prisoners into captivity, and sometimes they would take a captive with them hundreds of miles into their country, and then burn him or pound him to death. At times, prisoners were well treated; but, it was generally considered that to fall a captive to the Indians was a fate little less to be dreaded than death. So, when it was found that Washburn was taken prisoner it was considered that he was little more fortunate than Minear, who was killed.

It was resolved to follow the Indians as soon as Minear should be buried. His dead body was taken up, bound on a horse and carried to the fort. He had stiffened and frozen as he fell. His arms were extended wide, and he was covered with coagulated blood. Thus he was carried to St. George and was buried. No one now knows where his grave is; but it is believed to be under a chestnut tree about one half-mile east of the town.

The next morning as many men as could be spared from the fort went in pursuit of the Indians. They trailed them a night and two days. Had the Indians immediately shaped their course for the Ohio River they must have escaped before the whites could have overtaken them. But they did not do this. They seemed to be hunting for settlements about the Valley River, and by spending their time in this manner they allowed the pursuing party to come up. The Indian camp was discovered awhile after dark on the second night. David Minear, brother to Jonathan, crawled up near enough to spy out the position of the enemy, and to see that Washburn was indeed a prisoner

with them. It was resolved to fall on the Indians at once. The whole party of whites cautiously approached and let the Indians have it. A tumultuous uproar followed. The savages caught up what plunder they could snatch, and bounded away into the woods, while the whites rushed into the camp to take the wounded savages prisoner. Washburn was found unhurt. Two or three of the enemy were shot. While the whites stood round the fire in the excitement of the victory, an Indian came ramping into their midst, snatched up a pouch of something from the ground, and was off before the whites recovered enough from their surprise to capture or shoot the scoundrel. It was thought that the pouch contained some superstitious concoction of medicine.

After this skirmish, when it was certain that the Indians were gone and no more punishment could be inflicted upon them, the company returned to St. George. The Indians made their way back across the Ohio River into their own country.

About the colony of St. George, affairs went on well enough for some time. The people were very careful not to expose themselves to the Indians. Some returned to their farms and underwent all risks; while others would go to their plantations during the day and repair to the fort at night. Another visit was made by the Indians about this time. The date is not certain, but it is believed to have been in 1780. A small band of Indians carried away a boy who was at work in a field at the mouth of Clover Run, nearly a mile from the fort. Not much is known of this event; but it is said that when the Indians took the boy prisoner he had with him a pet crow, and it followed him nearly to the Ohio River, where the Indians killed it, be-

cause they thought it possessed of an evil spirit. It is not known what became of the boy.

The year 1781 records the greatest calamity that ever befell the St. George colony. It was the murder by Indians of Daniel Cameron, Mr. Cooper and John Minear. They were the three foremost men of the settlement. John Minear had planned and founded the colony; and to him more than to any one else was its prosperity due. He was killed in April, 1781.

The band of Indians, by whom the murder was committed, made a raid very similar to that of the gang that killed Jonathan Minear. Nearly the same territory was overrun and nearly the extent of wickedness done. The savages first appeared in Lewis County, on the head of Stone Coal Creek, where they waylaid three men named Schoolcraft, who had gone there from Buckhannon for the purpose of hunting pigeons. The Indian shot at them and killed one. The two others were taken prisoner, and it is not certain that they were ever again heard of. But it was believed that they joined the Indians, and afterwards guided parties of the savages through the settlements and helped them kill white people. These were the last of the Schoolcraft family. Fifteen of them had been killed or carried into captivity within the space of seven years. Their fate and that of the Minears seemed connected. It is thought that the party that killed Jonathan Minear also killed Austin Schoolcraft and took prisoner his niece. Then, the band by which John Minear was killed, the next year, killed and captured three Schoolcrafts, making five in all that fell by the hands that slew the Minears.

After this depredation in Lewis County, the Indians passed over to the Valley River, in Barbour County; and a

few miles below Philippi they set themselves in ambush at a narrow place in the road.

About this time commissioners had been appointed to adjust land claims in this part of the State, and to execute the necessary legal papers to those who had complied with the law in pre-empting the public lands. The commissioners met at Clarksburg. Land claimants went there from all neighboring parts to present claims for consideration. The people of St. George, in common with those of other settlements, sent their agents to Clarksburg to attend to the business and to obtain deeds for the various tracts of land claimed by the different settlers. Those whom St. George sent were John Minear, Daniel Cameron, two men named Miller, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Goffe. They had proceeded to Clarksburg, attended to their business, and were on their way home at the time the Indians were lying in their ambuscade below Philippi. It seems from the circumstances that the Indians were looking for them.

The Indians placed themselves in a position commanding the road, and hung a leather gun-case by a string over the path. This was to attract attention, cause a halt and give the savages an opportunity to take deliberate aim. The trap was well set, and the men came riding along the path, thinking nothing of danger. The path was so narrow that they could ride only in single file. They were almost under the leather decoy before they saw it. They instantly brought their horses to a halt. The truth flashed into Minear's mind, and quickly wheeling his horse, he exclaimed "Indians!" The whole party would have wheeled; but, instantly a discharge of guns from the hidden foe threw them into the wildest confusion. Horses and men fell together. Minear, Cameron and Cooper were killed on the

spot. Goffe and one of the Millers sprang from their horses and took to the woods. The other Miller was not unhorsed. He wheeled back, and fled toward Clarksburg. The savages tried hard to catch him; but his horse was fleetier than they, and he made good his flight to Clarksburg.

Miller sought to escape by ascending the hill. He was on foot, and two or three Indians started in pursuit, armed only with knives and tomahawks. He had the start of them by less than twenty yards, and they seemed confident of overhauling him. Indeed, he had little hope of escaping; but he considered it better to make an effort for his life. His pursuers, close upon his heels, called continually to him to stop, and told him if he did not, they would most certainly kill him. They accompanied their threats by the most violent gesticulations. Had they exerted all their energy in the pursuit and done less yelling, they might have sooner terminated the chase. As it was, Miller did not stop in compliance with their demand, although he almost despaired of being able to get away. The hill was steep, and his strength was nearly gone; but he struggled upward, reached the summit, turned down the other side, and was out of sight of the savages. But the chase was not done. The Indians followed fast after him, and he ran through the tangled brush, dodged to left and right, and finally avoided them. He knew not but that he was the only one who had escaped. He had seen the others fall, and thought them killed. But it was not entirely so.

While Miller was thus getting away from his pursuers by a long and desperate race, Goffe was making a still more wonderful escape. When he leaped from his horse, instead of going up the hill, as Miller had done, he broke through the line of foes and ran for the river. A score of the sav-

ages started in pursuit, as confident of a speedy capture as those had been who followed Miller. But, in spite of their efforts to catch him, Goffe kept his distance. He looked back as he reached the river bank, and no Indians were in sight. He threw off his coat to swim, and leaped down the bank. But at that instant he heard his pursuers tearing through the brush almost immediately above him. He saw that it was impossible to escape by swimming; and, on the impulse of the moment, he pitched his coat in the water, and crept for concealment into an otter den which happened to be at hand.

By this time the Indians had reached the bank above him. He could hear them talking; and he learned from their conversation that they thought he had dived. They expected to see him rise from the water. He could see their images mirrored from the water of the river under him. He could see the glittering and glistening of their tomahawks and knives in the sunlight. His den was barely large enough to conceal him; and his tracks in the mud would lead to his hiding place. He prepared to plunge into the water and take his chances of escape by diving. But the Indians had caught sight of the coat as it was floating down the river; and they began to move off to keep pace with it. They supposed that Goffe was either drowned or had made his escape. They abandoned the man for the moment and turned their attention to saving the coat. How they succeeded in this is not known; for Goffe did not wait to see the termination of the affair. He crawled from his den and made off, leaving them a hundred yards below. He started directly for St. George, which he reached that night.

Severe as this blow was to the Cheat River settlement, it was probably lighter than it would have been, had not the

attack been made on the party of land claimants. This band of Indians were heading for St. George; but, when Goffe and the Millers escaped, it was not deemed advisable to proceed, since the place could not be taken by surprise. Therefore, the Indians turned back up the Valley River to Tygart's Valley, where they fell upon settlements unprepared for them.

Leading Creek, in Randolph County, was then a flourishing colony. The people had heard of the presence of Indians in the more western counties, and were busily moving into the fort. While thus engaged, the savages fell upon them and nearly destroyed the whole settlement. Among those killed were Alexander Roney, two women, Mrs. Daugherty and Mrs. Hornbeck, and a family of children. They also took several prisoners, among whom were Mrs. Roney and Daniel Daugherty. Others of the settlement made their escape, and carried the news to Friend's fort. A company of men at once collected to hunt down the Indians and kill them. Col. Wilson led the pursuing party. When they reached Leading Creek they found the settlement broken up, the people gone and nearly all the houses and barns burned to the ground. The trail of the Indians was soon found, and a swift pursuit was made. The savages turned westward, and seemed to be aiming for the West Fork River. Colonel Wilson's party continued upon their track for some time, and until the men began to grow fearful that other Indians might fall upon the Tygart's Valley settlements, while thus deprived of so many of its men. Some wanted to go back, and only a few were very anxious to continue the pursuit of the Indians. A vote was taken to decide whether or not the party should proceed. Only four, Colonel Wilson, Richard Kittle, Alexander West

and Joseph Friend, voted to go on. Consequently, the whole party turned back.

But, the savages were not to escape thus. The settlements on the West Fork, about and above Clarksburg, were on the lookout for the marauders. Miller, who escaped when Minear, Cooper and Cameron were killed, had fled to Clarksburg, and had alarmed the country so that a close lookout was kept. Spies and scouts traversed the country looking for the enemy. At length, one of the spies discovered the Indians on West Fork, and Colonel William Lowther* collected a party of men and hurried to attack them. When he got to the place where the Indians had been seen, near the mouth of Isaac's Creek, they were gone. He followed after them, and overtook them on Indian Creek, a branch of Hughes' River, in Doddridge County. He came in sight of them awhile before night. It was thought best to wait till morning before making the attack. Accordingly, Elias and Jesse Hughes were left to watch the enemy, while Colonel Lowther led his men back a short distance to rest and get ready to fall upon the Indians at daybreak in the morning. Nothing of note occurred that night. The Indians did not discover their pursuers.

When the twittering of the birds announced that day was at hand, the whites began to prepare for the fight. They crawled forward as noiselessly as panthers, and lay close around the camp of the enemy. As soon as it was light enough to take aim, a general fire was poured into the midst of the savage encampment. Five fell dead. The others leaped up and yelled and darted off into the woods, leaving all their ammunition, plunder and all their guns, but one, in the camp. The whites rushed forward to beat down

* Colonel William Lowther was a relative of Rev. O. Lowther, well known in Tucker County.

those who were trying to get away. It was then found that one of the whites, who had been taken prisoner in Tygart's Valley and was in the Indian camp, was killed. He had been shot by the whites who made the attack. They had been very careful to guard against such an occurrence. From the prisoners who were retaken, it was learned that a large band of Indians were near, and were expected to come up soon. On account of this, Colonel Lowther thought it best not to follow the fugitive Indians. He buried the prisoner whom his men had accidentally killed, and, with the guns and plunder of the enemy, he returned to the settlements, well satisfied that the Indians had not gotten off without something of merited punishment. The following account of the affair is from Withers' Border Warfare:

As soon as the fire was opened upon the Indians, Mrs. Roney (one of the prisoners) ran toward the whites rejoicing at the prospect of deliverance, and exclaiming: "I am Ellick Roney's wife, of the Valley, I am Ellick Roney's wife, of the Valley, and a pretty little woman, too, if I was well dressed." The poor woman, ignorant of the fact that her son was weltering in his gore, and forgetting for an instant that her husband had been so recently killed, seemed intent only on her own deliverance from the savage captors.

Another of the captives, Daniel Daugherty, being tied down and unable to move, was discovered by the whites as they rushed towards the camp. Fearing that he might be one of the enemy and do them some injury if they advanced, one of the men, stopping, demanded who he was. Benumbed by the cold and discomposed by the sudden firing of the whites, he could not render his Irish dialect intelligible to them. The white man raised his gun and directed it toward him, calling aloud, that if he did not make known who he was, he should blow a ball through him, let him be white man or Indian. Fear supplying him with energy, Daugherty exclaimed: "Lord Jasus! and am I to be killed by white pable at last?" He was heard by Colonel Wilson and his life saved.

When the news of the massacre of Minear and his companions reached St. George, the excitement was little less than it had been when Jonathan Minear had been killed. The danger in the former case was more imminent than in the latter. But, the blow was heavier, and was more sensibly felt. The loss of John Minear, in particular, was irreparable. He was the central mind of the colony, and to him all looked for advice. It was on account of his superior business qualifications that he was sent to Clarksburg to attend to securing deeds for the lands.

As soon as it was known at St. George that he was killed, the settlers from the surrounding country collected and proceeded to the Valley River to bury the dead. The way thither was not free from danger. It was not then known where the Indians had gone, or whether they had gone. The settlers moved with the extremest caution, lest they should fall into an ambuscade. But, of course, there was no real danger of this, because the Indians were by that time on Leading Creek, in Randolph County. When the scene of the tragedy was reached, Minear, Cooper and Cameron were found dead where they fell. It was not a time for unnecessary display at the funeral. It was not known at what moment the Indians would be down upon them, and the funeral was as hasty and noiseless as possible. A shallow grave was dug on the spot, and the three men were consigned to it.

We carved not a line and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone in his glory.

Not many years ago a party of road-workers accidentally exhumed the bones of the men. A very old man was present. He had been personally acquainted with them and identified them by their teeth. Two of Minear's front teeth

were missing at the time of his death. So were they in one of the skulls. Cameron used tobacco, and his teeth being worn, it was easy to tell which skull belonged to him. A peculiarity of teeth also distinguished Cooper. The bones were re-interred near by in a better grave.*

This was the last time the Indians ever invaded Tucker County, so far as is now known. The war against the Indians in this part lasted only about seven years, from 1774 to 1781. It raged nearly fifteen years longer about Clarksburg, Wheeling, and along the Ohio. But St. George was too far removed from the frontier to be open to attacks from the Indians.

* Conquest of the Ohio Valley, by Hu Maxwell.

CHAPTER III.

MISCELLANIES.

THE dwelling-houses of the first settlers of Tucker County differed somewhat from those of the present day. The hardy pioneers pushed into the wilderness with little of this world's goods. But, they possessed that greatest of fortunes, health, strength and honesty. They were poor; but the Czars of Russia or the Chams of Tartary, in their crystal palaces, were not richer. In that time, manners were not as they are now. Necessities were plentiful and luxuries were unknown, except such luxuries as nature bestowed gratuitously upon them.

To better their conditions, the people who came to Tucker had sold or left what possessions they may have had in the more thickly settled communities, and had plunged boldly into the wilderness to claim the rich gifts which an all-bountiful nature was offering to those who would reach forth their hands and take. Besides, there was something in the wild, free, unfettered life of the forest that was alluring to the restless spirits that breathed liberty from the air about them. The ties of society and the comforts of opulence were willingly exchanged for it.

The appearance and condition of the county when first visited by white men has been told in the first chapter. It was an unbroken forest. When those back-woodsmen left their homes in the more eastern settlements for Tucker, they did not have any roads over which to travel, nor any carts and wagons to haul their things on. They loaded

their plunder on pack-horses. They had not a great variety of wares to move. A few wooden or pewter utensils, a kettle, a jug or two, and a bottle, a scanty outfit of carpenter and cooper tools, and a little homespun clothing formed about all that the emigrant of that day carried with him, as he followed the star of empire westward. If he had a cow or two, and a calf, they were driven along before the pack-horses, and cropped weeds and leaves from the woods for a living during the journey. Indeed, the cattle lived upon this kind of feed principally for twenty-five years after reaching Cheat River. If the emigrant had children, and there usually were six or eight, they were gotten along in the best available manner. If one was quite small, its mother carried it in her arms; if a size larger, it with its older brother was placed on a pack-horse. Sometimes two baskets, tied together like saddle-pockets, were slung across the horse's bony back. Then a child was stowed away in each basket, so they would balance. Bed-clothes, iron-kettles, dough-trays and other household articles were stuffed around the edges to hold the little urchins steady. Thus loaded with packs and plunder, the procession moved on, the larger children taking it afoot to drive the cattle, lead the horses and make themselves useful generally. The road, if any at all, was narrow and rough; and the horses frequently scraped their loads off against overhanging trees; or perchance they lost their footing among the steep rocks, and fell floundering to the ground. In either case their loads of plunder, kettles, children and all went rolling, tumbling, rattling and laughing into the woods, creating a scene of ludicrous merriment.

At night, when it was necessary to halt, the horses were unloaded and turned loose to crop a supper in the woods,

first having had bells put on them by which they might be found should they stroll away. Then with flint and steel a fire was kindled, and the movers fell to cooking their evening meal, consisting of bear's meat, venison and corn bread, if any bread at all. The meat was roasted on coals, or on a stick held to the fire. The bread was usually baked in an oven or skillet, which invariably had a piece broken out of it.* The wheaten bread was often baked in the ashes, and is said to have been excellent. The beds of that time, while traveling, were blankets and bear skins spread on the ground. They slept without a shelter, unless it threatened to rain. In that case, a rude shed was built of bark. In the morning bright and early they were up and on their way rejoicing, singing, laughing, joking and making their pilgrimage glad and merry as they went.

When they arrived at their place of destination, their first care was to build a house. This was done with the material at hand. The head of the family with two or three of his oldest boys, some of the neighbors, if any, with sharp axes and willing hands, went into the work. Logs were cut from twelve to twenty-five feet long. Sometimes the logs were hewn, but generally not. The ends were notched to fit one upon another; and the house was commonly one story high, but sometimes two, with a regular upstairs. The roof was of shingles four or five feet long, split from oak or chestnut, and unshaved. They were called clapboards. They were laid upon the lath and rafters so as to be water tight, and were held to their place by logs thrown across them. No nails were used.

It was the custom at that time to build the chimneys on the inside of the house. While the house was building, an

* Finley.

extra log was thrown across some six feet from the ground, and three feet from the end of the house. From this log to the roof, the flue was of sticks and mortar. The fire was directly beneath, and the smoke and sparks thus escaped through the wide opening of the chimney. Wood ten feet long could be thrown on the fire, and, when burnt off in the middle, the pieces were shoved together. The floors were of thick, rough wooden slabs; or often the ground was the floor. James Goff, although one of the richest men in the county, had a house with a ground floor. There were no windows. Small apertures through the wall served the double purpose of letting in the light and furnishing means of shooting at Indians when they should come near. There was seldom more than one door. It was made of heavy upright slabs, held together by transverse pieces. The whole was so thick that it was bullet-proof, or nearly so. In times of danger, it was secured by stout bars, fastened to the wall by iron staples on either side. The furniture of these normal dwellings was simple and sufficient. The beds were made of skins from forest animals, or of ticks filled with grass or straw. The bedsteads were rude frames, consisting of forks driven into the ground and poles laid across; or the bedding was on the ground or floor. An iron pot, the broken oven, a few wooden or pewter plates and cups, half dozen stools, a rough slab on pegs for a table, a shelf in the corner for a cupboard and pantry, and the furniture was complete.

When the first people came to Tucker, they had not the means of procuring fine clothes, and in consequence, their raiment was just such as they could get the easiest. Boots were not to be had, and they wore moccasins. Their under-clothing was of linen, at times of calico. Their outer gar-

ments were of linsey or of leather. The men nearly always wore leather breeches, and coats called *hunting shirts*. These coats were in fashion like the blue overcoats worn by the Union soldiers during the war. The edges and facing were decorated with a fringe, made by cutting the border into fine strings, leaving them hanging fast to the coat. They were frequently stained red, blue or some other color. A row of similar fringes extended from the top to the bottom of each leggin. The fastenings were either leather strings or big leaden buttons of home manufacture.

The moccasins were like those worn by the Indians, cut in one piece and closed by a seam on top. They had long flaps to the top, which were wound about the upper foot and ankle to keep out the briars of summer and the snow of winter. Those moccasins were a poor protection to the feet in wet weather. They were made of deer skin, and were flimsy and porous. In wet weather the feet of the wearer were constantly soaked. From that cause, the early settlers were subject to rheumatism, which was about their only disease. To dry their feet at night was their first care. Their moccasins were often decorated with fringes to match their other clothing. Stockings were seldom worn in the earliest times. Frequently, as a substitute for stockings, leaves were stuffed in the moccasins.

In winter, the people wore gloves, made of dressed deer skin, and decorated with a fringe of mink or weasel fur. In summer, no gloves were worn. The head-gear was a fur cap, made from the skin of a raccoon, otter or fox, with the hair-side out. The tail of a fox hung behind like a tassel.

The women dressed then as now, with the exception of a few bales of ribbon, a dozen hanks of superfluous lace, a yard of bonnet, and some other paraphernalia, best left un-

mentioned. But, instead of alpaca and the finer cloths, the texture of their dresses was deer skin. Their other raiment was also deer skin, but sometimes rough woolen cloth, or tow linen, or at rare times cotton, was made a substitute. The children dressed as their parents. The men cropped their hair and shaved their beard about three times a year.

It might be asked what the early settlers in Tucker could find to eat before anything was raised. They were not here long before they raised enough corn for bread, and some potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. They had an easier time than many of the other colonies in West Virginia. A mill was built at St. George in 1776.* This provided a means of getting the corn ground, and was an advantage not enjoyed by many early settlers. Often at that time the people had to go thirty or forty miles through the woods to mill; and, as this was such a hard undertaking, many preferred to do without bread, and eat hominy. Hominy was made by pounding corn just enough to mash the hulls off. Or, it was soaked in lye for the same purpose. Then it was cooked and eaten.

The settlers frequently ran short of bread. In that case they lived on meat. Fortunately, meat was always plenti-

* There was long a question as to where the mill stood. An old work, having the appearance of a mill-race, passes through the school-house lot in the town, and it was said that the mill was just below where the school-house stands. But this was disputed, and what was said by some to be an old mill-race, was claimed by others to be only an ancient channel of the creek. Thus the matter was unsettled for seventy-five years, and was well nigh forgotten. But, in 1875, a tremendous flood came down Mill Run and cleaned out a great bar of gravel that had accumulated in the creek ford. When the water had subsided, the timbers of the old dam were laid open to view. The gravel had been washed off of them. This settled the question that the trench through the school-house lot was indeed the mill-race. The old timbers of the dam are still to be seen protruding from the gravel on the east side of the creek. One hundred and eight years have had but little influence in causing them to decay, and they seem as solid, and the ax-marks are as plainly to be seen as when they had been there only a year or two. They are white oak, hewn square, and may be seen where the road leaves the water and passes up the eastern bank of Mill Run.

ful, and might be had for the trouble of killing. Bear meat and venison were the chief dependence. It is a common saying among old people that the flesh of the bear was the bread, and venison was the meat. The venison was often cut into slices and dried. It would then keep well several months. Buffaloes were found in the earliest years of the St. George colony. But, they never were as plentiful as they were along the Ohio River, and about Charleston, Clarksburg and Buckhannon. Smaller game, such as raccoons, rabbits, pheasants and turkeys were, of course, plentiful. Salt was not often to be had, and it was thought no hardship to do without it. It cost a dollar a peck, and had to be carried seventy-five or one hundred miles. Besides, the dollar was not always at hand. Coffee and tea were unknown. Whiskey and brandy were in nearly every house.

Much is said of the quantities of intoxicating liquors that were drunk in early times, and of the scarcity of drunkards. This is a good subject for theories and speculations that would be out of place in a county history. Besides, Tucker County is not and never was a land of drunkards. Many of the people, let it be said to their praise and honor, have little idea of what a whiskey saloon is. The climate, habits and surroundings of the people are not such as produce drunkards. They work too hard, there are too few places for idle men to associate together.

It is hard to point out any particular harm in whiskey as long as it is used in its right place; although it is equally hard to tell what good there is in it. In early days, when whiskey and brandy were in every house, men seldom got drunk, because they always had their liquor at hand, and

there was no excitement or novelty to lead them to excess, in which alone there is harm.

If half the creeks and springs of the county flowed apple brandy instead of water, they could not do the harm of twenty grog shops scattered over the county. It is not the taste of the liquor that so much intices men as it is the debauched pleasure which they feel in co-mingling with idlers. A man hardly ever gets drunk at home. The most effectual means of redeeming drunkards is to induce them to stay at home, and away from the places where men associate only with men. But, of this there is little need in Tucker County. Although it is one of the smallest in West Virginia, it is yet the most temperate. No county can claim pre-eminence in that respect over Tucker County.

It may not be amiss to say something of the arms used by the early colonists on Cheat River. The main dependence was the rifle. It was the surest means of defense and the most useful weapon. It furnished the settler with game and was a guard against the Indians. The rifle was a flint-lock, muzzle-loader. In addition to the rifle, a tomahawk and a knife were usually carried. These were about all the implements of war used in the early settlement of the country. Pistols were seldom used. The Indians used the same kind of arms that the white people used. But an Indian could not shoot as well, because Indians can not do anything as well as a white man can. They could not keep their guns in order, and they did not even have skill enough to take their guns apart and clean them properly.

During the first years of the county, there were no churches. Religious meetings were held in private houses. Once in a while, a minister visited the settlements and held a meeting; but, such meetings were not frequent. The

usual order was for some pious man to be chosen as class-leader; and all the other people who pretended to be religious would join in the exercise and help. Such meetings were generally held in each settlement once a month. The settlers, for ten miles on every side, would come together with devotional zeal, and sing and pray and exhort each other to live and work faithfully in the cause of the church, and against wickedness and sin.

No wagons or carriages were used. The people, who went to church, either rode on horseback or walked. They oftenest walked. Early on Sunday morning, especially in the spring and summer, the people from the forest cabins might be seen wending their way along the narrow roads toward the place appointed for the service. If the weather was fine, they went on foot. If they went on foot, they generally walked barefooted, carrying their moccasins in their hands. This was because they did not want to wear their shoes out with so much walking. A few ten-mile trips would put through a pair of moccasins; while the barefeet were not at all injured by the walk. No doubt, the pioneers enjoyed their Sunday pilgrimage to church. Young men and young lasses, who went the same road, found each other's company as agreeable then as young folks do now. They passed the time talking and singing until they came in sight of the meeting-house, when they stopped to put on their shoes.

The religious exercises of that day would look ridiculous to a city church member of the present time. But, "the groves were God's first temples," as it is said; and, before all temples, He doth "prefer the upright heart and pure," as Milton believed. So we must not judge others, nor prescribe forms and bounds for the manifestation of sacred

devotion ; yet we may believe that, before Him who knoweth the secrets of all hearts, and who rewarded not him who prayed aloud in the synagogue for form's sake, the rude pioneers, in their sincerity and simplicity, were as acceptable as those are who kneel on velvet cushions and read prayers from Latin books. At any rate, we are not to ridicule the unlettered pioneers of the last century. They worshiped as they thought best, and as best they could. The rude log hut, where a dozen were met together to worship God according to the dictates of their conscience, was as sacred before Him as is St. Paul's or St. Peter's. If not, then religion is a fraud.

There were no schools in the earliest years of Tucker County. But as soon as the people were firmly settled, and could take their minds, for a moment, from the struggle for existence, the subject of education began to be agitated. At that time and in the remote frontiers, there was no public money for school purposes. Such schools as could be had were paid for from private pockets. The teachers, as might be supposed, were qualified to teach only the easiest branches. Arithmetic to decimal fractions, the spelling-book, the Testament for a reader, and the course of study was complete. No grammar, geography, or history was thought of. The teachers could not instruct in such difficult branches. The majority of the schoolmasters of that time did not believe that the earth was round. They usually taught writing. They set copies for the pupils to follow. They had no system of penmanship. When an apt scholar learned to write as well as the teacher, he was regarded perfect. However, this was seldom the case. The people held a schoolmaster in such esteem that they con-

sidered it next to impossible for pupils to learn to write as well as he; and there was always room for a little more improvement. This manner of learning to write would be regarded somewhat antediluvian were it to be revived now; but the truth cannot be denied that those who were instructed in penmanship by following written copies wrote as well as those do now, who spend five years on Spencer's, Scribner's and the Eclectic printed plates.

Educational science has made wonderful strides forward during the last hundred years; and it is probable that no department of it will ever go back to what it was then. But, in a few particulars, the systems of the present day fail where those of earlier times succeeded. If the school children of to-day should attend school no more months than they did one hundred years ago, and receive the manner of instruction that they now get, at the end of their school life they would not be as well prepared for business as those of that time were. Of course, in a general sense, the educational systems of to-day are in advance of those one hundred years ago; but, in the particular subjects of writing, reading and spelling, the old plan accomplished the most in a limited time. The child of the present time goes to school nearly ten times as much as those did of a century ago; yet, is the child of to-day ten times as well educated? The great contention among modern educators is to find the natural method of imparting instruction. When one looks at the A. B. C. charts, costing ten or twenty dollars, over which the child pores for four or five months, varying the exercise by drawing pictures of boxes, flower-pots, bugs and birds, and similar tomfoolery, it is almost time to stop to ask if it is not possible to lose sight altogether of the so-called natural method of imparting instruction, and wander

off with those who spend their time and talents in telling or listening to something new.

The child probably learns as much by the time it is three years old—that is, learns as many things—as it does during any ten years of its after life. It has learned everything that it knows at three. It has learned to talk one language, and knows by sight several thousand things, and by name several hundred. All this was taught it by natural methods; because it was too young for artificial plans to be employed. But, from that time on, its education is more and more artificial, and is less and less rapidly acquired. Old theories, customs and plans must give way to the new, and it is right that it should be so; but it is meet that the new should be so constructed as to include all the good that there was in the old and something beside.

In early times, above and below St. George, the young people were accustomed to meet together on Sundays and have singing-school. The exercise had something of a religious nature, inasmuch as none but sacred songs were sung. It might be compared to a Sunday-school, except that no instruction in the Testament or catechism was given. The young folks met for the purpose of having a moral and social time, injurious to none, and pleasant to all. Much of these societies is remembered by the oldest inhabitants of the county; and, from all accounts, the exercises must have exerted a good influence over the community. Indeed, the singing-school is not yet a thing of the past, although it has changed some, probably for the better.

Incidentally connected with the singing-schools, about the commencement of the present century, there was a romance that at the time was the subject of much talk along the river, and in all parts of the county. It also gives us

an idea of the spirit of the time, and how the people then compare with those of the present time.

It seems that Manassa Minear, son of David Minear, and brother to Enoch Minear, of St. George, and to Mrs. Dr. Bonnifield, of Horse Shoe Run, had formed an attachment for Miss Lyda Holbert, a beautiful girl, who lived on the bank of Holbert Run, four miles east of St. George. A match between the young people was in no manner objectionable to the Minears, only that Manassa was so young. He was but eighteen; and Miss Holbert was sixteen.

Manassa fell into the habit of visiting his affianced rather oftener than his father thought necessary; and, the result was a rumpus in the Minear family, and Manassa was told to go a little less frequently. This did not discourage the young man in the least. The next Sunday there was singing-school in the Horse Shoe, and all the youngsters for miles around went as usual. Manassa and Lyda were there, and between them they made it up that he was to accompany her home. His brothers and sisters tried hard to persuade him not to go, as the old gentleman would certainly grumble. But, Manassa said, let him grumble, and went ahead. Lyda also said, let him grumble, and they two went off together, in company with the other young people who went that way. But, the rest of the Minears returned to St. George and reported what had taken place. Mr. Minear was much put out of humor, and after studying over the matter two or three hours, he decided to go in person and settle the matter.

Manassa and Lyda enjoyed the fine walk from the Horse Shoe to Holbert Run, about two miles. They had crossed the river at the Willow Point in a canoe; and, thence home, the path was a pleasant one. It lay across the wide bottom

from the river to Low Gap, then all woods; and from the Low Gap home was about a mile, and this, too, was nearly all woods. No doubt, the walk of two miles on that fine June morning was a short one to them.

Tradition does not inform us how the day, from noon till evening was passed at the Holbert cabin; but circumstances justify us in supposing that all went merry and well. It could not have been otherwise; for, Manassa and Lyda could not quarrel, and the old folks were glad to have Manassa visit their daughter, for he belonged to one of the first families of the county and was, indeed, a promising young man. Be this as it may, he was there yet when the sun was just sinking behind Jonathan Point. He and Lyda were sitting alone in the yard, under a young walnut tree. The dead frame of this tree still stands, although it is a big one now. It might still be living but for a slight accident that happened it some seventeen years ago. Two boys, Henry Bonnifield, now of California, and Wilson Maxwell, of St. George, both little fellows then, tried to catch a red squirrel that was on the fence by the tree. Wilson had a hoe handle (they had been hoeing corn in a field hard by) and was trying his best to knock the squirrel as high as the Pyramids of Egypt. But, while going through gestures, and swinging the hoe-handle to give it all the force possible, he skinned his knuckles on the old walnut tree. This made him mad, and with an ax, which lay near, he deadened the tree, and it died. The squirrel, in the meantime, got away.

The sun was just setting; and, no doubt, the world looked beautiful to Manassa and Lyda as they sat under that little walnut tree, with none near enough to hear what they might say. The whole day had been pleasant; and, now so

fair an evening to terminate all, was truly delightful. But, it was not to be so. The evening which now looked so beautiful to the young couple, soon appeared to them the ugliest they had ever seen. For, presently foot steps were heard approaching, and when Manassa and Lyda looked up they saw the massive frame of David Minear coming up. Manassa's heart sank within him; for, he knew what was at hand. Lyda also looked scared. But, they said not a word, and the old gentleman walked boldly up and commenced flourishing a hickory withe, and uttered words to the effect that he wanted the young man home early enough Monday morning to go to hoeing potatoes when the other boys did. Manassa making no movement toward starting, the old gentleman with still more emphasis ordered him to "skedaddle for home." He realized his situation; and casting toward Lyda one look, which seemed to say, good-bye, for the present, and receiving one of sympathy from her, he bounded off down the hill, with the old gentleman at his heels wolloping him with the withe every jump. Poor Lyda felt for Manassa, but she could not reach him. She saw him dodging this way and that way to escape the thrashing, and saw him bound with extra buoyancy whenever an extra swoop fell upon his shoulders. She also heard some of the words which the old gentleman spoke, and they fell heavily upon her; for, he was telling Manassa that just as many jumps as it took him to get home, that many weeks it would be before he should come back. The young man apparently realized the force of the argument, and was trying to get to St. George with as few jumps as possible. Indeed, it looked to Lyda that he was going ten rods at a bound. All the while, the hickory was falling across his back with amazing rapidity. The scene was of short dura-

tion ; for, while she was still silently sitting under the tree and looking toward them, they disappeared in the thicket, and, after a little ripping and tearing through the brush, all was still.

The scenes and conversations that followed at the Holbert cabin, as well as at Minear's, we can only imagine. But, the result of the whole affair might plainly have been foreseen. Thrashing the young man is not the proper way to break him from waiting upon the girl of his choice. So it proved in this case. Manassa resolved to marry the fair young Lyda, no matter who should oppose. She was as fully resolved to brave all opposition in her attachment for him. When two young people arrive at this conclusion, it is useless for relatives or any one else to interfere. Such opposition may delay but cannot prevent the final consummation of the lovers' plans. In this case, however, the Holbert family did all they could to assist the young couple, so the opposition was all on one side.

Manassa and Lyda laid plans to elope and get married. But David Minear knew nothing of it. He supposed that the thrashing had broken up the affair, and that Manassa would pursue his foolish course no further.

It was again on Sunday, and the young people of St. George started to the singing-school in the Horse Shoe. Manassa Minear started with the others ; but he had no intention of the singing. It was now in the fall of the year. His course of love, since it had been interrupted on that summer evening, had not run as smoothly as a poetical river. However, he had managed to see Lyda in the meantime, and had arranged it with her and the rest of the family that she should elope with him at any time he should call for her.

On that morning, instead of crossing the river at the Horse Shoe Ford, as he should have done to have gone to the singing, he continued up the north bank, unobserved by his companions, who were some distance ahead of him. He was on horseback this time. He went directly to Holbert's and told Lyda to get on the horse behind him, and not to loose much time. He explained the nature of the case. She was a brave girl, and did not waste a moment in getting ready. Her brother caught the only horse belonging to the family, and was ready to accompany them. Lyda got on behind Manassa, and they were off for Maryland. It was not yet noon, but they did not wait for dinner. They knew that the Minears would follow them; and the success of the undertaking depended upon speed. They followed the little path leading up Horse Shoe Run. This they traveled seven miles, and then turned up Lead Mine, by the old trail marked out by Capt. James Parsons. Thus they reached Maryland, and were formally married.

When the young people who went to the singing returned to St. George, they reported that Manassa had not been there, nor Lyda either. It was at once suspected that he had gone to Holbert's, and David Minear followed again, determined to bring matters to a crisis. He went to Holbert's house, and not seeing Manassa, asked if he had been there. They answered him that he called a few minutes, but must be twenty miles away by that time. Holberts expected to see him fly into a passion at this disclosure; but they were disappointed. He questioned them closely about the matter, and when the young couple was expected back. When they had answered him, he said that if they were married, it was all right, as it was no use to make a fuss about it. He left an invitation for them to come down

as soon as they returned, and with this he went home. They were entirely successful, and got safely home the third day.

If the memories of old people are to be credited in the matter, the young couple did not find the course of married life as poetical as they had expected. For, though Lyda was young, she had a great deal of industry about her, and she made Manassa work harder than he wanted to, and he got tired of it, and, to keep from hoeing in the truck-patch, he dug a hole under the fence in a weedy corner and toled the hogs in. This did not mend matters much, for Lyda found it out, and made him build new fences around every lot on the place; and, besides, made him build a pen for the hogs, and then pull weeds all summer to feed them.

CHAPTER IV.

MISCELLANIES.

THE material for a chapter on the history of Tucker County for two score years next following the close of the Indian troubles, in 1781, is meager in the extreme. Almost nothing at all, of an exciting nature, is left on record. The Indian wars were at an end, and no massacres or exploits or adventures are to be narrated. It was a silent epoch in our history. But, as Carlyle teaches, these silent periods in the history of a people are the most prolific of great things. It is a time when everything is building. Every man is attending to his own work. No great interference disturbs the welfare of all. The whole country is thriving together, and there is no jar or collision to attract attention. It is not the building up but the tearing down that constitutes the violent crashes in a people's annals. It has been represented similar to a tree that grows noiselessly for a thousand years; but, when the whirlwind overthrows it, it falls with a crash. Thus a nation grows and grows for ages, and if everything is prosperous, not a discord tells of existence. But, when commotions or rebellions overthrow it, the fall is heard

To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne.

But, this digression is out of place in a county history. However, this book is not meant to be a history of Tucker County. It is designed only as a series of annals, and is not intended to be a complete history. But, while this is the case, nothing on the subject, deemed worthy to be remem-

bered, will be left unaltered. There is little material, of the nature of Acts of the Legislature and railroad and turnpike meetings and resolutions, from which to fill a book. But, if there were tons of such, they would be given very little attention by the writer of these pages. Tucker County has never had any great movements on these subjects. All of importance that the Legislature has ever done for Tucker can be told in ten lines. The reports of road surveys, and the meetings consequent thereon, can be dismissed with still less attention. Therefore, another class of material must be had. The people of our county do not care about the proceedings of Congress and the Legislature in matters now forgotten, that never were of much importance and are now of none. This is, at best, a dry subject to all, except a very few, who, for some special reason, are interested therein.

But Tucker County possesses exhaustless stores of matter that is of interest to her people. It is the biography of her people; an account of what the people have done. Each man has done something, or said something, or tried to do something that his friends and neighbors would like to know. Of course, every man cannot be represented in a book of this size. Many who deserve a history must be left out, because there is not room for all. It is a hard thing to decide who shall be made the leading spirits for the hundred years after the close of the Indian wars to the present time. Before that, Capt. James Parsons and John Minear were clearly the most prominent men. But, since then, there are a few individuals around whom the history of the county seems to cluster.

Those who have fought the most battles are not necessarily the greatest men. The laborers who dug out the grubs

from our valleys and hills ; who planted our orchards ; who built our churches and school-houses ; who made our roads ; who improved the morals and intelligence of the country by their examples of honesty and industry ; who were ever ready to lend a helping hand to the unfortunate ; who never hung back when a good cause needed friends ; who did to others as they wished others to do to them—these are our great men. Such are always great ; and Tucker, though hemmed in by mountains and nearly excluded from other parts of the world, has now, and has had from the first, just such men. They are found everywhere upon her hills and in her valleys. They are not all rich in this world's goods ; but none of them are too poor to be honest. They have not all held office ; they have not all fought battles ; they have not all seen distant countries ; but they have all been upright citizens, and have done well what they have done.

Tucker County likewise has had and still has men who have taken an active part in our wars, and in our times of danger, were ever in the front. The history of James Parsons and John Minear has been given. Since their day there have been others none the less worthy to be remembered.

During the civil war the struggle was intense and bitter in this county. The two parties, north and south, were nearly equal. The mountains and fastnesses were the rendezvous for scouts and sharpshooters. The history of the war, as it influenced this section of the county, will be given at some length further on. No sides will be taken in writing on that subject. Some of our best citizens took the side of the South, and others equally good espoused the cause of the North. The men who thus arrayed themselves against each other in that deadly strife, were honest and

conscientious in what they did. They upheld and fought for what they belived to be right. When a man risks his life for a cause, he believes that the cause is right. This must not be questioned. Some of our brave men joined the Federal armies, and some the Confederate. Honor to the blue and gray. The storm is now passed beyond the horizon; and, there is no occasion to recall those dark and bloody times except to show that we had men then who did not shrink from duty. Such men as Dr. Solomon Parsons stood up for the Union; and such as Dr. E. Harper cast the fortunes into the cause of Confederacy. Both, and all like them, deserve a place in our county's history, no matter whether they loved the stars and stripes or stars and bars. But, this will come in at the proper time and place.

When the Indian trouble ended, about 1781, our county had only a few people. The settlement did not extend far from the river. The people worked hard, and took few holidays. They had to earn their bread by the sweat of their brows, and no time was allowed for idleness. The heavy timber was removed from it only by excessive labor. The farmers worked in their clearings during the late fall, the winter and the early spring. When summer came they were employed in raising their crop of corn. The people generally ate corn bread. Wheat was nearly unknown in the early years. A portion of the autumn was often spent by the men in hunting deer and bear.

It is difficult to give particulars of individuals who lived in the county in the latter part of the last century and the first of this. Some are remembered; but little more than their names come down to us. James Goff seems to have been one of the leading men in early times. He lived on Cheat River, near the Preston County line, and at one time

owned the greater portion of the land from the Minear claim to Rowlesburg. He worked incessantly on his farms, and always had corn to sell. His price was fifty cents a bushel; and, no matter what other people sold at, he would take nothing more or less than his price. His house had no floor, except the ground. They ate bread and meat at his house. This diet was unvaried, except when a pot of "greens"—a dish of some plant cooked—was substituted for meat; or a kettle of corn meal mush took the place of bread. All were welcome to the hospitalities of his cabin, although a stranger might have thought the family rough in manners. They did not mean to be rude. They were open in their actions. Indeed, the eastern land agent, who stopped there over night, must have thought so. He sat by the fire talking and wondering where supper was coming from. He could see no preparations for the evening meal, except a big pot at one end of the fireplace, where Mrs. Goff sat stirring the kettle's contents. At length it was carried to the central part of the floor, and a gourd of milk was emptied into it, and a dozen wooden spoons were provided.

While the hungry stranger was watching these proceedings, and wondering what the sequence would be, Mrs. Goff announced that supper was ready. Mr. Goff sat a moment and then dragged his stool up to the mush-pot, saying to the visitor: "Well, if you don't want any supper, you can sit there." The children were already around the kettle, scooping out the mush and milk with the large wooden spoons, and seeming to enter with gusto into the repast. Mr. and Mrs. Goff joined the circle; and all fell to eating with such voracity that no time was left for asking or answering questions. No cups or dishes were used. All ate

directly from the pot, and there was no little crowding from those who feared that they might not get their full share.

The stranger got no other invitation to eat; but, by this time, he had come to see that he would get no supper unless he should go boldly forward, seize a spoon and take his chances with the rest. This he did. He pulled his stool forward and commenced eating. Mr. Goff crowded a little to one side, remarking with an oath: "By —, I thought you'd come to it." The meal passed without further incident, and the next morning the land agent fled back to Winchester with a story that no one there believed.

That same year there was a scarcity in the country. Goff had corn, but hardly anybody else had. People came from all parts to buy from him. Two young men came down from the Glades in Maryland. One had been there before; but the other had not. The one who had been there entertained the other, while on the road, by picturing to him what a grand residence Goff's was, and admonished him not to show himself ill-bred by undue staring about the pictured walls and carpeted floors. By the time they drew near the plantation, the young man, who had believed all that his companion had told him, was looking for a splendid residence, and picturesque surroundings. Mark his surprise when he came suddenly up to the front, and only, door of the log cabin. He was immediately ushered in at the opening. He was looking so wildly about him that he did not notice the log that formed the door-sill; and, stumbling over it, he fell headlong into the house. Instead of landing upon Brussels carpet, as he might have expected, he found himself sprawling in the dust and ashes of the earth-floor. Not till then did he realize that he had been made the subject of a practical joke.

The land which Goff settled upon had previously been occupied by a man named Jorden. It is not known when Jorden left it or when Goff purchased it. But, Goff was there in 1786. He was an untiring worker; and, old men still remember how he made his boys work. In the long days of June, when daylight comes at four, he would be in the corn-field before the first gleam of dawn. He never called his boys to work, nor even waked them; but, if any one was not in the field as soon as it was light enough to distinguish weeds from corn, that one got a sound thrashing.

Of course, by working so hard he made money. What he made he saved. He would not spend a cent for anything, unless it was absolutely necessary. He kept his cash in a buck-skin sack, and buried it in one corner of the dirt floor. In the course of time, he came to be a considerable money-lender. Those who came to borrow often marked with surprise that he picked up a handspike which was used as a poker, and dug deep into the ground-floor, and turned out the foul sack, filled with silver and gold.

When James Parsons had obtained deeds for his lands in the Horse Shoe, he divided them among his three sons—Isaac, Solomon and Jonathan. Isaac lived where Joseph Parsons, Esq., now resides. The farm now owned by Mr. S. B. Wamsley, was given to Jonathan; and Hon. S. E. Parsons now owns the farm that was allotted to Solomon.

Thomas Parsons, brother of James Parsons, and partner with him when they first purchased their lands, divided his lands among his four sons—William, James, Isaac and George. The descendants of these, as well as those of James Parsons, still reside on these farms. Nicholas and George Parsons, still living, are the sons of Isaac, and grandsons of Thomas. The late W. R. Parsons, and An-

drew and Abraham Parsons, now of California, are sons of James Parsons. Job Parsons, and Solomon Parsons were sons of William Parsons.

The lands along the river, above St. George, have ever since their first settlement been in the Parsons family. This is the finest agricultural land in the county; and those who have owned it have always belonged to the wealthy class of our citizens. They have held nearly half the offices in the county. They are not and never were all of one political party. They have usually been nearly equally divided. Generally speaking, James Parsons' descendants have leant toward the Whig and Republican parties; while those of Thomas voted the opposite ticket. At present, altogether, there are more Democrats than Republicans. Judge S. E. Parsons first voted in 1859, and cast his ballot for the Whigs. Since then he has voted with the Democrats, and has always been a strong Union man. The others of his immediate relatives have not supported the Democratic ticket; but nearly all the others of the name, including Joseph, Ward and Jesse Parsons, are Democrats.

The Bonnifield family came into notice very early in the history of Tucker, though not so early as those of Parsons and Minear. The first of that name in the county was Samuel Bonnifield. He came to the Horse Shoe from Eastern Virginia sometime before the commencement of the present century. Not much is known of his ancestry, except that they were of French extraction. The name in that country was Bonnifant; but, being Anglicized, it was as it now is. There are still different spellings for it. Representatives of the family spell it Bonafield, as those in Preston County. Others drop an "n" from it.

Where Washington City now stands was the old Bonni-

field homestead. Whether they owned the land or not is unknown. At any rate, they were engaged in cultivating tobacco there; and, there in 1752, Samuel Bonnifield was born. His father's name was Gregory, and his grandfather's was Luke.* Nothing of note occurred in Samuel's life until he was moved to ramble, and left his paternal roof. The next heard of him was in the summer of 1774. He was then in Fauquier County, Virginia.

It was in that year that there broke out a trouble with the Indians, called Dunmore's War. The Indians commenced killing people along the frontiers. The only settlement in Tucker, that in the Horse Shoe, was broken up. The Governor of Virginia, Lord Dunmore, decided to raise an army, march into the Indian country of Ohio, and burn all the Indian towns, so that these hives from which the savages swarmed, might be destroyed. Gen. Andrew Lewis and Governor Dunmore each was to raise an army and

* While searching for other historical matter, at Brownsville, Ohio, in the spring of 1884, I happened upon an old legend of the Bonnifield family, a little different from that of the Tucker County family. It is certain that the Bonnifields there and those in Tucker, Preston and in the West, all belong to the same stock, and I am inclined to credit the Ohio legend, which narrates the first coming of the Bonnifields to America. The story runneth thus: Very early in the history of America, probably about the close of the 17th century, three brothers named Bonnifield became desirous of leaving England for America. They belonged to the poor class, although intelligent, and had not money to pay their passage to our shores. At that time, it was a custom among those who had no money and who wanted to emigrate to the New World, to sell themselves or mortgage themselves to the master of some vessel. He would then bring them over, and sell his claim upon them for enough cash in hand to pay him for their passage. The emigrants were then bound in servitude to the purchaser until their wages amounted to the sum paid the master of the vessel. After that they were free.

The three Bonnifield brothers came to America in that manner, and were sold in Baltimore. One was carried to Virginia, one to Maryland and the third was purchased by a speculator and was taken to Florida. Those in Maryland and Virginia each had a family, and the families are still distinguished apart, and are nearly equal in the number of representatives; but of him who went to Florida no tidings has ever been heard. Whether he died a victim to the fevers of that sultry land, or whether in the wars of the Spanish, French and Indians he was killed, or, whether his family is now blended with the population of Florida, is unknown. All the Bonnifields in America, so far as is known, are the descendants of the two brothers who settled in Virginia and Maryland. Samuel Bonnifield belonged to the Maryland family, and those in Ohio about Zanesville and Brownsville to the Virginia family.

proceed to the mouth of the Great Kanawha, where they would unite and invade the Indian country. Dunmore collected his troops in the northern part of Virginia, while Lewis enlisted his from counties further south.

When Samuel Bonnifield reached Fauquier County, he found the most ambitious young men enlisting in Lewis' Army. Although young Bonnifield was not a citizen of Virginia and had never seen war, yet he was no less ambitious and no less adventurous than the young soldiers of Virginia; and, he applied and obtained a place in the ranks as a common soldier.

The army marched to Camp Union, now Lewisburg, Greenbrier County, where it was joined by fifty men, under Even Shelby, who had come all the way from North Carolina to fight in the war. General Isaac Shelby, the Governor of Kentucky and Secretary of War, was also in the army, and with him Bonnifield formed an intimate acquaintance.* From Lewisburg, the army proceeded to Point Pleasant. Some went on foot, and some made canoes at the mouth of the Gauley River and floated down the Kanawha to the Ohio. Bonnifield was among the latter.

On the evening of October 9, eleven hundred men were encamped at Point Pleasant. That evening a large Indian army crossed the Ohio not far above, and lay hid in the woods, while some of the Indians gobbled like turkeys to decoy the soldiers from camp. The plan succeeded; and, before day the next morning, some men went out to shoot the turkeys. But, instead of turkeys, they found Indians, and only one man got away. He ran back to camp and

* Evan Shelby was the father of Isaac Shelby, and was a great fighter. In General Forbes' campaign against Fort Duquesne, he found an Indian spy sneaking around the camp, and immediately gave chase to the rascal. The Indian ran for his life, but Shelby caught and killed him.



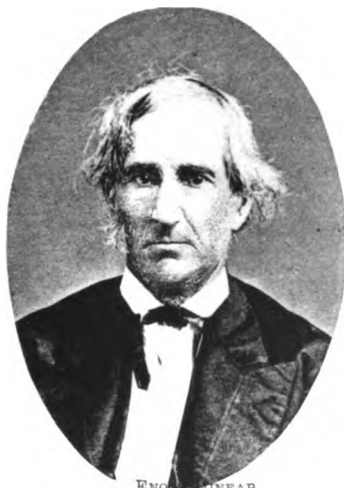
MRS. DR. BONNIFIELD.



DR. B. BONNIFIELD.



MRS. ENOCH MINEAR.



ENOCH MINEAR.

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said that he had seen three hundred thousand Indians; but it is now thought that his estimate was three hundred times too large.

In a few minutes the battle commenced, and was fought hard all day. Bonnifield and Isaac Shelby fought side by side, and at least one Indian, who kept bobbing his head up from behind a log, got his eternal quietus from their rifles. The Indians and white men fought behind trees and logs, and it was the hardest and longest contested battle ever fought with the Indians in America. But about sunset the Indians found themselves grievously set upon by three hundred soldiers who had crept through the weeds and got in their rear. The whole Indian army fled, yelling and screaming. Bonnifield and some others ran after them and saw them crossing the Ohio on logs and rafts. In this they were not succeeding well; for the logs kept rolling so that they all fell off into the water and had to swim out.

The Virginian army crossed into Ohio and hurried on to help kill the Indians and burn the towns on the Scioto, where Dunmore, who had crossed the Ohio at Parkersburg, then was. The Indians were so badly whipped that they made peace without any more fighting. The Virginians lost one-fifth of their men in killed and wounded. The dead were buried, and the wounded were left in care of a company of soldiers. Bonnifield was among those who took care of the wounded. He staid there all winter; and when he was discharged in the spring, he and a companion started home alone. They failed to kill any game, and came near starving to death. While wandering about in Greenbrier County, they came to a house where lived a man named McClung, and whose descendants still live there. He gave the famished soldiers all they wanted, but stood by them to keep them from eating themselves to death.

Bonnifield had scarcely reached Virginia when the Revolutionary War came on, and he at once joined the American army, and fought through the whole war. At the battle of Germantown he was with his old comrade of Point Pleasant, Gen. George Matthews. He was at the battle of Brandywine, and was near by when Lafayette was wounded. He was at Yorktown, and saw General O'Hara surrender the sword of Cornwallis. This ended his history as a soldier.

When the Revolution came to an end, in 1781, Samuel Bonnifield was twenty-nine years old. He now turned his attention to farming, having first married Dorcas James, a young lady of a respectable family in Virginia, and a relation of the James family now in Tucker. Soon after his marriage, but in what year is unknown, he came to Cheat River, and settled in the Horse Shoe. This was before the commencement of the present century.

He farmed with success for some years, and while in the Horse Shoe, in 1799, his son, Dr. Arnold Bonnifield was born. About this time, the Horse Shoe was legally surveyed, and it was then found that the land whereon Bonnifield resided was not his, but belonged to James Parsons. With this discovery, Bonnifield commenced looking for another farm, and found one suitable at Limestone, and moved to it.

From this time on, he lived the life of a farmer, and raised a large family, whose descendants may now be found in half the states of the Union. He always manifested a disposition to roam the woods and be alone; and, in his old age, he became more and more attached to a hunter's life. He spent a large part of the fall and winter in the woods; and, though eighty years of age, he thought it no hardship to sleep by his camp fire, when snow was a foot deep, and

his clothing was drenched from having waded creeks and runs all day. He was small in stature; but his strength seemed exhaustless. He died at the age of ninety-five, and was buried on Graveyard Hill, near the present residence of Dr. Bonnifield, on Horse Shoe Run.

The descendants of some of his relations subsequently found their way into Tucker County; but none are there now, all having emigrated to the West.

Dr. Arnold Bonnifield, a son of Samuel Bonnifield, has always been a citizen of the county, and is now its oldest resident, with the exception of George Long, of Dry Fork. He was concerned in all the early history of the county, after he became a man, until of late years. He was the first clerk of the circuit and county courts of Tucker County.

But his greatest influence has not been as a politician or soldier, but as a social reformer. From his earliest years, he showed a strong desire to become a scholar; but, during his early years, hard work and few advantages made it a hard thing for him to pursue his studies. Mathematics was his favorite science; and he became master of all the branches of it, except the higher departments of the calculus. The greater part of this was attained without the use of books; for a rude edition of arithmetic, and a few leaves of algebra and geometry, were about all the instruction he had until his twenty-fourth year, when he attended a few sessions of school at Clarksburg.

While a boy, he was accustomed to solve his problems and demonstrate his theorems on a smooth stone, using a gravel for a pencil. In this manner he gained the greater part of his mathematical education. His early life was spent on his father's farm at Limestone, where he worked

and studied until his twenty-fourth year. After his return from school at Clarksburg, he again devoted himself to farm work. At the age of twenty-six he married Elizabeth Minear, granddaughter of John Minear. Shortly afterwards, he moved from Limestone to his present home on Horse Shoe Run. He took a course in medicine, and practiced that profession until old age forced him to retire from it. While he practiced, he stood pre-eminently above all other physicians in the county.

He has been an extensive traveler, having visited the eastern and western states. He was in Missouri at an early day, and returned home on horseback, the journey from there home occupying a month of time. His influence on the destiny of the county has been exerted in a quiet way; but that it has been material is to be seen in the fact that none are more favorably known, and none are held in greater esteem than he.

As late as 1840, there were very few settlements in the county, except along the river, and in the narrow bottoms of the larger creeks. The mountains were mostly unbroken wildernesses. Here and there might be seen the cabin of a settler who was opening up a farm among the hills. About this time, or more exactly, in the fall of 1836, the region about the head waters of Clover Run began to be settled. This is now Clover District. The first house, except immediately on the bottom land of Clover, was that built by Isaac Phillips, father of Moses Phillips, Esq. This was in 1836, when Moses Phillips was six years of age. The cabin was without "door, floor or chimney," as he has expressed it. But it was the commencement of a settlement that now contains a fair portion of our county's people. For as soon as it became known that Phillips' cabin had been built

other settlers came into the neighborhood and took up lands and went to work. Thus, by 1840, some five families, and probably thirty children, were in the neighborhood; and the dense forests as well as the dens of panthers and bears, began to be broken up.

It was now felt that there ought to be some provision made for educating the children of the new settlement; for, although cut off from many of the conveniences of life, and destined to unceasing hard work, the pioneers of Tucker have never neglected the education of their children. Sometimes the advantages were few and far between; but, such as they were, they were made the most of. The children often got no more than ten months of schooling in their lives. Moses Phillips got only nine, and that was at the new school-house, which the five families built on Clover Run in 1840. One who attended there has thus spoken of it: "It was built of round poles, chunked and daubed. The earth inside, which composed the floor, was completely leveled off. A few rocks, thrown up at one end, on the inside, formed the chimney. A small hole was cut in one side, and paper was fastened over it. This was the window. The door was made of clapboards. . . . Some of the scholars went to this school barefooted without missing a day."

This short quotation is inserted because it is a faithful description of the country school-houses of that day. They were rude and would be laughed at now; but they answered their purpose, and have passed away only because they so enlightened the country that better buildings were demanded. Those who have aided in the settlement and progress of the Clover District, can now see that they have not labored in vain. From 1840, this region became an

important part of the county, and its history, and the biography of its people will be given in the succeeding chapters.

Even before the settlements in the mountains west of St. George were commenced, cabins were built in the eastern part of the county. The Dumires seem to have taken the lead in this quarter; and, ever since, they have been in the front, in the work of building up and improving the district about the upper tributaries of Horse Shoe Run. The family is now numerous, and exercises much influence on the county affairs.

The name is spelled in several ways; but all are traced to the same source. Dumire and Domire are both now used. Germany was the native country of this family, as well as of the Minears. Rinehart Dumire* spent his early years at sea. He was born in 1765. He went to China three times, and then joined a whaling ship and sailed for the Arctic Ocean. Such a voyage is now laborious and fraught with danger; but it was far more so then, and none but the stoutest constitutions could stand it. Dumire spent three years among the frozen islands and drifting icebergs, before he turned toward home. When he reached his country, after such a trip, one would suppose that he would not repeat the undertaking. But he again sailed for the North, and was absent three years in the dark oceans of eternal winter. A third time he went upon his dangerous voyage to the North, and a third time was gone three years. All in all, he had now spent twenty-three years on the ocean. He had coasted along the shores of Europe, Asia and Africa; six times had he doubled the Cape of Good

* The name Rinehart is spelled in two ways. One as above and the other Rhinehart. Being a proper name, the authority for its spelling rests upon those who use it most.

Hope, crossed the wide expanse of the Indian Ocean, and visited the spice islands of the South seas.

He was yet a young man, only thirty-four years of age. This was in 1799. He resolved to emigrate to America. With his family, he reached his destination and selected him a home on Stemple Ridge, in Tucker County. This may not have been the first cabin built in that section ; but it was surely among the first. His sons, among whom were John, Daniel, Rinehart and Frederic, soon became men, and each commenced a settlement of his own. Meanwhile, the progress of the county was going steadily forward. The paths began to be widened into roads, and the people built better houses. The cornfields were enlarged, were better fenced and better tilled. Schools were growing more numerous. The teachers were paid from private subscriptions and the wages were from five to ten dollars a month. Churches were given some attention, and the people were not unlearned in good behavior and morality. Religious services were still held in private houses or in school-houses. Old and young alike attended the meetings, and the good influence of these associations had its effect everywhere, in training the young to refined ideas of human existence. The meetings were conducted by pious men, called "class leaders," and regularly ordained ministers were few. But the people then were probably as good as they are now.

Very early in this century, Stephen Losh came to Horse Shoe Run, and settled where Rufus Maxwell now lives. A native of Germany, born in 1781, he lived a short time in Maryland, and then moved to Tucker. He found Holbert's house deserted and in ruins. Near about were a few little fields, that Holbert had cleared. In one of these he found

an apple tree, and built his shanty under its branches. The hut which he erected was made of buckeye logs. He improved the land around his cabin and planted a crop of corn. Before long, he found that he was on the land of Captain Parsons, and accordingly began looking about for another place. The nearest neighbor he had, lived at the mouth of Raccoon, about a mile distant, and Losh would have selected a site just above him ; but, a quarrel having meanwhile arisen between them, Losh thought it best to get farther from his troublesome neighbor. Accordingly, he selected him a site three miles further up Horse Shoe Run ; and in a short time, Michael Hansford took up the land on Hansford Run, where Losh had thought of settling. This land has ever since been known as the Hansford Place, and the run as Hansford or Mike's Run. He had a blacksmith shop there, the remains of which may still be seen, on the farm of Arnold Bonnifield.

Stephen Losh was connected with the War of 1812, although he was not a regular soldier. He had something to do with the wagon trains ; and, in that capacity, he was in South Carolina, and visited Charleston. When he turned his attention to farming on Horse Shoe Run, he built a grist mill, and did a good business until his mill washed away. About this time occurred the "rainy summer," so called by the oldest citizens. It rained almost constantly from the first of June till late in August. Crops were drowned and chilled so that the following year was one of great scarcity. Potatoes were made to answer for bread. Stephen Losh died on Horse Shoe Run, in 1874, at the age of ninety-three. He left several children, notably among whom was William Losh, Sr. He is still living, and has been a remarkable man. Fond of travel, he has gratified this pas-

sion. He has visited the Western States several times, the last time after he was seventy-five years of age. He is minutely acquainted with Ohio from Lake Erie to the Ohio River on the South. He first went there in 1825, in company with Nicholas and George Parsons. They went on foot, and explored thoroughly the country as they went. It was in the spring of the year and the young men felt that farmers ought to be at work. So, while passing through Gilmer County, when they saw a lazy young granger lying on the fence sunning himself, while his plow team stood idle in the furrow, they yelled at him: "Get up there, you infernal fool, and go to work; lounge around all spring, and next winter you will trot over the country with a sack under your arm, hunting something to eat." The young man lit off the fence in the twinkling of an eye, and grabbing up a hand full of rocks, commenced pelting the strangers, and neglected not to heap upon them various vile epithets, and called them all the ugly names he could think of. But they passed on, and were presently overtaken by a man on horseback, who wanted to know what they had done to the young granger to put him in such a terrible rage. They related what they had seen, and what they had said to him. The man asked if they were strangers in the country, and they told him they were. "Well," said the man, "you hit it exactly. That lazy scamp won't work in the summer, and buys bread on credit in the winter." William Losh remained in Ohio a long time, and hauled freight from Lake Erie to the Muskingum River. But Nicholas and George Parsons soon came back, and ever after remained where they still live.

William Losh has always been a hard-working man. But, after the fall work was done, it was always his delight

to spend a month or six weeks in the woods hunting. He has been, beyond a doubt, the best and most successful woodsman of Tucker County. The country beyond Backbone Mountain, Canada, as it is called, has been his hunting ground for years. No nook or corner of that uninhabited wilderness is unknown to him; and deer and bear innumerable have fallen before the deadly aim of his rifle. In his younger days, no man was a better marksman than he; and, even now, though eighty-four years of age, very few can equal him. He has always been a peaceable man; but no man ever imposed upon him with impunity. If Tucker County has produced a man, that with training could have pounded Slade or Sullivan, William Losh must be the man.

The peculiarities and characteristics of all his ancestors seem to have concentrated in John Losh, son of William Losh, born in Ohio about 1831. He was the eldest child, and was a genius from his infancy. When he was a small child his parents moved to Horse Shoe Run, where William Losh, Jr., now lives. This was John Losh's home as long as he remained in Tucker. He spent his idle hours constructing toys, curious traps and automatic flying machines, and wooden rats that would run across the floor, and leather bumble bees that would buzz and hum. He was of a light complexion, and had blue eyes.

When he became a man, he was as much of a Rambler as his father and grandfather. His time was spent in roaming over the hills; and Canada, beyond the mountains, was his domain. Very few but him and his father had ever ventured into that wilderness. It is a wild country now; but, at that time, it was unexplored, and the country along Black Fork, over one hundred square miles, had not the

home of a human being on it. From the head of Black Fork to the Fairfax Stone was an unbroken forest. The timber was primeval. No ax had scarred the trees that stood so thick that their branches interlocked for miles, and some of the soil beneath had not been touched by a sun-beam for ages. Vast beds of laurel, in places, were so matted with the summers and storms of centuries that a hunter, who would pass that way, must walk on the tops, where the branches, that heavy snows had bent and pressed together, formed a rough gnarly floor, several feet above the ground. Beneath the laurel, there were lairs and dens of wild beasts. Bears and panthers had broken tunnels through the thickets in all directions; and what deadly battles and mortal combats were fought there, when these savage kings and tyrants of the wilderness crossed each other's paths, no human eye was there to witness.

At intervals, deep down under the laurel, streams of water wandered through eternal shadows. But, the hunter might pass and repass that way and never know that he had crossed a stream, unless some accidental opening through the net-work on which he trode should reveal to him the flowing water. In the summer, the ground beneath the laurel never got dry or warm. The country is nearly as high as the Alleghany Mountains. June comes before the ice and packed snow, that the winter has stored away in the deep crevices of the rocks, and all over the dank ground, begins to yield, in any considerable degree, to the summer sunshine. The hidden brooks and rivulets are nearly as cold as ice all summer. The ground is damp and chill. The huge, cold rocks are constantly beaded with drops of dew. During the summer, the more open parts of the woods, where there is no laurel, become green with

plants, and weeds; but under the laurel there is little difference between summer and winter, except that in winter the snow hides the desolation and in summer it does not.

The winters in Canada are longer and colder than along the river. Snow lies on the ground from October till May. It is often two or three and has been six feet deep. Such snows bury the laurel thickets so that one cannot well discern where they are. At such times, the wild beasts lie hidden under snow, laurel and all, until hunger compels them to prey upon one another or come out to kill deer and small animals. The snow soon packs hard enough for them to walk upon it. The deer get very poor during a hard winter. There is a large kind of rabbits that live in Canada, and no place else in the country round about. They are said to be so swift that dogs can't catch them. They can also climb a leaning tree. In early times there were wolves and elks in Canada. The country was then all covered with trees and impenetrable thickets. Not all, for, in a few places, there were open patches, called glades or meadows. These were small, and why they were not covered with timber is unaccounted for, unless it be because the soil will not nourish trees, or because the glades were recently lakes, from which the water has been drained. Be this as it may, the glades are treeless; but the grass that grows on them during the brief summer is immense in quantity. It is well suited for hay; and, within recent years, it has been harvested for that purpose. No well directed efforts have so far been made to cultivate the glades, or, for that matter, to cultivate any part of Canada. But it is the opinion of those best qualified to judge, that corn, wheat and oats would not flourish there. In the upper Canaan Valley, farming has been tried with success, but everywhere grass does the best.

The forests of Canada, except the glades, were unbroken when first the white man went there. The trees stood thick, and seemed as grim and unchangeable as the very rocks among which they stood. They seemed no older or no younger than they had always been. Trees six inches in diameter looked as old as the giants five and six feet. All the difference of appearance was in the size.

All Canada and Canaan are essentially the same expanse of country. The whole region is a basin, the rim of which is the Alleghany and Backbone mountains. The Alleghany is on the east, and the Backbone on the west. The two mountains thus surround the whole of Canada and Canaan, except the narrow gap through which Black Fork flows and makes its escape from the valley. The length of this basin, from its northern boundary to the upper end of Canaan, is about twenty miles, and its breadth five or six miles.

It is evident that this whole region was once a mountain lake, with the Alleghany for its eastern and the Backbone for its western and northern shore. There was then no river flowing out of it; for the gap which Black Fork has cut through the mountain was then not there. It must have been a beautiful lake, extending twenty miles one way and five the other. High up, among the very summits of the Alleghanies, the cool, bracing breezes of the mountains blew softly along the tranquil waters; and the waves, pure as crystal, washed the sandy shores for ages and ages, and no human being was there to behold it. In the winter, when the winds were wild and cold, fearful storms must have swept over the lake; and then, the waves rolled upon the beach, freezing into huge drifts, and extending from the shore inward, until the whole lake was frozen over.

This was thousands of ages ago. The rains of summer

and the snows of winter, in the course of time, filled the lake to overflowing. The water began to flow out over the lowest place in the mountain. That was at the north-western corner, where Black Fork breaks through Backbone Mountain. Year by year, for centuries and millenials, the channel wore deeper and deeper, and at last the water of the lake was all drained off, and Canaan and Canada were left dry land. Then trees began to grow; and, in due time, forests covered the whole country, as they did when first the white man found his way into that region.

This was John Losh's hunting ground. The story of his adventures is known beyond Tucker County. Before he was fully a man, he commenced making expeditions to Canada, and seldom returned spoiless. He had two dogs almost as famous as himself. He trained them himself, and they were his companions in many a bear hunt. If they once came up with a bear, it had little show of getting away. They fought it in such a manner that they wore it down. One dog would lay it from the front while the other ~~knabbed~~ it by the ham. It would turn to lay hold of the rear dog, when the other would sieze it by the other ham. Again it would wheel and give chase to the dog that bit it last. This would give the first dog a chance to come up and take another nip from behind. Thus, up and down through the woods, the fight went on. The dogs would not join in pitched battle with the bear; nor would they allow it to escape, or to climb a tree. If it attempted to climb, they would pull it down. In this manner, they worried it and kept it at bay till their master could come up and end the encounter by shooting bruin.

Such a scene was common; but it was varied when, as on an occasion, the bear caught one of the dogs. The other

dog flew upon the beast and fought it, and both dogs fought, but it could not be forced to slacken its hold upon the dog, which must soon have been killed had not Losh come up at that moment. He saw the situation and would have shot the bear, but was afraid of hitting his dogs. But he would not see them killed ; so, he drew his butcher knife, and running up, leaped upon the bear and stabbed it to death.

That winter was very cold. The snow fell nearly constantly for several weeks, till it was six feet deep in Canada. All the rocks, logs and laurel were so entirely covered that the whole country seemed one vast, unbroken plain of snow, with the bare, black trees rising sheer out of it. After the snow fell it packed hard enough to bear the weight of a man.

John Losh was soon in Canada. He took as a companion his brother-in-law, James Evans, and they roamed over the plains and hills, and passed above the vast laurel thickets, and had a smooth floor to walk on all the while. The top of the snow was frozen into a crust, resembling ice ; and, on this they must walk with care, where the ground was not level, lest they should fall. But on level ground, they could skate if they liked.

As they came into camp the third evening, Losh was walking in front of Evans, and they talked as they proceeded till at length Evans quit talking. Losh looked back, and his companion was no where to be seen. He had suddenly disappeared ; and Losh knew not but that he had been taken off after the manner of Elijah the Tishbite. However, he turned back to look for him, and shortly found a hole through the snow and heard Evans yelling to be helped out. He had broken through and had fallen into the cave under a laurel thicket, where the snow could not

reach the ground by reason of the matted laurel branches. Losh helped him out, and they proceeded to their camp. They caught more deer than they knew what to do with. The animals, in attempting to run, would stick fast in the snow, and the men could walk up and kill them. After they had killed as many as they wanted, they let the rest go, having first marked them by cutting their ears. Thus employed, they spent several days, and were on the point of starting home when they became bewildered, and lost their way. It is a singular thing that a lost person is so entirely devoid of reason. Familiar objects are as strange to him as those are which he never saw or heard of. North of the equator, a lost person goes round a circle, always bearing to the left, while south of the equator it is said to be just the reverse in direction—whirlwinds north of the equator move to the left, and south of it they move to the right. There seems to be some common law of nature that controls both a lost man and a whirlwind.

When Losh and Evans first became bewildered, they were carrying a deer which they had killed; but after they had described two or three circles they threw the deer down, and ran on without it. When night came on, their situation became worse. It was cold, and the woods were very dark. They might have built a fire had they not been lost; but a lost man builds no fires. They ran as fast as they could all night, and went round and round a circle without knowing it. When morning came they were still running, although nearly starved, and scarcely able to keep on their feet. If left alone, they never could have gotten out. But they had already overstaid their time from home, and their families had become uneasy. A company of men from Horse Shoe Run went in search of them.

Their tracks were found, and then the deer, and finally the men themselves. They were in the last stage of despair. They had eaten nothing for several days, and were badly frozen. They were walking round and round a tree, and there they would probably have died, had not the relief party come up. They were taken home, and they hunted no more in Canada that winter.

But no sooner had the summer sun taken the snow off, than John Losh was again in Canada. This time he was looking more for bear than deer, for bear were his chief objects of hunting. As he passed through the woods, he saw three cub-bears playing. They were quite small, and had not sense enough to run. He kept a sharp lookout for the old bear, and cornered the cubs between two logs and caught them. It would have been an easy matter to have killed them; but he was like Wetzels, who dragged an Indian a hundred miles to show the people in the settlement what a live, wild Indian was like. Losh preferred to carry the bear-pups home alive. So he pulled off his drawers, tied up the legs and put his three black prisoners into them. They fought some, and sometimes they bit him; but he slung them over his shoulder and toted them home. He kept them about the house until they grew so large that they bit the children and were continually doing acts of violence. Then he made a stout cage and kept them in it. This cage is still to be seen in William Losh, Jr.'s barn. The bears were kept there awhile, and finally they broke out and ran off; but, one was shot.

This experience did not satisfy the romantic hunter. He again went to Canada and built bear-pens. Soon he captured a bear, half-grown. He resolved to take it home, ten miles through the woods and over mountains. It was too

heavy and fought too much for him to carry it. He tied it by a short rope to the end of a long pole, and led and pushed and coaxed and drove it till he got it home. When it would get mad and try to bite him, he would hold it off with the pole. Thus, he got it home and put it in his cage ; but, it was so wild and incorrigible that it could not be tamed.

Losh next made a new departure. He made him a complete suit of clothes from dressed bear skins, the fur outside. Thus dressed, he went to Baltimore. From his own account he must have attracted as much attention as the President would have done.

As an adventurer, he was fearless and rash. A consideration of danger never entered into his plans. That he escaped unscathed from so many and so perilous undertakings, is marvelous. Indeed, sometimes his salvation seemed miraculous, as when he was washed over a waterfall in the Kanawha, and was held down and whirled over and over by the water that fell upon him, and only got out by seizing the rocks in the bottom and clinging to them as he dragged himself from under the fall, whence he came to the surface just in time to save his life.

This time, he had not voluntarily placed himself in the almost fatal danger ; but, it would only have been in accordance with his nature to have done so. For, once when Cheat River was overflowing its banks, and nearly all the bottom lands from hill to hill were under water, he was in the Horse Shoe and wanted to go home. To do so he must cross the river. With a good canoe, the crossing of the river would have been exceedingly dangerous, and probably not another man in the county, except in a case of life and death, would have undertaken it. But Losh was de-

terminated to cross. The only canoe at hand was Wm. R. Parsons' and the owner would not let Losh have it, because, by so doing, it would seem that he was only hurrying the rash man to his doom. But the want of a canoe did not serve to change Losh's determination to cross the river.

He proceeded to the river, at Neville's Ford, and pulled three or four rails and slabs from a drift, and tying them together, made of them a raft on which he proposed to cross the river. It would scarcely bear his weight in still water. But, nothing daunted, he pushed his fragile craft from the shore and was instantly borne off down the foaming torrent of the river. A piece of board was all he had for an oar; and with it he rowed the best he could for the opposite side of the stream. The river was some three or four hundred feet wide exclusive of the overflowed lands on either side. The raft was so nearly sunken that those who saw Losh could see him only from his waist upward, and could not discern that he was riding on anything but water. But, all the time, he was rowing and made some progress toward the desired bank. When he reached the Turn Hole, where, at the mouth of Coburn Run, the river turns to flow northward and then westward, the current beat strong to the eastern shore; and, taking advantage of this, he was able to come to shore. There is recorded only one instance wherein the river has ever been crossed when so high. That was during the war, and was done in a canoe by William Harper, brother to Dr. E. Harper, to escape from a band of guerrillas that were after him.

Daring as this feat of John Losh's was, he equaled it on other occasions. He was a capital swimmer and relied on his skill in many dangerous adventures. When he was coming up from St. George, he found that Horse Shoe Run

was over its banks. This stream is more dangerous than the river. It is swifter, and the numerous drifts and undermined banks make it a formidable flood when deep. He took off his outer clothing, hid it in a waste house and plunged into the stream that ran with a velocity of more than fifteen miles an hour. He crossed it safely, although the chances were ten to one against him. The run when so high, has been swum twice since. Once by James Hebb, in 1876, to win a bet of fifty cents. He swam it twice for good measure, and was satisfied with the money thus won.

After the stormy adventures and romantic wanderings of his earlier life had spent their novelty, John Losh settled down to married life in Marion County, and was living there when the Civil War came on. He was a Union man, which was different from the majority of his relations. As a scout and a guerrilla leader, he would probably have become noted, had not his death ended the whole matter. He died of the small-pox at Parkersburg early in the war. His widow and children still live at Urbana, Ohio.

Among the old residents who helped to shape the destinies of the county, may be mentioned Job Parsons, Sr., Nathan, Enoch and Adam Minear, Thomas and D. C. Adams, and the Goffs and Fanslers of Black Fork. All these, and others, have lent their influence on the past and present of our county. Job Parsons was a soldier of the War of 1812, through which he served with honor. He held the office of Magistrate for many years, and was always a citizen of the county. He died in 1883 at the age of ninety-four. We shall find him prominently forward again during the Civil War, in which he sympathized with the South, and was never slow in expressing his sympathy.

The Minears; during the early part of the present century,

were principally noted as leaders in internal improvements. None were more forward than they in settling up the country and finding means to develop intrinsic wealth, and of bringing outside wealth to our county. A mere outline of the sub-divisions of John Minear's family will show to what extent they pushed their farming interests; and wherever they went they were always respected citizens.

David Minear, son of John Minear, died at St. George in 1834, in the seventy-ninth year of his age. He left nine children, who, some later and some earlier, began to emigrate to different parts of West Virginia and to other states. Manassa, as already narrated, created a romance in his earlier days by eloping with Lyda Holbert. His son, William, went to Ohio when a young man, and his descendants are still living there. David Minear's daughter Nancy married Rodham Bonnifield, a brother to Dr. Arnold Bonnifield. They went to Illinois, and raised a family that has exerted and still exerts a wide influence for good. One of their sons, McKensie, is now a brilliant lawyer in Nevada; while William, another son, is a resident of Colorado, and has held many offices of trust and honor. Allen, Gregory, Ellis and W. B. Bonnifield are other sons of Rodham Bonnifield. Three of them made Iowa their home; but Ellis is a farmer at Beloit, Kansas. Gregory is also a farmer. Allen is dead, but was Sheriff, and Clerk of the circuit court. W. B. Bonnifield, an educated man, possessing fine literary abilities, is connected with the First National Bank of Ottumwa, Iowa. Samuel, a seventh son, is a cattle king in the far West, and one of his sons is a lawyer and another is a judge.

Nathan Minear, second son of David Minear, married the widow of Gregory Bonnifield. Their children, for the most

part, did not go far from St. George. Emily married Dr. Call, Sirena married Theodore Lipscomb and Elizabeth married S. W. Bowman, late Sheriff of Tucker County. Another, Mary, married Frank Tolbott, and lives in Iowa, while Katie married Samuel Woodring.

William, one of David Minear's sons, lived in Harrison County, West Virginia. Adam Minear, Sr., brother to David Miner, Sr., made his home on the Valley River, in Barbour County; and, his family became connected with the Woodfords of that county, through the marriage of a daughter of his with John Woodford. The Woodfords are well known throughout West Virginia as cattle dealers. Harvey, Isaac and Adam live in Barbour County, and Asa in Lewis County, of which he was recently Sheriff. Hon. Reuben Davisson, for many years Sheriff of Taylor County and often its representative in the Legislature, is also a descendant of the Minears.

One of David Minear's sons was drowned in the Hock Hocking River, in Ohio. Enoch and Nelson Marsh, now of Florida, are grandsons of Sarah Minear, David Minear's daughter. Of his other children, Mary married William Miller and Elizabeth, Dr. Arnold Bonnifield.

David Minear had a sister who married Nimrod Haddix. He took delight in jumping into the mill-pond to scare his wife, who never failed to become alarmed and to try to pull him out. But, he carried his sport too far, inasmuch as he came down head first, and striking the bottom with great violence, he broke his neck.

The immediate family of Enoch Minear, son of David Minear, might have done much for Tucker County, had they staid in it. But, they were dissatisfied, and one by one departed for the West, until David was the only one,

of a family of ten, left in the county. He chose the occupation of a merchant, and, for a few years, was the leading store-keeper of St. George. But he abandoned this business, and devoted himself wholly to farming and stock-raising. His farm is the one taken up by his great grandfather, John Minear, in 1776, and lies immediately below St. George, on the north side of the river. It is a fine, valuable and highly improved piece of property. Of Enoch Minear's ten children, seven went to California. Adam C. Minear, the youngest, subsequently returned, and is now Sheriff of Tucker County. He traveled extensively through the West, and was for a long time in Idaho. John, Pool and Mary are still in Idaho, Mary having married C. W. Moore, a banker of Boise City. John's wife was an educated lady who had been a missionary in Japan. Pool has been in the mining and railroad business in California and Idaho for many years. He was once president of a Florida railroad. He is now in Idaho.

Some of the members of this family shall be mentioned more at length in other parts of this book. As said, if they had staid in Tucker County, they might have exerted a very controlling influence upon its affairs; for, they are men of energy; and, wherever they have been, they have been in the front of advancement. Enoch Minear still resides in St. George and is its oldest citizen. He has been twice married.

About 1816, Ambrose Lipscomb, an old soldier of the Revolution, settled on the river, near the Preston County line. His descendants are now numerous in the county, and are all noted for great physical strength.

Adam Harper, father of Dr. E. Harper, came to Clover Run, from Pendleton County, in an early day. He lived to

an old age, and his family, though scattered far and wide, have always possessed wonderful energy. Difficulties and obstacles have been forced to yield before them in whatever direction they turned their hands. His sons have been great travelers. One died on the Rocky Mountains, another at Santa Barbara, California, one still lives on the Pacific Coast, and another, Dr. Harper, now lives in Tucker. Of all of them, and particularly of the last, fuller mention will be made in this book.

CHAPTER V.

FORMATION OF TUCKER COUNTY.

TUCKER COUNTY, West Virginia, was formed from Randolph County, March 6, 1856. The people had long felt the inconvenience of going so far to court, as Beverly was then the seat of justice. From the "Biography of Abe Bonnifield"* the following is taken :

Tucker County was, a few years ago, the northern end of Randolph County; and Randolph was originally a part of Harrison, and Harrison was a part of the great county of Augusta, which when first organized, included nearly all of West Virginia. It has been divided and sub-divided. County after county was struck off, till thirty or more counties have been formed out of the original territory. Randolph County was organized in 1810. It was a large county, some seventy-five miles long, and the settlements were separated by large tracts of woods, and the roads connecting them were none too good. Thus it came to pass that, for many years, the people of the northern part, now Tucker County, grew dissatisfied that they had to go so far to attend court, which was held at Beverly, then the county-seat. The subject of a new county, to be taken from the northern end of Randolph, was repeatedly agitated; but no decisive step was taken, till in the winter of 1854, when a general meeting was called at the residence of Enoch Minear, in the old Stone House at St. George.†

A committee of some fifteen or twenty persons was chosen to select a site for a court-house for the contemplated new county. The committee selected a spot on Enoch Minear's farm, where the court-house was afterwards built. Petitions with numerous signatures, praying for a new county were sent to the Legislature at

*The biography of Abe Bonnifield, from which the above is taken, has never been published. It was written by Prof. G. B. Selby, near thirty years ago. It will probably be published shortly, as preparations are making for that purpose.

† St. George was then called Westernford.

Richmond. In the winter of 1855-6 Dr. Bosworth was the Delegate from Randolph; and, in addition to his influence, the inhabitants of the intended new county, chose Mr. William Ewin as a Lobby Member to the Legislature. He labored with perseverance and skill, and succeeded in obtaining an Act of the Legislature for organizing the new county, with the Seat of Justice on the site selected by the committee above referred to. The court was organized in the following July, but, owing to several deficiencies, it was attended with much difficulty. The new county was christened *Tucker*, and the Seat of Justice *St. George*. Both names are, I believe, in honor of the Clerk of the Senate of Virginia.*

* * * * *

Tucker County chose its officers in May, 1856. At this election my father† was elected Clerk of the circuit and county courts; Daniel C. Adams was elected county commissioner,‡ Rufus Maxwell, commonwealth's attorney, Jesse Parsons, sheriff, and Solomon Boner, county surveyor. Thus Tucker County was fairly set on foot; and, with becoming dignity as well as becoming modesty, she took her stand as one among the one hundred and fifty similar divisions of the Old Dominion.

In the session of the Virginia Legislature of 1855-1856, Major A. G. Reger was our Senator and Dr. Bosworth was our Delegate. There were some fears entertained of failure in getting an act for the new county, as there were at that time two other new counties pressing their claims for formation.§ Dr. Bosworth was a friend to the new county of Tucker, but he was not a wire-worker and a driving man at such work, and remained too much silent when our county's interests were at stake. It was with a knowledge of this that William Ewin had been sent by our people to look after our interests; for it was known that he would leave nothing undone to secure success.

There was also another man in the Virginia Legislature

* This is incorrect, as to the county's name.

† Arnold Bonnitfield.

‡ Assessor.

§ Calhoun and Roane.

at that time to whom we owe much of our success. This man was Judge John Brannon, of Lewis County. He was then a member of the Legislature, and entered with enthusiasm into our cause. He was a young man of rare ability and ambition, and his labors were not confined to the interests of his own county. Possessed of the soundest political views, his object was the building up of his State, and his ambition was ever to be foremost in the work of advancement and improvement, no matter whether in his own county or in some other county. In the Legislature, he was respected by all, and was looked upon as a more scientific statesman than many of his colleagues, although they were older in years than he. His opinion had weight, because all knew that his opinion was not a mere collection of ideas.

So, when the subject of the formation of a new county, now Tucker, came before the Legislature, none were more prompt to look into the merits of the case, and see that there was reason and justice in what was asked. This was enough to secure his aid; and, from that hour, he worked unceasingly, in common with Mr. Ewin, for the county. Senator Ewin, in speaking of Judge Brannon, in this connection, says that the bill for the new county "was successfully carried through upon his motion at every stage of its progress."*

Major Reger, on account of sickness, was forced to be absent from the Legislature while the bill for the new county was before it; but, he did all he could for us. Of him Senator Ewin speaks:

It is but just to say that Major Reger, although prostrate on a sick bed at the time the bill was sent to the Senate, was a warm

* See *Tucker County Pioneer*, May 28, 1880.

friend to the bill, and expressed great regret at his forced absence. He did all he could under the circumstances, by dictating notes to a number of the most influential Senators, requesting their favorable attention to the bill, which were kindly responded to as the sequel proved.

Upon the motion of Judge Brannon the new county was named Tucker in honor of Judge Tucker, and the county-seat St. George in honor of St. George Tucker, the Clerk, at that time, of the Virginia House of Delegates. Thus, in brief, is a history of the county of Tucker. It is now larger than it then was, having been increased in size by a strip from Barbour.*

* In this, as well as other subjects of our county's early history, I am indebted to William Ewin, Jacob Dumire, D. K. Dumire, Moses Phillips, E. Harper, S. E. Parsons and others.

CHAPTER VI.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

THAT system of training and developing the mind of the young, which calls out the hidden force of the intellect, has not been neglected in Tucker County, although the unfavorable circumstances under which we have been placed have tended to keep us from advancing in the most rapid manner. A few years ago, the influence of the public schools could hardly be felt among our mountains. The few and feeble efforts that were made were done in the purest purpose, and were in all things sincere; but so few and so ineffectual were they, that they passed out upon the wide, wild country, and when the work was done and the whole sum was placed together, the result for good was hardly to be seen.

"Rome was not built in a day," as has been truthfully said. Sometimes it seems that tremendous results are accomplished almost instantly; but, in reality, it has required time. So it is and must be with the work of education and of the Churches. They act slowly, and oftentimes it is hard to see wherein they advance at all; but still they go forward and do well what is done, and it is never to be done again. The giant oak that endures for centuries, grows so slowly that almost the lifetime of a man is required to notice that it has grown at all. But, it has grown, and its growth has been durable. No suddenness of expansion has left flaws that storms can find. Solid from centre to circumference, it stands a monument of strength and durability, not to

be overthrown by opposing force, although at times to be shaken by the winds and storms. But such opposition only makes it take deeper root, and stand more firmly than ever.

So, in a figurative sense, it has been with the religious and educational development of our county. Surely there has been no sudden or abnormal greatness taken place. Passion and excitement have not done a work; or, if they have, the work has passed away and ceased to exist, as it should do, and as it could not but do. The growth has been permanent in every particular; and, though slow enough to discourage the impatient, yet it has been sure enough to satisfy the hopeful and far-seeing.

The common schools and the churches should not be classed as institutions of the same kind; nor, can it be maintained that they stand upon the same or similar foundations; yet, so intimately are they related, and so broadly does each rest upon the wideness of public enlightenment and national and social excellence that both may be considered resting upon the same basis. Or, exactly the opposite ground in logic, but in reality the same, may be taken, and it may be held that the aforesaid wideness of public enlightenment and social excellence depend upon religion and education. Certain is it that both exist together and cannot thrive apart. At least, all efforts to establish one without the other has, in the past, been a signal failure.

Individual knowledge and even wisdom may be gained by powerful minds, groping in the darkness of infidelity; but the force thus acquired cannot be transmitted to others. It lives brilliantly enough while vitality lasts, but vitality is mortal and must perish. When it dies, the power dies too. It is not like the greatness of Washington or Luther or David or Abraham, which, upon the dissolution of the mortal

part, went out into elements beyond to live on. Nations, uneducated and grossly superstitious, cannot be what those are which are thrilled, filled and animated by that higher, nobler and purer doctrine, which we know to be good, as we know that light is beautiful. Africa and England are not the same. England is better than Africa. We know such to be so.

The mysteries of philosophy and chemistry are not more recondite than is that of the change which knowledge causes to take place in the individual man, and more so in the collective man or the community. It is undefinable, but is needing no definition. It acts and permeates through nature and characteristics until all are changed into conformity with a new order.

Public education in Tucker County has never reached as high a standard as should be. Circumstances have been against it. The wild and undeveloped state of the country has been a powerful drawback; but the time is now coming when this difficulty will be overcome. The people are thoroughly in sympathy with the common school system, and it must enter upon a better career than its past has been.

There is, in the county, no means of gaining a better education than may be gained in the common schools. No institutions of a higher order have been established; and, there would not, at this time, be sufficient support for anything of the kind. But the time cannot be far distant when our youths, who have completed the narrow bounds of our common school education, will not be forced to go beyond our borders in order to proceed further with their course of studies.

The higher departments of learning must ever be the channel through which the great shall reach their great-

ness ; but, the common schools, bringing education for the masses, is the broad foundation upon which rests the national power of America. A great individual is a powerful factor in a country's greatness ; but, a Nation's solidity and power is built upon those whose common worth only has been developed. The leaders of such a people as the United States are leaders only by the consent of the governed ; and, for the governed to know whom to appoint to this position, and to rectify mistakes when made, is all that there is in national greatness.

Ninety-nine per cent. of those who receive high school educations have not the mental stability to profit by it or to lend profit to others ; but, of those whose training has been in the common schools, not one per cent. fail to fulfill their calling. They do not aim at the stars. They seek only that which they need and can find, and thus do not seek in vain, as many do whose learning so exalts them that, in their infatuation, they leave the object and grasp at the shadow.

The higher departments of learning are exercising a powerful influence upon science, but the education of the masses is building the world. Aside from the Churches and their associations, there is nothing better or greater than the schools where the poor man's boy can gain that knowledge which will give him control over the hardest problems of life. The rich can command the means of acquiring this, but the poor cannot, unaided by the public.

In Tucker County the improvement from year to year has been marked ; and now it is so that our schools, or at least, our county, is able to provide teachers at home for the schools. The custom of employing teachers from other counties is not without objection. Sometimes it is

necessary to do so, when the home supply falls short of the demand. But it is best to have the schools of the county conducted by those who take a deeper interest in them than merely to get the salary. A teacher who comes from another county is usually one that is unable to get employment at home, and is, consequently, unfit for employment abroad. Of course, there are exceptions, and many exceptions; but still it is generally the case that a teacher worth anything, settles down to work where he is known. If a county is much overrun by outside teachers, it is a sign that it either has not home talent sufficient to conduct its own schools, or that it pays a higher salary than its neighbors and that the teachers are gathered in to share in the advanced prosperity.

From the rude log huts, wherein the people one hundred years ago congregated to worship, we have advanced steadily until our churches present a favorable contrast with the rest of our improvements. They are sufficient for the accommodation of all who come together to worship. The religious doctrine of the mass of our people has undergone no material change in the last one hundred years. The creed of the Methodist Church is the prevailing one here. The Presbyterians, Dunkards, Baptists, Lutherans, Catholics and Campbellites have a few representatives. The Methodists are pretty evenly divided into three classes, North and South and Protestant Methodists. The Presbyterians are of the Southern branch of that Church. The Dunkards are identical with the German Baptists. Their members are tolerably numerous, but they have no church in the county. They preach in the houses of other denominations. Neither have the Baptists, Lutherans, Campbellites or Catholics any church. There are, at this time, only two Catholics in the county.

CHAPTER VII.

MOUNTAINS AND CAVES.

THE mountains of Tucker possess an interest for the people of Tucker, although nothing special to the people of the outside world. On our south-eastern border the great comb of the Appalachian range extends like a barrier. This, the Alleghany ridge, is the highest mountain in our county, and the highest point is eastward from the upper end of the Canaan Valley, about the meeting of the drainage of New Creek and Red Creek. The rain that falls on the summits of these ridges finds its way to the ocean, either the Atlantic, through the Potomac, or the Gulf of Mexico, through the Mississippi and its tributaries.

The Backbone is a spur of the Alleghanies, and is nearly as high. It diverges from the Alleghanies at Fairfax and trends to the north and west of Canaan. This mountain is almost as rough as the main Alleghany. No farming of much importance is done on it.

The rest of the mountains are broken up, and extend in any and every direction without system. Shafer's Mountain, Green Mountain and others have some regularity in extension; and on the west Laurel Hill extends unbroken. It divides the waters of Cheat River from those of the East Fork. No streams break through it, as through the Backbone. It is not so high as the Alleghany or the Backbone Mountain.

Among the mountains of Tucker, the most interesting is Limestone, standing a solitary remnant of an earlier geolog-

ical age, when the flowing waters had not carried away the high plains that then extended, rugged no doubt, from the top of Limestone to the Backbone. Ages, centuries and millenniums of storms and floods have wrought their work of ruin, and the torrents of winter, together with the cleaving frosts and the dashing rains, have carried away the mountains, and the high plain exists only in its north and south edges—the Backbone and Limestone. All the intervening plateau has been washed away, and probably now goes to make up the plains of Mississippi and Louisiana, whither the rivers have carried the debris.

The following is condensed from the *Clarksburg Register*, where it was published some thirty years ago :

LIMESTONE MOUNTAIN.*

This mountain is an isolated hill, rising abruptly from the western bank of Cheat River, in Tucker County, and extends in a course nearly north and south. The length of the mountain at its base is about three miles, that of its summit less than two. Its width at its base is something more than two miles, at its top from one-fourth to three-fourths of a mile. Its greatest height is about two thousand seven hundred feet above the river.† It receives its name from the abundance of blue limestone that protrudes from the surface of the ground. The western declivity is exceedingly steep and rough, abounding in rocks as large as houses, while the eastern slope is gentle and gradual, and, for the most part, is covered with beautiful grazing farms.

The grass of the mountain is of a superior quality, and is not surpassed by any in the country. The soil around the slope, and even to the summit, is exceedingly fertile, and produces vegetation in the greatest luxuriance; and, every part that has not been cleared abounds in forests of excellent timber. The different kinds of oak, ash, chestnut, black and white walnut, sugar, white maple and hickory abound in almost every part. Nearly the whole

*It is supposed that this article was written by Professor Selby, a school teacher who lived at Limestone many years ago.

†This is an overestimation.

mountain, together with a large tract on the eastern side, is owned by William Ewin, Esq., an intelligent, wealthy and enterprising gentleman living in Tucker County, who is now converting the whole into an extensive grazing farm.* A considerable number of cattle and sheep have for several years been kept on it. When the whole is put under improvement, a more beautiful prospect of rural scenery will probably nowhere exist.

The summit of the mountain extends in a direct line, except that it falls about two hundred feet not far from the northern end, forming a most romantic plateau of level land. Then rising again, it continues one unbroken course to its southern extremity. At the northern end there are several high and rocky peaks that overlook the surrounding country to a vast extent. The prospect from these points, especially in the summer season, is grand and beautiful in the extreme. The spectator appears to be elevated in the blue firmament, far above the tops of ten thousand beautiful hills, that seem to roll in undulations as far as the eye can reach; while the meandering river shimmers with its bright waters far down below. On this prospect the eye dwells with a rapture that must be enjoyed and wondered at before it can be understood. Then passing southward along the brow of the mountain, you soon descend to the table land, above alluded to. This delightful tract of level land on the top of the mountain would at once arrest the attention of the observer. The soil is a darkish loam, in some places mingled with gravel, well adapted to the production of grain. It is shaded with groves of chestnut, hickory and sugar maple, and covers almost seventy acres.

Leaving this, in a southern course, you climb a steep ascent, which leads to the principal summit of the mountain. As you pass along this part of the mountain you will observe trees deeply scathed by lightning, affording unmistakable proof that the god of thunder has rolled his fiery car over the mountain.

From this ridge, far on the left, beyond a thousand rolling hills, you behold the principal ridge of the Alleghanies looming up as if to gaze on the surrounding world. The eye may trace the course of this ridge, broken by deep chasms and rounding summits, near

* Senator Ewin still owns this land, as he did thirty years ago.

one hundred miles.* Toward the extremity of the vision the mountains appear as if rolling in the distant waves of the blue ether, and farther off they entirely disappear. Sometimes, of course, from this elevation may be seen the black clouds of storms hovering over the distant mountains. The loud rumbling of thunder may be heard, and the vivid flashes of lightning, darting from cloud to cloud, may be seen. On such an occasion, the view is awfully sublime. What a scene for contemplation! The mind of the spectator, oppressed with a load of insupportable glory, involuntarily falls back upon its own insignificance and shrinks into nothingness before the astounding display of Almighty Power.

Approaching the southern part of the mountain and turning some distance to the right, there is a beautiful plateau of level land, perhaps one hundred acres or more. Here Nature appears to have reveled in the gratification of her own fancy, and formed a little detached world, purely her own. The soil exhibits great fertility, and is shaded by delightful groves of sugar, thinly mingled with hickory and black walnut. Here are excellent springs of pure water, gurgling from the rocks, and rolling over beds of white gravel, or flowing beneath the shade of giant rocks which overhang the course. Here are detached masses of rounded, gray rocks, peering above the surface, and looking, from a distance, like enormous elephants sleeping in the green shade.

About half mile from this place, in a south-western course, is a large pile of huge rocks that entirely cover the surface of the earth for a number of acres. This rocky pile exhibits all the wildness that the imagination could desire. It is bounded on the south by a stupendous pile of massive boulders, some of which are as large as temples, and form frightful precipices.

This pile of enormous rocks forms the south-western bend of the mountain, and to a contemplative eye is equal in interest to any other part. A scene of greater wildness, grandeur and sublimity is not easily found. Here is everything to arouse the deep feelings of the soul and drive it to profound meditation. The spectator, seated upon these enormous rocks, while the rays of the burning sun are reflected from their flinty sides, in mind involuntarily runs

* This, again, is an overestimation. The day must be exceedingly clear, in Tucker County, if a mountain can be seen forty miles.

into a channel of serious and melancholy contemplations, while far around, the glory of Nature's works crowd themselves upon the astonished vision. These huge, eternal rocks, covered with moss, and grown gray with the flood of years, still repose in silence.

Though the stormy winds of heaven have battled against them for thousands and thousands of years, yet they sleep on. Tornadoes have rushed with ruin round, but these everlasting hills of nature, secure in their own immutable strength, regarded them not. Seasons have rolled and time has fled, but they remain unmoved, and seem to mock at the perishing glory of the world. Monarchies have shaken the earth with the footsteps of their power, and deluged it with blood, and, sunk away in their own weakness and expired. Nations have arisen to greatness and glory and then relapsed into eternal silence. But, these mighty monuments of power, as if conscious of their own immutability, regarded not the changing world around them. But, though they sleep in silence, yet they are not ineloquent. Though they speak not audibly, yet they have a language that cannot be misunderstood. Their own eternal silence is eloquent, and their everlasting stillness proclaims the truth. They carry the observer far back through the dim vista of time to the period when they were thrown from the hands of their Creator. They speak eloquently of all the changes of succeeding ages since the beginning when God created the heavens and the earth. They remind us of the mighty cities and nations of the earth, once full of the schemes of human life, now sunk to rise no more. They speak mockingly of kings and conquerors, long since forgotten in the silence of the tomb. With speechless language they seem to say: "Where now are the mighty personages that once figured upon the stage of life, and produced such wonderful commotions in the world? Whose hand grasped the sword of power, and the nations trembled before them? Every tongue was eloquent in their praise, and every hand ministered unto them. Yet they are gone with the swift revolving years, and their places are filled by others perishable, or vacant forever. Time has spread his dark pavilion over them. Their monuments are broken down and their very tombs have decayed. Where now is all the greatness, the pride and the glory of by-gone generations? They once lived, they flourished, and the pleasures

of life were sweet to them. But, all is gone! Death has seized upon them, and their greatness has vanished away, their pride has fallen, and their glory has departed forever."

So speak the dead rocks, dead but eternal in their works, and while they are eloquent in their allusions to the faded glories of the past, they also deliver us a solemn lecture on the shortness of our own earthly existence. They remind us that, in a few more days, the sun that shines so brightly upon the graves of past generations, will shine with equal brightness upon ours. They admonish us that, in a few more years, the present generations, with all their boasted wisdom, will sink into the silence of the tomb; and, with all who have gone before them, they, too, will be forgotten. And with the same noiseless, solemn eloquence we are reminded of the time when the "ancient of days shall appear, whose throne is like the fiery flame and his wheels are burning fire." "When the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat." "When the earth and all the works that are therein shall be burned up." They seem to say: "Proud man, thy tabernacle is built of clay! thy body is flesh; therefore, thou shalt not endure. Thy days on earth are a hand's breadth, and thy life but a span. Though the fondness of life be great, and the love of pleasure deeply fixed in thy soul, yet thy stay on earth is transient as the morning cloud, evanescent as the early dew that continueth not." They, likewise, point to the time when they themselves, after they have stood in the majesty of their strength for thousands of years, shall be dissolved by the burning flame, and into smoke shall they vanish away.

Scores of mountains of Tucker have names given them by local occurrences, or in way of distinction. Among these are *Old Andra*, named, it is said, from a man of that name who used to follow wagoning along the road that passes over it. One very cold night, while traveling the road, he missed some article from his load, and went back to hunt it, leaving his son, a small boy, in the wagon. He had further to go than he anticipated, and upon his return, found his boy frozen to death. The circumstance was applied in

designating the place, and finally the mountain came to be known as Old Andra, a name ever since retained by it. The mountain is about seven miles from St. George, on the road to Aurora.

Sims' Knob was named from Bernard Sims, who used to live at its base, and who was killed by the Indians. *Lipscomb's Ridge* receives its name from the Lipscomb family, who settled there in an early day. *Closs Mountain* was named from David Closs, a Scotchman who bought the mountain many years ago, and still lives there. *Shafer's Mountain* was named from Shafer's Fork, and *Green Mountain* from its verdure in summer. *Pifer Mountain* was named from Andrew Pifer. *Hog Back*, on the waters of Horse Shoe Run, is so named from its resemblance to a hog's back. *Location Ridge* is so called because the location for a turnpike is there. *Miller Hill*, four miles below St. George, on the road to Rowlesburg, is named from William Miller.

If the subterranean wonders of Tucker County were better known, it would rank among the first counties of the state in that respect. No caves as extensive as Mammoth, of Kentucky, or Luray, of Virginia, have been discovered. But there are natural wonders of this kind, some explored and others almost unknown. They are found in the limestone formation.

Falling Spring.—On the Dry Fork road, some fifteen miles from St. George, is a natural curiosity, called Falling Spring. Just above the road, where a little mountain stream falls over a cataract, is an opening in the limestone rock, in an oblong shape, about thirty feet deep, into which the water falls as spray. There is no account that the pit has ever been descended into. Viewing it from the top, it looks

as though from its bottom a cave may extend back into the mountain. Probably it will some time be explored, and then its true nature and extent can be known.

Jordan's Cave.—On the other side of the river, almost opposite Falling Spring, is a large cavern called Jordan's Cave. We quote the following from the Biography of Abe Bonnifield:

On the west side of Dry Fork there is a cave, frequently called Jordan's Cave. This name is given on account of an ignorant fellow of that name who discovered it, and who pretended to have remained there a considerable time and to have made many discoveries in it. He wrote a book descriptive of it,* and claimed to make known to the world many wonderful things. Jordan's book is as destitute of elegance and correct composition as the narrative which it contains is of truth. It would be but justice to his pamphlet to say that for falsehood, nonsense and absurdity it has few equals and no superiors. Reports say that Jordan has since gone crazy.

Mr. Penn, who was with Jordan, says that the cave is, indeed, a wonderful place, and thinks that they must have traveled several miles underground.† He says that there appeared to be many different apartments. Probably there is room here for much further research, which would richly repay the geological visitor for his pains.

The more recent explorations of Jordan's cave have more and more confirmed Jordan's account of it, as it is remembered by those who have read his book. The cave is a succession of halls and rooms, one beyond the other, through all of which flows a stream of clear, cold water.

Blowing Cave, at the head of Elk Creek, is more of a curiosity than Jordan's Cave is, although not so extensive. It is called Blowing Cave, because in warm weather a strong

* This book cannot now be found.

† The cave has since been explored by Rufus Maxwell, Dr. William Ewin, David and A. T. Bonnifield, and they found it less than half a mile in extent.

current of cold air flows from it, and is sufficiently cool to chill one who remains in it a few minutes. This cave has been explored to the distance of nine hundred feet, and is, also, a succession of chambers and rooms, some of which are fantastic and beautiful.

There are numerous other caves and caverns in the county, some of which have been only partly explored. On Limestone Mountain there is a cave said to be very extensive.

CHAPTER VIII.

LUMBER INTERESTS OF TUCKER COUNTY.

NATURE bestowed upon Tucker County a splendid growth of timber. When the old pioneers first visited the bottom lands along the river, they found there the most gigantic oaks, hickories, walnuts and other timbers. No woodsman's ax had ever broken in on the solemn reign of these primeval kings. Perhaps, near some beautiful spring, or on the shaded bank of some mountain stream, the roaming Indian had paused long enough in his pursuit of game to hack, with his flinty hatchet, a few trees, or he may have stripped them of their bark, with which to erect him a shelter against the rains of the verdant summer or the snows that come in the winter time. Or, some savage, in the desire of his heart to lift himself out of the dark depths of wildness and brutality, may have cleared away, with hatchet and fire, the trees and rubbish from some fertile acre, and there built for himself a better wigwam than that of his more savage neighbor; and, on the little plantation of his own clearing, there may have grown by his rude cultivation a few square rods of grain or vegetables. But such an Indian, if he existed, had more than mere forest or sultry summers or icy winters against which to contend in his struggle to grow better and to foster the germ of civilization which he felt rising in his soul. Nature and nature's obstacles were hard enough to be removed or triumphed over, and the inanimate enemies to his advancement, that were all about him, were enemies enough; but, they were not the worst. His

own people, the tribes of his fellow-beings, would not rise to a higher grade of existence, and they would not suffer him to rise. The little field that he had cleared and tilled until it was yielding him a sustenance, was the object of his kindred's hatred. They raided upon it, and carried away or destroyed what was growing, and the owner, in his discouragement and anger, flung down his wooden hoe and his flinty hatchet, and declared that he would no more labor where no profits would ever be gained. Thus, the little plantation was abandoned to its original wilderness, and soon the brambles covered it. The brambles grew into trees, and again the land was an unbroken forest, and thus it was when the white man's foot first pressed the soil.

There seems to have been as much timber in Tucker when first visited by whites, as there ever was afterwards. The amount that the trees grew in one hundred years, making large trees of small ones, was counteracted by the number of large ones that died and fell down in that time, so that the amount of marketable timber in the county did not increase, and probably never would have increased, had it remained untouched by man forever. It is maintained by some that at a period not very remote, the region west of the Alleghanies, and among them, was treeless, as the western prairies are. Such may have been the case, but there is nothing in Tucker to warrant such a conclusion. As far back as any account is had, the trees were as large and stood as thick as they do in the unmolested forests of to-day. Our history extends back only about one hundred and twenty years; and in that time nothing has transpired to lead one to suppose that the general condition of our forests are undergoing a change.

The age of some of our trees, as indicated by their an-

nual rings, show that they were here before Columbus saw San Salvador. The size of a tree is little by which to judge its age. A sycamore one foot in diameter may be less than ten years old; while another tree of the same kind and size may be one hundred. It depends upon where they stand, whether in a place suitable for growing or not. A pine tree on the Fork Ridge of Pine Run was thirty-nine inches in diameter and one hundred and nineteen years old. An oak tree three inches larger, cut by George Sypolt on Holbert Run, was five hundred and six years old. A sycamore that formerly stood on John H. Swisher's farm, on Horse Shoe Run, was over six feet across the hollow within. Of course, its age could not be known, but hollow trees are of slow growth. A hollow sycamore in the Horse Shoe was said to have been ten feet across the hollow; but, its exact size is not agreed upon by those who have seen it. A red oak that formerly stood on Horse Shoe Run below Bonnifield's, was sawed down. It was solid and over five feet across. Its annual rings were so thin that they could not be counted. There were, however, hundreds of them, and the tree must have been among the oldest in the county.

It was many years after the first settlements of the county before its timber had any marketable value. There was no place where it could be sold, and it was counted as so much rubbish—worse than nothing where the ground must be cleared. The first settlers along the river were almost discouraged when they contemplated the time and labor that would be required to remove the gigantic oaks that stood thick all over the bottom lands. Some few of them were made into rails; but, further than this, they could be put to no use; and it became necessary to destroy them with ax and fire. The work required years and years, and was

completed within the memory of those still living. The amount of timber thus destroyed must have been immense, as we can judge by taking into account the extent of territory so timbered, and the number and size of the trees. But, it was all destroyed before timber here had any value.

But, gradually, as the country began to develop, rude saw-mills were built, and a few plank houses took the place of the primitive log cabins. This was the first use, aside from rail fences, to which lumber was put in this county. The demand was small, and the manufactories were few.

The first call for lumber to go out of the county was that to build the bridge across Cheat, where the North-western Pike crosses, five miles above Rowlesburg. A large part of this lumber was sawed by Arnold Bonnifield, and after being hauled to the river, was built into rude rafts, and driven with the current to its destination.

The kinds of timber found in Tucker, having a marketable value, are several: pine, including several kinds, white, yellow, pitch, spruce and hemlock. The spruce and hemlock are often confounded with each other, and what one calls spruce another calls hemlock. Properly, the hemlock does not really grow here; but a species much like it is found along deep hollows, and is noticeable for its small leaves, from one-fourth to three-fourth of an inch long, and the sixteenth of an inch wide, and for the symmetrical form of the tree, which grows in the form of a huge cone, tapering regularly from the first limbs to the top of the tree. The knots of this tree are very hard, brittle as glass, and will break an ax that is not tempered in the best manner. The wood has firmness and strength, but is not susceptible of a neat finish. It is less valuable than white pine. The

grain of its wood is coarse, and breaks in a zigzag manner.

White pine, all in all, represents and has represented the greater portion of Tucker County's wealth of timber. It is not a fine wood ; but, is durable, neat and substantial. It is soft, thus being easy to work, and light, making it convenient for hauling. It will receive a finish better than hemlock, and next to that of poplar. It is the tallest timber in the Alleghany Mountains.

Spruce pine, formerly called hemlock, grows on the summits of our highest mountains, and has never yet been put in market to any considerable extent. Its greatest abundance is on and beyond the Backbone Mountain, in the Canada country. Its lowest limit of natural growth is not less than fifteen hundred feet above the sea, although a few trees may be found any altitude. The bark of the tree is smoother than white pine, and the trunks are very round and regular. The wood is harder than that of white pine.

In value next after white pine is that of poplar. It grows in any locality and in any soil ; although it flourishes best in rich land and toward a northern exposure. The trees are tall, and generally carry a size nearly uniform from the ground to the limbs, which are usually crooked and clumsy. and the first ones are about two-thirds of the distance from the ground to the top of the tree ; and from that to the top they are scattered at hap-hazzards. The wood is of a yellow color, and is used in cheap furniture, and for building purposes. But, it is not suitable for either, when sawed into thin boards, because it curls and warps when it becomes dry. It can be dressed smoother than any pine, and presents a harder surface, and is freer from knots.

Cherry and walnut are the two kinds of wood best suited to furniture and highly finished carpenter work. They are

next to mahogany for this purpose. Walnut is the preferable of the two, because it warps less than cherry; but cherry is much used, and when properly worked and handled is excellent for tables, stands, and the finishing of doors, windows and rooms. The tendency of cherry to warp is partly compensated for in its harder quality and tough grain. But walnut is the better in all cabinet work that is meant for climates that change. No cherry should ever be used in organs, bureaus or geared machinery. The supply of either of these timbers in Tucker is limited. Walnut is found thinly scattered over the whole country, and there is no particular place where it is not found; and the same is partly true of cherry; but, in Canaan, it is found most abundantly.

We have in Tucker two kinds of maple. One we call sugar, and the other maple. They are quite different. The latter is often called silver maple. Both are hard wood, and make good wood-work of machinery. The maple is used for furniture, and is really nicer than either walnut or cherry, when properly dressed and varnished. Its wood is waved in the most beautiful manner, and surpasses the finest imitations that art can make. Knots, that in other woods are blemishes, are in maple desirable, because they produce the finest curves and undulations, that seem to extend like waves over water, further and further until lost by the gradual blending into the general surface of the wood. Often the curves meet, coming from two knots, and, instead of crossing each other, as they do on water, they seem to check each other, and pile up, one on another, as though trying to pass, but unable to do so.

Curved lines and curved motions are the most pleasing to the human eye; and in nature almost everything is

found to be in accordance with this principle. Water moves in curves, trees grow in curves, sound and light and heat, with few modifications, move in curves, and in the atoms about us, we have reason to believe that all motion is in other than straight lines, while we know that the planets move about a center.

This truth of nature, that beauty of form is due to the uniform variation of lines, is seen to perfection in the formation of the wood of the maple.

An industry of Tucker County, not of much financial value, but still of value to the people, is the making of sugar from the maple and sugar trees. All trees of this kind, in the north, are called maple; but here there is a local difference. The sugar is understood to be one thing and the maple another; and the difference is as clearly defined as it is between any kinds of wood. Sugar is made alike from both. In February, March and April the trees are "tapped," as it is called, and the water that flows from them, after being retained in a trough set for the purpose, is boiled in kettles, and thus the sugar is made. The water from the maple tree is scarcely sweet to the taste; but that from the sugar tree is quite sweet. Strange as it may seem, the water from the maple tree will pan out nearly as much sugar as that from the sugar tree. There is a slight difference in the taste of the sugar; and that made from the maple is browner than that from the sugar tree. The sugar season lasts from the middle of February to the middle of April.

Ash, hickory and locust are the three hardest woods in common use. Ash is the most like iron in durability and strength. It is unyielding, and in the frame-work of machinery it is not surpassed. Hickory is tougher than ash, and will bend into all shapes before it will break. Its most

usual use is for handles. Locust is not often employed in wood-work. It is very hard, but its hardness is not its best quality. As posts for fences it lasts longer than any other wood. Posts of it have been known to last nearly three-fourths of a century. On Horse Shoe Run, near its mouth, is a locust post that is believed to have been planted about 1817. It is still sound. It was planted top down, and has ever since been used as a bar-post.

When exposed to the alternate action of dry and damp, timber decays much sooner than when kept wet or kept dry all the time. Timbers under the water, away from the air, will last infinitely longer than when the air can act upon them, and the water, too, at the same time. The old mill-dam timbers at St. George are good illustrations of this. They were put in near 1776, and a few years later were covered several feet deep with gravel, and there they remained until 1875, when the gravel was washed off, and the timbers were left exposed to view. They were sound, and are still sound, although for nine years they have been exposed to both water and air. They are of oak wood, and still plainly show the marks of the ax. They are in the ford of Mill Run, on Main street, St. George.

When entirely in the dry, wood will last also a long time. The interior timbers of houses seem to undergo no change so long as they are kept entirely dry. In a cave of Grant County, West Virginia, is a cedar log that was carried there about 1754, and was used as steps (notches having been cut in it) for getting down over a precipice, when the settlers fled there to escape from the Indians. The log is still sound; and where the notches were cut, the marks of the ax, and even the paths made by dull places in the ax, are as plainly seen as when the log was placed there. The log is

cedar, of which wood Tucker County has a very limited supply.

The mountains facing the river are covered with oak timber. This has been much used for rails, in past years, and is still used to a considerable extent. Oak in the market, commands a good price, and is now rafted down the river in large quantities; but there are drawbacks in the way of getting it to market. It is very heavy to haul, and, when rafted, floats so deep that it is difficult and expensive to get it to the railroad. Green red-oak will not float at all. Some years ago Mr. N. M. Parsons cut a lot of rail timber, and hauled it to the bank of the river, designing to float it down to a suitable place for splitting it. It was placed on skidways, sloping to the water, and when all was ready, the prop that held the first log was knocked out and the whole skidfull of logs went rolling into the river, sank instantly to the bottom, and has not been seen from that day to this.

Sycamore is also heavier than water, and will sink. It is a worthless, or almost worthless wood. It is coarse and spongy, and from this county very little of it has ever gone to market. It is twisted and will not split, and when sawed can be used for such few purposes that it is an undeveloped article in our woods. It grows almost exclusively along the river and the larger streams flowing into it, and is seldom found on lands of any altitude. One tree grows on the head of Hansford Run, at the old Gower Farm, and this is probably the most elevated tree of the kind in the county. On the islands in the river, and in the damp bottoms on both sides, the sycamore flourishes to perfection. When young, the tree grows tall, stately and beautiful. Its slender trunk is as straight as a beam of light, and as graceful as the fabled trees in the mythical forests of old. The color

of the bark changes with the seasons. At one time it is dark brown, at another tinged toward red, then gray, then spotted white and black and then white as snow. This is due to the fact that the tree sheds its bark.

One thing might be noticed : Sycamore trees that grow tall and regular never get very large. The enormous trunks that have been seen, are ugly, crooked, twisted and seem to have been dwarfed in their younger years. They are, also, nearly always hollow, when above medium size. As the outside grows, the heart decays, and the larger the tree the thinner the shell of wood, until the gigantic sycamores are, upon examination, found to be mere shells.

The seeds of the sycamore are contained in a light, yellowish ball, resembling cotton in texture and silk in color. The seeds attach themselves to this substance, and are blown by the wind about over the country. The seeds of the maple and sugar have a wing with which they fly through the air, whirling round and so fast that they look like wheels. Pine seeds are in the cones, and fall vertically to the ground, as do the acorns of oaks and the nuts of the hickory.

The beech timber of the county has never been much sought after. It is of value only for a few purposes, such as shoe lasts, toys and whimwhams. It grows in all parts of the county, but best in Canada.

There are numerous kinds of semi-worthless timbers in the county, such as birch, of which there are two kinds, black and white, and lynn, buckeye, elm, chestnut and laurel. Chestnut is of much use in making rails, and of some use for lumber.

The largest amount of our timber that has been taken out, has gone to market in the log ; but, much of it has been

sawed and shipped as plank. The improvement in mills has been gradual and steady. The first ones were hardly worth the name. They were unscientific, would not do good work and would cut only a few hundred feet a day. They were run by water-power, and, of course, had vertical saws, fastened to immense sashes, to lift which required nearly enough force to do all the work of sawing, if rightly applied. The wheels were only "flutter-wheels," which wasted more power than they transmitted. But, these old mills answered the purpose for which they were built, and were displaced as soon as the occasion demanded better works. They often would not make eighty strokes a minute.

The sashes, much improved, are still found in the county. They are well constructed, and average one hundred and twenty strokes a minute, and do considerable work. One man may saw and stack one thousand feet a day, which is not far behind the per man average of larger mills, although much less than that of some. Dr. Bonnifield's was an improvement on any mill in the country at the time it was built, but it was not what it should have been. It had three times more power than it put to a good use; and its sash was enormously heavy. It did good work, and during the thirty or forty years of its existence, it cut thousands of feet of lumber. Some of it was sent down the river to build the North-western Turnpike bridge, and some went other places. One hundred thousand feet was washed off in a freshet. It quit work about 1865.

N. M. and George M. Parsons had a mill of the same kind that did a large amount of work, and sent a considerable amount of lumber down the river in rafts. Mills of this kind soon became numerous all over the county, wherever there was water power to run them.

The first mill without a sash, a "muley mill" as it was called, was built by Rufus Maxwell about 1865. It was an improvement upon the sash mills. The saw made over three hundred strokes a minute.

When steam mills were introduced into the county, the lumber business underwent a revolution. Or, rather, it suddenly sprang into life. A steam mill was erected on Black Fork, and was run by a company, but it did not prosper. Taylor's mill on Shafer's Fork did good work. Howe's mill, and Steringer's, and one in Canaan, all sawed large bills of lumber.

The mill brought to the county by C. R. Macomber has surpassed any of the others in the quantity of sawing done. It was brought to the county about 1874, and was set at the mouth of Wolf Run. It remained there several years and was moved to the farm of Silas R. Blackman, and was kept there until 1880 when it was moved to Hansford Run, and remained there four years.

This lumber, and all the lumber of Tucker that ever found its way to market, passed down Cheat River, mostly in rafts.

Cheat, although a small stream in comparison with others, is a noted river, and it has a history worth knowing, if it all could only be known. But much of it never can, except in part. Upon its banks and in its waters have been enacted scenes of peace and war, and its waters have flowed red with the blood of battles. Its shores have been shaded by the groves and orchards, and there the wild Indian has made his home.

The source of Cheat River is not in Tucker County. The river comes from a thousands rivulets and rills that trickle

over rocks and creep through the shade of overhanging branches, and unite, and flow onward in larger streams, over stony beds, through rocky channels, into caves and out, down cataracts, where the crystal spray is gray in the sombre shadows or painted by sunlight or moonlight or the pale, soft light of stars into cascades of gorgeous rainbows that come and go in the passing phases of the brightness on, down, swifter or slower as the course is steeper or more level, until, from the ten thousand fountain-heads, all the springs and rills and brooks rush together with a murmur of gladness and a whisper that tells that they have met before.

The water that bubbles from the springs, far away in the mountains, under the cliffs of hills, or low down in the margins of quiet valleys, comes into the air with all the purity of rain, falling from the sky. No diamond in the crown of India's princes is more pure in the elements of beauty. While in the crowded cities and market-places of the east, or the north or west or south, the summer is sultry, and the throngs of people pass to and fro, burning with thirst, and have nothing but warm and unwholesome water with which to quench it, far up among the green mountains of Tucker are flowing and welling, free as the air and the light, and still more pure, if possible, the never-failing springs of clear, cold water, that flows forever, whether human lips are bathed by it or not.

Until recently, wells were almost unknown in Tucker County. Springs were so plentiful, and so much better than wells, as they always are, that people had only to look around a little before building their houses, and they could find a place where the water would be at their very door. Besides, where there was a spring, there could be built a

good milk-house, a luxury to every family, and one that cost less than almost any other luxury, and one that none, who considered it in time, need be without. The spring, the milk-house, with its fresh butter and cool milk, the open fire place to purify the room by carrying away foul air, as well as to lend a cheerfulness by its light and heat, and the wholesome, well-done corn bread, rendered a doctor more ornamental than useful a few years ago,

Some changes have taken place, and others must, of necessity, follow as a consequence. Every family cannot or does not now have a spring, a milk house and an open fire-place. Springs are less plentiful and families more plentiful than they used to be, and some dig wells and keep milk and butter in the cellar. As the land is cleared, there is a tendency on the part of the springs to dry up when drouths come upon the country. This is due to the fact that, while the land is covered with trees and timber, the rain that falls upon it is retained longer and is given time to soak into the ground. When in the ground, it finds sloping strata, and along them it flows until the surface of the ground is reached. This forms a spring. But when the timber has been removed and there is no rubbish to hold the rain, it flows off into the creeks and rivers, and but little sinks into the ground to find the surface again in the form of springs. Thus, as the land is cleared, the number and flow of springs diminish, while the actual annual discharge of the creeks and rivers may increase.

This drying up of springs, so far, has had only a little effect upon Tucker County. There are still enough springs for each family to have a good one, and then be ten thousand left to flow untouched. But many do not find it convenient to live where the spring is, so they build away from it and

dig a well. Wells are often very good, but they are never as good as a good spring, and will become more or less impure in spite of all care.

The rills and brooks and rivulets that flow together to form Cheat River are as innumerable as are the trees of the forest. They come from every mountain and every hill, and every valley and vale sends down a supply. Some well from the high crest of upland plains, and some from subterranean caves, and some from glades and some from valleys; but, all meet at last, and blend with the completeness of chemical affinity.

Shafer's Fork and Dry Fork have their sources beyond our borders; but we can claim Black Fork from source to mouth as our own. It heads, in its numerous branches, in the Canaan Valley, around the base of the Alleghanies. It is the outlet of the rain that falls in that basin. The Alleghanies, the water-shed between the waters of the Atlantic and those of the Gulf of Mexico, extend along the eastern and north-eastern side of Canaan, and separate the fountains of the Ohio from those of the Potomac. The country included between the Backbone on one side and the Alleghany on the other, was, in geological ages, a lake, which, by the wearing away of the rim on the south-western side, thereby forming a channel, was thus drained dry; and the water that falls there as rain and snow, still finds an outlet through the same channel. This is Black Fork.

It is formed by many streams. The head of the principal one is in the southern end of the valley. This is fed by Beaver, Little Blackwater, which gets its supply from Gladly Fork, Long Run and from others, and by other streams that flow in from either side. By the time they all unite and pass the gap in the Backbone, they form quite a river.

The name Black Fork is a descriptive one. The water is of a dark red color. Not only has it this characteristic while in its mountain channels; but it retains it after breaking away and after it has joined the clear waters of Shafer's Fork and Dry Fork. The whole river then, from there to its mouth, and even, to a less extent, the Monongahela below, has a reddish black tinge. The rocks in the bottom of the river, and all bodies seen under its surface, put on a phantasmagorical aspect. The color of the water is transmitted to them, and they appear darkly red. Even the fish, those particularly which live in Black Fork, are colored by the water. Not only does the color attach to their scales, surface and fins, but their flesh, if properly so called, is colored throughout.

It has been to some a subject of wonder why the water is so colored. But, it ought to be easily observed that it is due to the decaying leaves and roots of evergreens, mostly pines. One unaccustomed to the water can taste the pine in it; and a few minutes of experimenting will show that the hue of the water is on account of the pine. Where it rises from springs, unsurrounded by pines, or where it flows through a beech forest alone, the water is clear. If one will drop into one of these clear springs a handful of decaying pine leaves, he may at once observe that the water is colored thereby.

With this fact understood, it is apparent that, in the course of a few more generations, the dark tinge which now characterizes the waters of Cheat, will be seen no more, and the history of it will be in the past. When the country shall become settled, and when farms shall have taken the place of the laurel-beds and pine forests, then the waters of

the river will be cut off from their supply of decaying ever-greens, and will flow pure and clear.

The influence which man wields over nature is greater than the unthinking ever think of. Not only can he, as he soon will in the case of this river, change the color of water that has flowed dark from time immemorial, but, it is also in his power to control, to some extent, the volume of water which a river sends out. If the Canada and Canaan Valley were cleared of its thickets, and all its swamps drained by a thorough system of underground drainage, Black Fork would carry off, in the course of the year, more water than it does now. And then, when heavy rains come, it would rise to a greater height than has ever yet been known.

Dry Fork and Black Fork unite before they reach Shafer's Fork, and after uniting take the name Black Fork, or Big Black Fork. It is about three miles from the confluence of Dry Fork and Black Fork to the mouth of Shafer's Fork, or to where the two flow together to form the river proper. The battle of Corrick's Ford was fought on Shafer's Fork. Just below, is Alum Hill, a mineral formation of alum, from which the mountain takes its name. The alum comes to the surface, in little springs, and when at the surface, soon dries, and partly crystallizes. The alum is tolerably pure, but has never been used to any considerable extent.

From the forks of the river, northward to the Preston County line, the river has various names at different places, or rather, certain places in it have been given names, which either describe some feature or define some locality. Job's Ford, or more recently Callihan's Ford, is a river-crossing at the Holly Meadows, and got its name first from Job Parsons who used to live on the north bank, and got

its second name from S. M. Callihan, who more recently lived on the south bank. The Holly Meadows was named on account of the holly trees that grew and still grow there. They are evergreen, and the leaves have a fringe of thorns on them. Formerly they stood thick about the bottom lands; but now they are not so plentiful. At Job's Ford, during Garnett's retreat, Capt. E. Harper recommended that a stand be taken and battle given. The stand was taken; but the failure of the pursuing enemy to put in an appearance, rendered a battle unnecessary.

From just below Job's Ford, the river sweeps around the base of the mountain to Sims' Bottom, where Sims was killed by the Indians, and there turns toward the east. In this distance there are several deep eddies. After passing Neville's Ford, where some of the Confederates nearly drowned during Garnett's retreat, the river reaches Wolf Run, where there is an island, and where Macomber's steam mill was for several years. Soon after this, Slip Hill is reached. This is a precipitious mountain, so steep that the soil has slipped into the river, leaving the bare rocks exposed. A road has been dug around it, and is never entirely safe. It is at one place about two hundred feet from the river, and the bluff below is almost perpendicular. A bridge, that looks more dangerous than it really is, spans a deep defile at the worst place in the road.

Immediately beneath Slip Hill, a few years ago, a man named Moore was drowned, while in swimming. The water is deep and he got beyond his depth. Half mile further is the Turn Eddy, as it is called. It gets its name from two reasons. First, because the river there turns from its eastern course toward the north, and second, because, at

that place, at the eastern shore, the water turns back and flows up stream. A log thrown into the water at that place will float up stream, turn and swim out into the middle of the river. This is one of the best places on the river for building rafts, and there have been made large numbers of log, lumber, stave and shingle rafts.

One-half mile below here is Willow Point, which is a deep ford, named from a thicket of willows that grow on the bank, and extend somewhat in the shape of a wedge into the river. It was here that David Bonnifield was drowned. He and George Gower were crossing when the river was deep riding, and in the swiftest place their horses threw them. Bonnifield was an excellent swimmer, but he never reached the shore. Gower could not swim at all, and got out.

One-half mile further is the mouth of Horse Shoe Run, where the Pringles and Simpson who came through that country in 1764, crossed the river. There, too, James Parsons crossed when escaping from the Indians near the same time, and there he crossed later, when the Indians tried to allure him into an ambuscade by gobbling like a turkey.

From there it is not far to the Island, which is known by that name over all the country. It is an Island near half a mile in length, densely timbered with sycamores, and has been a famous hiding place for deer, pursued by dogs. On one side of it is Wild Cat Point, a sharp cliff jutting from the mountain, and on the other is the Pond, which is a pond no longer. It used to be a slough or bay extending into the land; but, in a freshet, the lower end was washed away, forming a channel through to the river a mile below, and making of the Pond an arm of the river.

Opposite the Island is a small island of about one acre. On the bank by this small island, on the mainland, is the site

of an old Indian town, and there have been exhumed bones of human larger than those of ordinary persons. One-fourth mile below this is Horse Shoe Ford, and half mile further is the mouth of Dry Run, where the river is very swift and raftsmen must know the channel to go safely through. This passed, the St. George Eddy is reached.

From Sims' Bottom to this point the river flows round the Horse Shoe, a distance of six miles. But, from river to river, across the isthmus, the distance is scarcely one-sixth that far. Could a canal be cut across this neck of land, it would give the facilities for a tremendous water-power, one sufficient to drive ten times as much machinery as there is or probably ever will be in the county.

The Horse Shoe is named from its resemblance to the shoe of a horse. From cork to cork, so to speak, the distance is scarcely more than one mile, while around, it is six.

The St. George Eddy extends from the mouth of the Pond, the lower end of the Horse Shoe, to Ewin's Ford, below St. George, and is about one mile in length. It is perhaps the most picturesque and beautiful portion of the river. St. George stands on its shore, thus lending an air of life and civilization to the rural scenery along its banks; while on the south side (for the river here flows westerly) a steep, forest-covered mountain rises abruptly from the water's edge, as a bluff, and then, after gaining a certain height, slopes gradually back to the higher summit beyond. When the river is low, as it generally is in the summer time, St. George Eddy is remarkably calm and placid. The water moves slowly and silently, and its surface is covered with white bubbles, which float lightly, and form a marked contrast with the dark, red water of the river.

The Rocks, about one-half a mile above the town, are a

nice landing for skiffs; and pleasure parties often go on excursions there. Thick trees overshadow it, and a stream of cold water dashes down the steep mountain side, and is lost in the sombre river. At other points along the same shore, above and below, rivulets come down the hills by cataracts and cascades, until their final leap carries them into the deep water of the river. In winter these rills from the mountain freeze, and the ice piles thicker and higher, until the whole face of the hill becomes a glacier, and remains so until the warm winds of spring destroy the ice. But, the river and the scenery along its shores are seen in all their beauty only in the summer, when the trees are in full leaf. A fringe of trees lines the northern shore, and the foliage of maples, sugars, sycamores, beeches and other woods are blended in a verdant wall of quiet freshness. Just beyond, but seen only through the openings here and there in the groves, are the fields of farms, where the plantations of corn, and the acres of small grains and grasses extend furlongs back from the river, and separate it from the steep rise of the mountains beyond.

In the summer evenings the mountains and trees cast their shadows over the river, and make it a delightful place for boat-riding. It is much frequented by persons, young and old, in the evening, and the painted skiffs, Indian canoes and other barks may be seen floating placidly upon the water or passing swiftly to and fro.

At the lower end of the St. George Eddy is Ewin's Ford, named from Hon. Wm. Ewin who lives upon the bank of the river at that place. This is at the mouth of Clover Run, and here the road to Rowlesburg crosses the river.

The next feature in the river, worthy of note, is Auvil's Mill Dam, a dam built by John Auvil across the river to

turn water into his mill race. The dam is a difficult place to be gotten over by raftsmen, and afterward it is a hard channel to keep. Rattlesnake Ford is named on account of a den of rattlesnakes that were formerly there. Jonathan Run is where Jonathan Minear was killed by the Indians, and is a considerable rafting wharf. From there to Miller Hill the river is straight, and the raftsmen steer for a rock that looks white in the summer time and black in the winter, when there is snow on the ground.

When the river passes the mouth of Bull Run, and trends off toward the east, it is washing the rugged base of Miller Hill, named from William Miller, who lives there. The Rowlesburg road passes around the hill, and from it the river, dashing over its rocky way, presents a scene of romance and beauty. When upon the river, it is found to be unusually narrow and swift, and it so bends that it is hard to keep rafts from running upon the bowlders that have rolled down from the hill and lie in the edge of the water. The waves roll high, and, some years ago, when the Rowlesburg Lumber and Iron Company run boats on the river to carry shingles to Rowlesburg, this part of the river was found to be the most difficult to pass, on account of the height and crestedness of the waves.

At the lower end of Miller Hill the river strikes fairly against the mountain, and turns to the north. Where it makes the turn, is a deep hole of water, with the dreadful name of "Murder Hole." River men remember it, because, upon entering it at full speed, as rafts do after passing through two miles of swift water, the oars strike dead water, and, by sluing, frequently knock the men into the river. There are different accounts as to how this eddy got its name. One is that wolves once killed a band of sheep on

the bank near by, and another that a man was accidentally drowned there.

Two small islands, named Pig and Macadonia, are soon passed, and the river is drawing near Licking Falls. This is another rough place, where the river falls several feet in a small distance. It is flowing north when it strikes Limestone Mountain, and by it is deflected toward the west. Where it strikes the mountain, the rage of years and centuries of floods have torn out rocks from the earth, and the river is partly blocked up with them. As the waters are damned up, and break over, they form Licking Falls, at the mouth of Licking Creek, and near where Lieut. Robert McChesney was killed.

Turtle Rocks are soon passed. These are several large, angular rocks, rising out of the river on the northern or eastern side, where the water is deep. In the summer time large numbers of clumsy, lazy turtles may be seen basking in the sunshine, and from this the rocks take their name.

The Seven Islands are well known to all rivermen; for, if a raft can pass there, its way to Rowlesburg can be depended upon. The islands seem to have been seven in number when they got their name; but the number is not constant. They are partly sand bars, and a flood in the river may build or destroy several of them.

The river now passes from Tucker into Preston. From where it first enters the county to where it leaves it, following the windings of the river, is from forty to sixty miles, depending upon which fork is measured. It does not flow with a uniform rapidity through the county. At times it is very swift, and again it is slow. Among the mountains it is swifter than after it reaches the Holly Meadows. Thirty miles, the distance from the Turn Eddy to Rowlesburg, has

been run in five hours by boats on a good stage of water. When the water is low, of course, the progress is less rapid. Often it takes twelve hours to make the same trip. Rafts and boats go only a very little faster than the current of the river.

The timber that is sawed into lumber in Tucker County and is taken to market, goes down the river in rafts to Rowlesburg. A large number of log rafts go down annually. An average raft contains seventy logs, and twenty-five thousand feet. The logs are held together by polls fastened across the logs by staples. Oars from twenty to fifty feet long are placed on the ends of the rafts to keep them in the channel.

Among the most noted log raftsmen who have been along the river of late years, may be mentioned William H. Lipscomb, Thomas F. Hebb, Baxter Long, S. E. Parsons, Philip Constable, Charles Parsons, Lloyd Hansford, Magarga Parsons, L. E. Goff, Hiram Loughry and Finley Toy.

Another kind of rafts is that of planks or sawed lumber. This has been an important industry in the county, and is still largely carried on. Planks are rafted by building them into platforms, usually sixteen feet square, and twelve inches thick, and then lashing the platforms end to end, until the raft is from sixty-four to one hundred and twenty-eight feet long. Two such rafts, side by side, are called a "double raft;" and when they are laden with lumber until the platforms are entirely sunken, they contain about seventy-five thousand feet. The most extensive lumber rafter of Tucker County, is C. R. Macomber, who has thus taken to market millions of feet. Others who have rafted extensively are A. C. Minear, Finley Toy, W. D. Losh, A. H. Bonnifield and others. The largest plank rafts have four oars.

An industry that has sprung up within the past few years in Tucker, and one that brings in a considerable revenue, is the shingle mills. The first was built by the Rowlesburg Lumber and Iron Company at John Fansler's on Horse Shoe Run, some eight miles above St. George. The mill was something new in the country, as its steam engine was the first one ever in the county, and people came from near and far to see it. The tram-road, which brought logs to the mill was also the first thing of that sort ever in the county, and its trucks were looked upon with a wonder second only to that excited by the steam engine.

The mill was built by Balus, a mill-wright from Baltimore, and the machinery was set up by Frank Blanchard, who sawed the first shingle ever sawed in Tucker County. He was and is one of the best machinists in the State. When the mill was gotten ready to run, large crowds came together to see the fool thing start. Some said that it was a grand thing and others that it would be the ruination of the country. However, it got to going, and worked to perfection, cutting eight thousand shingles a day. They were eighteen inches long and four inches wide. Of course, some were wider and some not so wide; but, this was what was required in the measurement. They were packed into bunches of two hundred and fifty each, and were hauled to the river on sleds in the winter time and on wagons in the summer. Among those who hauled were Ward Parsons, C. L. Parsons, John Closs, B. F. Dumiro, James Knotts and William Losh. The mill was kept running for several years, and until the Rowlesburg Lumber and Iron Company went into bankruptcy. After that the mill was run at intervals until all the timber in the vicinity had been cut, when it was removed. The most prosperous period of the mill's existence was about 1870.

The next shingle-mill in the county was that built by Rufus Maxwell, and run by water-power. In its after modifications, the saw ran horizontal instead of vertical.

Abraham and Daniel L. Dumire built the next one on Laurel Run, at the Lead Mine post-office. This mill was sold from one to another, until the controlling interest was in the hands of Cyrus Dumire. George Auvil built the next shingle factory. It was located on Mill Run, about two miles above St. George.

David Closs built the next mill. It was on Horse Shoe Run, four miles from its mouth. This completed the list of five shingle mills in Tucker County. The first one ever in the county met an untimely end. While being taken around Horse Shoe Ford Hill, it, wagon, horses and all, rolled down the precipice into the river, near one hundred feet. None of the men or horses were seriously hurt, but the machinery and the wagons were badly wrecked.

The shook business, some fifteen and twenty years ago, was an extensive industry. Joseph Davis was the principal manager of the business, and the shop was at St. George. It did more for the town than anything else of the time. It built up the houses that were going to pieces, and revived business.

Although Tucker County has had and still has vast timber resources, and its thousand mountains are covered with valuable pines, oaks, poplars and hemlocks, and all this will bring a revenue into the county ; yet our real and permanent wealth is not in our timber. Men who deal in it and attend closely to their business have made money from it ; but such is the exception and not the rule. The large contractors may or may not make something ; but the laborer is almost sure to lose when it comes to the final reckoning.

He may have worked hard from Christmas to Christmas, and his family may have lived as economically as decency and comfort would permit, yet at the end of the year, when all store debts and doctor bills are paid, and the wear and tear of the furniture and the farm property has been made good, all the spare money is gone, and the laborer is left no richer than when he set in for the hard year of work.

The reason for this is to be sought in the fact that almost every man in Tucker County is a farmer. It is a general truth the world over that it is best for an agricultural man to stick to agriculture just the same as it is best, in usual cases, for any man to stick to his trade or profession. It may pay at times for a man to carry on two, three or a dozen projects at a time ; but those who try it fail oftener than they succeed. Especially is this true with farmers anywhere, and the more so with those of Tucker County. A blacksmith or a carpenter may, if he sees fit, abandon his trade one, two or ten years, and again take it up and be none the loser, unless the time has been a loss to him. But not so with him who digs into the fertile soil for his bread and his fortune. His farm needs him every day and every hour. If he leaves it, it suffers from his neglect. If he engages as a laborer in the lumber business, as so many of the Tucker farmers are doing and have done, he fails to till his land as he should. His fences go to ruin, his sheds fall to pieces and weeds, briars, thorns and brambles fill all the nooks and corners of his fields.

Meanwhile, the man may be getting his wages, which are in ready money and for the time seem greater than he could make on his farm ; but, everything his family uses must be paid for, and the expenses eat up the profits, and he works on, probably for years, and keeps just about even.

Then the mill on which he works is to be moved to find a new supply of timber, and he must either follow or quit the works.

If he is a wise man, he quits the bad contract, late, but better late than never, and goes back to his neglected farm. Or, if he follows the mill to its new site, he may as well settle down to a permanent rough and unprofitable life, dragging himself and family about from place to place, and living only a little better than the Arabs of Egypt.

If he goes back to his farm, he finds it grown up and dilapidated, far worse than when he left it, and he finds himself no richer in money than when he went astray in the lumber business. Had he staid on his farm and worked as hard as he did in the woods, he would have owned a neat, comfortable and complete home. His fences would not have been so hidden by briars that they were no longer visible, and the apple trees would not look like a chaos of sprouts and scions growing out of a brush-heap. Where the plantain and smartweed were taking possession of everything in the yard, his wife's bed of flowers would have been in full bloom, and lilies and forget-me-nots would be blossoming instead of the crash-leaved burr-dock.

He will then learn, as others must learn and are learning, that the little farms of Tucker must be cultivated if the people expect to prosper. The farmer who raises something to sell in the logging camps makes more than the man who works all the year in the woods. Our real wealth is in our farming land. Let the lumber be cut by those who can afford to do it. The farmer cannot afford to lose his time.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEST VIRGINIA CENTRAL AND PITTSBURGH RAILWAY.

THE opening of this new railroad has been and promises still to be a permanent improvement to our county. The object which prompted its building was the vast resource of timber, coal and iron which abound in that portion of our territory which lies beyond the Backbone Mountain, on the upper tributaries of the Black Fork of Cheat River. The knowledge that such resources existed is no new thing. As early as 1856, it was undertaken to build a railroad up the North Branch of the Potomac, and engineers were put to work on it. The following extract is from the Biography of Abe Bonnifield, and is quoted in connection with the railroad, and also as a description of the surrounding country at that time :

In front of my father's door, and at the distance of three or four miles, rises the principal ridge of the Backbone Mountain. From the tops of the neighboring hills the course of the ridge can be traced to a vast extent. The summit of the mountain in this region is covered with beautiful groves of hemlock pine, sometimes called yew pine. In places their branches are so interwoven that they form a thick, dark shade, which, in the summer season, is most delightful, but in winter, when the sombre branches are drooping with snow, the prospect is gloomy beyond description. These hemlocks are as straight as an Indian arrow, and frequently rise to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, or more. This timber is valuable for building purposes. Square timber, plank and shingles made from it are of the very best quality; and the quantity of this timber is surprising. From the top of a single hill, enough of it may be seen to build a city.

On this side of the mountain, just opposite my father's farm, lies a large body of rich land, which, on account of its being covered with sugar-maple, is called the Sugar Lands. The annual blooming of this large grove of sugar trees, appearing with the return of each successive season, afforded, for many years, a picture of surpassing beauty. It could easily be seen from the distance of fifteen or twenty miles. Year after year for fifty long successive years, had the older inhabitants gazed upon its expanse of silvery gray, tinged with yellow and white. From the top of Stemple Ridge, a distance of some eighteen miles. It appeared to the very best advantage, and gave to the extended landscape a soft and beautiful finish, on which the eye lingered with peculiar delight. But, alas! the beauty, though it lasted long and gladdened many a vernal scene, has passed away and perished forever.

About fifteen hundred acres of the land was purchased by William R. Parsons, and the sugar trees have fallen beneath the axes of his slaves. But, thank kind nature, it is usually the case, when one beautiful object disappears, another takes its place. Although the sugar trees are gone, the eye of the spectator is now greeted with green pastures and charming meadows, while the ear is saluted with the tinkling of bells and the lowing of cattle, and this delightful Sugar Lands promises fair soon to be the richest grazing plantation in Tucker County.

Some miles beyond the Sugar Lands, and also beyond the Backbone, on the head branches of Cheat River, there is an elevated region of rich land, from time immemorial called the land of Canaan. Here there is a body of some hundred thousand acres of land unoccupied. However, it has quite recently come into market. The soil of this land is of the finest quality, both for grain and pasture, and is mostly covered with extensive forests of beech, sugar and pine. There are also several other large unoccupied tracts of land in Tucker County, now coming into market. A vast field of excellent stone coal has lately been discovered on these lands, making them an object of peculiar interest to speculators. From Piedmont, on the B. & O. R. R. a railroad will soon be built, whose terminus will be in these coal lands.

How such vast bodies of waste land, surrounded on all sides by rich settlements, could remain so long unsold, is a problem that

can be solved only by the consideration that the tide of emigration has ever rolled its waves to the far West, without stopping to examine these beautiful little islands around which it flowed. The owners of these lands seem anxious to sell, and it is probable that bargains may be obtained. It is supposed that there is at this time [1857] plenty of unoccupied land in Tucker County for the accommodation of 500 families.

The coal at the Sugar Lands was discovered about 1835. It was nearly twenty years before any similar discoveries were made on the other side of the mountain. But, finally, the true wealth of the country began to be known, and capitalists saw that there was money in a railroad which would carry off this wealth. The work of surveying was well advanced, when the war came on and put a stop to everything, and it was near twenty years before anything further was done in the matter. Then a new company took it in hand. The officers, on January 1, 1882, were: H. G. Davis, President; S. B. Elkins, Vice-President. Directors: Alexander Shaw, James G. Blaine, S. B. Elkins, William Keyser, Thomas B. Davis, Augustus Schell, W. H. Barnum, J. N. Camden, John A. Hambleton and T. E. Sickles. A. Ebert was Secretary, C. M. Hoult, Treasurer, T. E. Sickles, Chief Engineer, and W. E. Porter, Superintendent. The offices were at Piedmont, W. Va., and 92 Broadway, New York City.

The company was organized June 25, 1881, under a charter of the State of West Virginia. It was authorized to construct a railroad from any point on the B. & O. R. R., along the waters of the North Branch of the Potomac River, to a connection with any other railroad in the State of W. Va. The company had power to buy and sell real estate without limit; and it was authorized to manufacture lumber, mine coal and iron, and any other minerals. The following

extract is from the President's first Report to the stockholders :

The present intention of the company is to extend its railroad for a distance of from fifty to sixty miles in all, through what is known as the "Cumberland or Piedmont Coal Basin ;" and it is ultimately intended, if deemed advisable and profitable, to extend its line southerly, so as to connect the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad with the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and the Richmond and Alleghany Railroad, and other railroads. Also, northerly to a connection with railroads leading to Pittsburgh.

The engineers estimated that three hundred and sixty millions of tons of coal can be mined from the company's lands. The coal fields which must be developed by this company embrace an area larger than the aggregate of all other bituminous coal fields east of the Alleghany Mountains,* embracing an area of 170,000 acres. The capital stock of the company was \$6,000,000, of which \$5,000,000 belong to and remain in the company's treasury.† The railroad was computed to cost not more than \$25,000 per mile.

The average out-put of coal over the road in 1882 was estimated to be 700 tons daily for three hundred days, summing for the year 210,000 tons. The company's profit was forty-five cents per ton, for the year \$94,500. Profits from other sources, \$20,000. Total, \$114,500. The interest paid on bonds was \$50,000, leaving a clear profit for 1882 of \$64,500. The profit for 1883 was estimated at \$197,000.‡

The President, Vice-President, Treasurer and Secretary charged nothing for their services in the year 1882. The company at that time owned and controlled 37,752 acres of mineral and timber lands.

* President Davis' first report, page four.

† In 1882.

‡ This is merely an estimation, made in 1882 for the succeeding year.

Up to January 1, 1882, thirteen and one-half miles of road had been completed.

In Owen Riordan's Report of January 3, 1882 he speaks as follows :*

I hereby submit to your consideration a report, with accompanying map, of the result of my opening and working of coal veins in your employment since June 1, of last year (1881).

I worked on a portion of Grant, Tucker and Preston Counties, W. Va. Commencing at the Fairfax Stone, I opened on what I call the "Fairfax and Dobbin House Region"—which is about nine miles long and eight miles wide—ten different veins of coal, the thickest being eleven and the smallest four feet, measuring in the aggregate fifty-two feet of coal.

These veins of coal are of different quality, some gas, some bituminous and one vein of good coking coal. They are so situated, one above the other, that any one of them, or all of them together, can be worked without interfering with any other.

This is the most remarkable coal region so far discovered in this or any other country. I have neither seen nor read in the reports of any other person of a coal region having as much coal in it as this ; and the whole of it is free from slate, bone-coal, or any other impurities. This is neither exaggeration nor delusion, as all these veins are opened, so that any expert can examine them. He will find them to be just as I have stated. There is a nine-foot vein of steam coal in this region that fully equals the Cumberland coal.

We opened on the second division of this West Virginia Coal Fields—which lies between the Dobbin and Kent roads and the mouth of Buffalo Creek—eleven different veins of coal, ranging in thickness from three to six feet. This coal is semi-bituminous in quality, except one vein opened at the head of Elk Run, of cannel coal, three feet thick. The coal in this region is also free from all impurities.

The coal area is a thick forest, almost covered with spruce and hemlock, the trees being of an enormous size, and good quality, making it as superior in its timber as in its coal.

* See the President's and Engineer's Reports of the progress of the Railroad, of October 17, 1882.

In the President's Annual Report, dated January 9, 1883, the net earnings of the road, after paying expenses, and the interest on the bonded debt, were over \$87,000. The operating expenses were 48 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. of the gross earnings. The interest paid was \$32,600.

On page 4, of the Report of January 9, 1883, the following is found :

After careful surveys, it has been determined to make Davis the terminus of the road for the present. It promises to be the center of a great mining and lumbering interest, being near the junction of the Beaver and Blackwater, both of which drain a fine timber country, and both are well adapted to floating logs ; besides, the site selected and vicinity are underlaid with the veins of coal of the Upper Potomac Coal Field.

The completion of the line to Davis, fifty-three miles from Piedmont, will quadruple the capacity of the Company for doing a general transportation business ; besides, it will reach and pass through the Company's coking coal and fine timber lands in the Upper Potomac Coal Fields from both of which the Company expects to add largely to its business."

The work of the railroad in Tucker County, up to this time, 1884, has not been extensive, as the main work has been done on the east side of the mountain. The grade across the mountain does not at any point exceed eighty feet per mile, which is the lightest grade of any railroad crossing the Alleghanies.

The whole Canaan Valley must soon be developed. It is just opening up to the world, and in a few years it will no longer be a wilderness.

CHAPTER X.

MISCELLANEOUS STATISTICS.

I do not deem it best to over load a County History with statistics. Enough should be given to meet the wants of the general reader, and no more. In this book I have pursued, in this respect, the course just advocated. I have collected, not without care, a few tables and have inserted them. In making the selections and in the arrangements I have not followed any strict plan. In fact, I found it impossible, had I been so inclined, to make out entire census tables, even from 1856 to the present time. Much of the data that would go to make up such tables, does not exist in any official manner ; or, at least, the search that I have made has failed to find it. I give what this chapter contains and offer no apology for its incompleteness or for its arrangement. Had I considered it of enough importance, I should have bestowed more time and attention to it. I did not even go to Randolph to examine records that relate to the census prior to 1856. What I have of such, is all I want ; for, I will repeat that it is not my aim or intention to make this book a series of tables and statistical figures. I am not certain but that I have given more space to the History of Elections and Officers than is demanded by the public upon whose patronage the financial success of this book depends. But, this latter subject will, more or less, interest every reader, while the former, that of the statistics, will be of interest to so few, except a small part of it, that those few will find occasion to examine for themselves

special books on the subject, and will there find much more satisfaction than could possibly be given in a work of this kind.

As remarked, it would be difficult to reduce to a system the statistics relative to Tucker. The Census Compendium of 1860 dismissed the county with a foot-note, saying that no returns were made. Thus I had to look elsewhere for what I have given of that date. The Compendium of 1870 was fuller, but it all, so far as our county is concerned, is easily told, and I have given only an epitome of 1860 and 1870. But I have bestowed more attention to 1880, because I consider it of more importance. I consider that our county is just starting into life. The returns of ten and twenty years ago are valuable to us only as curiosities, or as comparisons. They do not tell the world what we are, or what the resources of our county were at that time. They do not exhibit our true wealth—undeveloped wealth. This was unknown then, and there should be no pride, and surely is no policy, in publishing to the world, by census tables, how little we had and how weak we were only a few years ago. True, it is some satisfaction to see how we have grown; and where there is an opportunity for exhibiting this in a proper manner, it has been done, but, in such matters as promise no good, and result in no benefit, we have been silent.

Such parts of the past as is history, I have given. What is not history, romance, biography or anything of that kind, I have not gone to extremes to bring prominently forward. I have endeavored to show what we were, so far as we were anything, and what we are. The future must tell what we are to be. But, with us, the future is more than the past. This age is using the past only to judge by it what the

future will be. Great minds read history only for this. The past is nothing to us, except the mere satisfaction of knowing it. There are greater changes going on in the world to-day than ever before. History did not prophesy them. It gave no hint that they would come. The locomotive, the steamship, the telegraph, the telephone, and the marvellous machineries that work, as it were, with more than human intelligence, came into the world unheralded and unexpected. Not even a star guided the Magi of the present to them. They leaped, as Pallas, armed into the world's arena, and assuming the might of Achilles, cleared the fields of a universal Troy.

Still, I cannot think that history is useless or unnecessary. There is still something to be learned from it; although, I verily believe that there is more to be gained from Mathematics and Chemistry than from History. We cannot judge, and depend upon it, from the past what the future will be. Because no nation has lived forever, is no reason why none ever will. Because no government of the people, by the people and for the people has ever stood firmly and successfully one hundred years, is no grounds from which to judge that such a thing is impossible. It may be that Confucius thought it impossible for a man to travel fifty miles an hour, because his experience and his old books gave him none assurance of such a thing in the past. No doubt Columbus considered it out of the question to cross the Atlantic without sails in ten days; and, he could not have found reason for thinking so had he read all the histories burnt at Alexandria, the description of Hiero's engine not excepted. Galilleo or Newton or Keplar or Kant or Hobbs or Tycho Brahe would have disbelieved it possible to send a letter two hundred and eighty-eight thousand

miles a second. Archimedes and Copernicus gave nothing to foreshadow such a thing. Nor, would those old philosophers have believed that the voice of a man could be heard over a wire forty miles.

Yet, just such things as these men thought impossible, if they thought at all, are tearing the world upside down and building it anew, on a firmer basis than ever. Mathematics, called Philosophy, and Chemistry, are doing it. But they are inanimate, and work only by the directions of man. Why then could not man curb the lightning, and know and control the power of oxygen and hydrogen, expanded by heat seventeen hundred times its bulk when cold—why could not this have been done two thousand years ago? or five thousand, for that matter? Water existed, as did fire, and iron and electricity and all the elements that now exist; why then could not Tubal-cain build a steam engine, and an ocean telegraph connecting Rome and Carthage, across the sea, that they thought was in the middle of the world?

This question was hard to answer. It was hard because the answer was unknown. Some of the abstractest problems in calculus are easy enough to understand when the answer is known; but, to find the answer caused many a brain to falter and ache and doubt and despair, to resolve again and finally to triumph. Thus with the subject, why the ancients, or even the moderns, except the most moderns, failed to accomplish what is now being done by men with weaker minds than that of Mulciber or Minos or Dædalus or Plutarch or Quintilian or Euclid or Descartes or Benjamin Franklin. It seems now that things are accomplished with less effort than was formerly exerted to no good. Surely our inventors do not study more intently than he who stood thirty-six hours, working mentally on a sum of arithmetic,



S. J. MAXWELL



MRS O LOWTHER

MRS WM SPESERT



W. B. MAXWELL

C. H. MAXWELL

J. F. MAXWELL

T. E. MAXWELL

R. R. MAXWELL

L. H. MAXWELL

C. J. MAXWELL

HU MAXWELL

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and knew nothing of the heat or the darkness or the rain that passed by; or more intensely than he who was so absorbed with his theorem that he knew not that an army with beating drums and martial music passed under his window; or than he who, when the Roman soldier rushed into his study with drawn sword to kill him, cried, "Wait till I complete this demonstration," and when it was completed, died, as Socrates died, like a philosopher.

Physical and mental efforts, I doubt not, were as powerful, or as near the limit of human possibilities, thousands of years ago as they are to-day. The men tried as hard to solve the mysteries, and worked as hard on their plans, and did as much as they could, and moderns can do nothing more. But the ancients, viewed from our stand-point, made almost no advancement at all. It may have taken them a thousand years to invent the bow and arrow. It seems to us that anybody could manufacture such an engine with a few days of study.

But, we must not forget ourselves in approaching this subject. The world is not, or man's mind is not, as it used to be. The oldest man in the world, at the age of nine hundred, if any man ever really lived that long, did not know as much as a school boy of to-day. I cannot imagine with what feelings Abraham, the Patriarch, must have looked upon the phenomena of nature, not knowing any of the reasons for what he saw. But, I need not appeal to my imagination in a case of this kind. His feelings upon seeing the water flow down hill and the smoke rise skyward, must have been as mine when I contemplate the nature of force as it is manifested in magnetism, sunlight and the dissociation of atoms—things which are blank mysteries to me.

No, the history of the past cannot be laid aside. I am

firmly of the belief that the human race, as a whole, improves from the experience of past races, just as an individual grows wiser by remembering his past successes and failures. It is a dark subject to me; but, so far as I can understand it, I see nothing that does not confirm me in the belief that there is a universal mind, or spirit, or soul, or nature, or something not exactly expressed by any word in the world, that is composed of and includes all the minds in the world, as a great and perfect whole. It is hard to express myself on this subject. Tennyson in *Locksley Hall* does it for me better than I can do it:

Yet I doubt not through the ages one increasing purpose runs,
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns.

When one generation dies from the world, the next does not have to commence in knowledge where its fathers did, but, in a measure, where its fathers quit. The "increasing purpose" does not die with the races of men. It lives from generation to generation, from age to age and from century to century, ever stronger and stronger. As the old rocks from the cliffs of the mountains and from the caves of the ocean are ground into powder to furnish material for new formations, so must the experience of the past be picked apart to furnish material for the rebuilding of newer and better institutions. So must history be used in the present. So must we build by the ruins of the past. But the simile is not perfect, for the intellectual world builds grander and better and finds constantly some new material to introduce into the work, while the geological world constructs from the same material over and over again, and the new work, although newer, is in reality not a particle better than the old.

Scientists disagree, whether intellectual power is trans-

mitted from generation to generation. On the one side is arrayed the long catalogue of illustrious families, the splendor of whose talents has been observed for generations, and a similitude noticed in all. On the other hand, it is claimed that a savage infant, the child of savage parents, may be trained to civilization and enlightenment and be none the less refined and gifted than one born and reared in all the conditions of civilization. There are two sides to the question, and either is not void of argument; but, it must be admitted that parental characteristics, of mind as well as body, are transmitted from generation to generation. How else could there be an increasing purpose running through the ages, as there surely is? Then there is occasion still for learning, and from the past, all there is to know or to be known. We cannot learn from the future. The present is only the twilight of the past.

As the world stands now, there is more benefit to mankind in the sermons of Talmage than in the histories of Gibbon. The times are turning. There is greater change in one year now than there was in a century some thousand years ago. At least, this is true so far as we can tell; but if we could see as things were seen when Virgil sang and Demosthenes raved, we might know that we are mistaken. They laughed at Pythagoras when he thought that the world was round. Is no one being laughed at to-day who will be remembered when the deriders are forgotten? Is there not extant some theory so ridiculous that it is hardly worth laughing at? Who knows what the philosophers two thousand years hence will say of it? What was the woman's name who laughed at Newton and called him a simpleton for sitting in the orchard to see the apples fall? The circumstance alone is remembered, and that because

of its surroundings. Too many people are like the young lord, on whose hand the king leaned, in that beleaguered city, where the famine raged, and where the prophet foretold plenty, and to whom the young lord answered that such a thing might be if the windows of heaven should be opened.

In 1880, there were in Tucker 3,139 persons of American birth, and 2,053 were born in the State: 936 were born in Virginia. Of the remainder, 3 were born in Ohio, 58 in Pennsylvania, 38 in Maryland. There were 12 of foreign birth, of whom 2 were from Ireland, 2 from Scotland, 4 from Germany and 1 from France. The rest are ungiven.

Of the 3,151 persons in the county in 1880, 1,625 were males and 1,526 were females. From the age of five to seventeen, inclusive of both, there were 546 males and 512 females. From eighteen to forty-four, inclusive of both, there were 580 men. There were 618 men twenty-one years of age, or over.

In 1880, Tucker had 385 farms, containing 19,632 acres of improved land. The value of the farms, including all they contained, fences and buildings, was \$590,782. The farming implements and machinery were worth \$23,661. The value of stock was placed at \$102,917. The building and repairing of fences cost \$18,223. This was for the year 1879. The value of fertilizers purchased was \$456. The value of all farm productions, sold, consumed and on hand, was placed at \$75,152.

In 1880, the county produced 5,784 bushels of buckwheat; 63,632 bushels of corn; 15,221 bushels of oats; 1,247 bushels of rye; 7,973 bushels of wheat. The value of the orchard productions was \$7,581. Of Irish potatoes, there were 7,216 bushels; sweet potatoes, 56 bushels; hay, 1,253 tons; tobacco, 2,061 pounds.

In 1880, Tucker County had 642 horses, 57 mules, 35 working oxen, 940 cows, 1,451 other cattle, 3,535 sheep, 3,655 hogs. The wool produced was 10,733 pounds, which was a fraction more than three pounds to the sheep. The production of butter was 40,592 pounds. That of cheese, 1,846 pounds.

The average production of butter for each farm was a little more than 105 pounds. The average production for each cow was over 43 pounds. The average for each person in the county was nearly 14 pounds. There was one farm to about every eight persons. There was a milch cow to every three and a third persons. There was a fraction more than three horses to every farm, and two and two-fifths cows to every farm, and more than nine sheep and nine hogs to every farm. There was less than five pounds of cheese produced for each farm. To each farm there were 15 bushels of buckwheat, 165 bushels of corn, 39 bushels of wheat, and the orchard products averaged \$19 to each farm.

There were in the county in 1880, five manufacturing establishments, with a capital of \$5,000, and giving employment to ten men, with an aggregate yearly pay of \$860. The material cost \$3,660 and the manufactured goods were worth \$5,608. The monthly pay of the men was \$7.16 each. This was twenty-seven and a half cents a day. The manufacturing of the raw material increased its value \$1,948. This was an increase of value on the first cost, of 53 per cent. Each man earned about \$9 per month above what he received as wages. The clear gain of the manufactures was about \$1,000 per year. This was a gain of 20 per cent. on the capital invested.

The assessed value of the real estate in Tucker in 1880 was \$418,703; that of the personal property was \$60,999,

total, \$479,702. The State tax was \$2,035; county, \$6,903; town, village and school district, \$2,297; total, \$11,235. In 1880, Tucker was in debt \$118.

If the tax had been equally divided among the farms, it would have been \$29 for each. It was \$3.56 for each man, woman and child in the county. It was \$18.21 for every voter. The tax was \$2.34 on the \$100.

It may not be amiss to give some scattered figures relative to the schools of the county. In 1882, there were 96 trustees in the county, and 15 members of the board of education. There were 34 school houses, of which 8 were made of logs and 26 were framed. There were 35 rooms in all. The St. George school had two rooms. Of the 35 rooms, all had desks but four, and altogether there were 117 square yards of black-board. This was $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards to each room. All the school-houses together were valued at \$6,-144, and the value of school lands was \$367. The average value of the houses was \$181. The school furniture was valued at \$215, and the apparatus at \$262. The total value of school property was \$6,989.

Between the ages of 6 and 16, there were 422 boys and 425 girls. Over 16 and under 21, there were 146 boys and 84 girls. Total, 1,077. Of this number, 817 attended the public schools. The average daily attendance was 489. Three-fourths of the children in the county attended school. Of those enrolled, 59 per cent. attended school all the time during the term. During this year (1882) there were 62 boys and 56 girls enrolled for the first time. The boys were tardy 75 times, and the girls 63 times. Among the boys there were 25 cases of truancy, and among the girls, 14. The number whipped was 62 boys and 66 girls. One girl was suspended from school, and no boy. Of those nei-

ther absent nor tardy, there were 33 boys and 35 girls. The average age of the boys was 11 years, of the girls 10 years. There were only two cases in which teachers were absent from their schools. Not a teacher in the county had attended State Normal School. Of Tucker's 36 teachers, 27 were men and 9 were women. The men taught 82 months, the women 29 months. The average length of term was 69 days.

In Geography, there were 82, Orthography, 36, English Grammar, 80, Arithmetic, 297, History, 37. Of the teachers, three men and no woman subscribed for an educational journal. Seven men and 3 women were teaching their first term. In the First Reader, there were 93 pupils; Second Reader, 99; Third Reader, 81; Fourth Reader, 138; Fifth Reader, 80; Sixth Reader, 109. In writing there were 281, and in spelling 666. The County Superintendent made 26 visits to the schools. The members of the board of education made 70 visits, and the trustees 99. Other persons visited the schools 277 times.

At the close of the last school year (1881) there was in the treasury, Teachers' Fund, \$691. The levy on real and personal property was \$1,334. From the State School Fund \$841 was received. Total receipts from all sources for Teachers' Fund, \$2,868.

In 1882, the teachers holding No. 1 certificates received salaries which, in the aggregate, amounted to \$787, of which the men got \$490 and the women \$297. The teachers with No. 2 certificates got \$1,203, of which the men received \$881 and the women \$322. There were no women teaching on No. 3 certificates. The men on No. 3's were paid \$162. The Sheriff received \$215 for handling this money. The total expenditures of the Teachers' Fund amounted to \$2,252, and there was in the treasury a balance of \$708.

Of the building fund at the commencement of 1882, there was in the treasury (from the preceeding year) a balance of \$157. The levy on the total value of the property was \$1,292. The total receipts from all sources were \$1,450. The county paid \$117 on the bonded school debt. Other expenditures were, for land, \$15; for houses, \$20; for furniture, \$1.50; for apparatus, \$35; total, \$189. Paid \$10 for rent; \$7.80 for repairs; \$185 for fuel; \$11 as interest. The Sheriff's commission was \$82; the Secretaries received \$75. The total cost, from the Building Fund was \$809.

The Tucker County Institute that year had an attendance of forty-two, of whom thirty-six were men and six were women. The Institute was conducted by Prof. A. L. Fike. There was in attendance one teacher who had taught ten years or more, and nine who had taught over five years. The others had taught shorter terms, 1, 2, 3 and 4 years.

At the commencement of 1877, Tucker County had on hand as Teachers' Fund, \$273, and received from the State, \$826, from the levy, \$1,560, from other sources, \$48; total, \$2,709. Of the Building Fund, there was on hand a balance of \$809. From the levy for the Building Fund, \$1,228 was received; total, \$2,037. There was paid, for land, \$10; for houses, \$1,004; for repairs, \$81; for fuel, \$84; for furniture, \$35; for apparatus, \$1.50; for interest, \$1.50; for commissions, \$11; for enrollment, \$17; the Secretaries of boards of education were paid salaries to the amount of \$115; the contingent expenses were \$59; total, \$1,421.

In 1877, Tucker had 22 school-houses, of which 18 were frame and 4 were log. Three were not yet completed, and two were completed that year. The value of land was \$227; that of the school-houses \$6,257; of the furniture, \$119; apparatus, \$142; total, \$6,745.

In the county in 1877, there were 1005 school children, of whom there were 526 boys and 479 girls. Six of these were colored. In attendance at school there were 556, of whom 296 were boys, and 260 were girls.

Tucker had that year 30 teachers, of whom 25 were men and 5 were women. The men taught 78 months and the women 14 months; total, 92 months. The average length of the schools was 2.83 months. The average age of the boys at school was $10\frac{1}{4}$ years, of the girls $9\frac{1}{4}$ years; general average, $10\frac{1}{4}$ years.

The number studying in each branch was as follows: Orthography, 546; Reading, 385, Writing, 298; Arithmetic, 234; Geography, 43; English Grammar, 94; History, 14; Other branches, 44. There were 5 Secretaries in the county; 15 Commissioners; and 25 Trustees. The County Superintendent made 32 visits to the schools. Other persons visited the schools 76 times; total, 108. The average cost for each pupil, in 1877, was \$13.50.

A complete list of the teachers of the county from its first organization to the present time would prove interesting to so few, and is so hard to compile, that it is omitted, and in its stead is given the name and grade of each teacher of the county since 1876. The Superintendents of that time have been W. B. Maxwell, L. S. Anvil and J. M. Shafer.

LIST OF TEACHERS.

1877.

NUMBER ONE.

S. L. Stalnaker
Lloyd Hansford
S. N. Swisher
Miss Jennie Maxwell
Mrs. A. D. Adams
J. P. Call

NUMBER TWO.

J. T. Mason
Miss S. V. Garner
Thomas Marsh
J. S. Poling

C. M. Moore
Miss Agnes Gilmore
Miss Lizzie Parkey
L. S. Poling
E. C. Moore
J. W. Freeman
J. W. Lambert
M. C. Feather
J. M. Shafer

NUMBER THREE.

G. W. Shirk
A. Hudkins
J. G. Digman

Miss M. C. Purkey
G. W. Day
L. E. Goff
R. F. Harris
Charles Skidmore
I. P. Propst
A. G. Lambert
Talbot Ferguson
J. W. Moore
D. L. Dumire
Miss S. C. Liston

NUMBER FOUR

Miss F. L. Mason

1878.

NUMBER ONE.

N. D. Adams
S. N. Swisher
J. H. Snyder

NUMBER TWO.

T. G. Daniels
L. E. Gainer
L. E. Goff
E. C. Moore
J. T. Mason
J. M. Shafer
L. S. Copper
Miss Leile Lynn
G. Y. Day

J. M. Strahle
J. C. Roby
A. M. Stemple

NUMBER THREE.

J. B. Blackman
A. Moore
S. P. Hayes
O. L. Phillips
J. S. Poling
J. S. D. Bell
R. F. Harris
J. F. Jewel
Miss Lizzie Purkey
Miss A. G. Gilmore
George W. White

S. C. Baker
G. W. Shafer
J. B. Lambert

NUMBER FOUR.

L. W. Harris
P. Y. Bunner
J. T. Shafer
J. H. Mester
Frank Ashby
S. P. Hayes
Talbot Ferguson
G. W. Shafer
Mary James
C. S. Watson

1879.

NUMBER ONE.

J. M. Shafer
Miss A. E. Fansler
Miss M. A. Guthrie
J. A. Swisher
M. L. White
D. A. Hooton

NUMBER TWO.

Isaac Hetrie
S. C. Baker
G. N. Day
L. E. Goff

W. Bennette
G. W. Shafer
James Poling
J. P. Auvil
J. W. Moore
J. H. Snyder
G. W. Stalnaker
J. C. S. Bell
F. C. Bradshaw
J. B. Lambert
G. W. Shirk
Miss Lizzie Purkey
Miss Agnes Gilmore
Miss A. F. Bowman
Mrs. S. V. Mester

NUMBER THREE.

J. N. Huffman
J. D. Stalnaker
R. K. Phillips
C. L. Watson
D. W. Wright
Mrs. M. M. Class
G. Ferguson

NUMBER FOUR.

S. F. Hart

1880.

NUMBER ONE.

J. A. Swisher
M. A. Guthrie
J. B. Cox
J. M. Shafer

NUMBER TWO.

H. G. Daniels
J. L. Pifer
P. W. Lipscomb
S. C. Baker

H. M. Godwin
Isabel Parsons
C. W. Long
A. C. Dumire
L. W. James
Carrie Parsons
W. B. Jenkins
Q. S. Poling
Alice Hansford
S. S. Roderick
S. H. Godwin
J. F. Hunt
G. W. Shafer

Vance Graham
S. J. Posten
U. G. Hartley
Lewis Johnson

NUMBER THREE.

T. H. Goff
R. R. Phillips
F. M. Arnett
J. L. Wince
A. E. Poelling
Mary James

1881.

NUMBER ONE.

A. G. Fike
J. A. Swisher
Stuart Wilworth
Julia M. Evans
Hu Maxwell
W. C. Parsons
S. Yorents

NUMBER TWO.

G. W. James
Eliza Parsons

Ozella Hansford
Alice Hansford
W. B. Jenkins
P. W. Lipscomb
Carrie Parsons
D. W. Ryan
C. W. Long
Mary James
Kate Dumire
Isabel Parsons
A. E. Poling
G. A. Goff
H. J. Dumire
G. E. Goff

S. C. Barker
James Boner
J. H. Snyder
J. F. Hunt
J. S. Cornwell
A. S. Hough

NUMBER THREE.

S. M. Adams
D. W. Wright
F. M. Arnett
J. H. Cordray
R. R. Phillips

1882.

NUMBER ONE.

Hu Maxwell

Kate Dumire
H J Dumire
Charles V. Adams

Carrie Parsons
C. W. Long
Joseph Selby

NUMBER TWO.

Ozella Hansford
 Eliza Parsons
 W. J. James
 P. W. Lipscomb,
 L. H. Goff,
 G. W. James,
 D. W. Ryan

Samantha Dumire
 A. C. Polling
 Alcinda Shafer
 J. L. Phillips
 S. M. Adams
 J. E. Mason
 Guy P. Schoonover
 John F. Hunt

Alice Hansford
 W. S. Godwin
 L. W. Nester
 N. C. Lambert
 J. B. Lambert
 A. Y. Lambert
 W. A. Ault
 W. B. Ault

1868.

NUMBER ONE.

Jesse G. Vanscoy
 Carrie Parsons
 Eliza Parsons
 M. J. Frazier
 C. H. Strooks
 C. W. Adams
 S. M. Adams

E. J. Domire
 R. K. Phillips
 J. L. Phillips
 J. H. Moore
 W. R. Shaffer
 J. F. Hunt
 W. F. Jett
 F. M. A. Lawson
 C. C. Douglas
 G. W. Shirk
 G. W. Shafer
 Alcinda Shafer
 D. W. Wright

Lizzie Purkey

NUMBER THREE

M. J. Harris
 A. J. Douglas
 D. B. Smith
 G. B. Skidmore

NUMBER TWO.

David Long

Some may find interest in looking over a few scraps of statistics, selected at random from old reports.

In 1867, the levy for the Building Fund in Tucker was only \$250, and the receipts from it reached only \$25. Nothing was received from any other source. Nothing was expended. The reports detail nothing, if there were any transactions in this business. The County Superintendent got \$108.33. No other officers got anything.

At that time, 1867, Tucker had 17 districts, with two frame houses and ten log houses for schools. The average value was \$92; the aggregate value \$1,275. There were ten schools taught, and in attendance there were 348 boys and 340 girls, total, 688. There were ten teachers, nine of whom were men. The average salary of the men was \$23 per month; the woman received \$18. The general average of the wages was \$22.5 per month.* There were sixteen applicants examined. Two failed to get certificates. One person got a No. 1 certificate; the rest got lower grades. From the general school fund, in 1867, Tucker got \$733.

As documents only, the Reports of the County Superin-

* The State Superintendent's Report places the general average at \$21; and, for his deficiency in arithmetic, he may stand corrected.

tendents of 1867 and 1877 are given. A decided improvement during the intervening ten years may be noticed ; but the school interests of the county have gone forward more since 1877 than during the ten years next preceding.

It may be of interest to some to see side by side the Reports of the County Superintendents of Tucker for two years. For this purpose the Reports of 1867 and 1877 are given as follows :

TUCKER COUNTY.—1867.

The school system is not receiving as hearty a welcome as it deserves. There are many who are bitterly complaining of its general principles ; that it is not acceptable to the rural districts. The country is very thinly settled, and the school districts are very large. The school-houses are few. Taxation is oppressive, and many live too remote from the school-houses to receive any advantage from them. They have their proportion of the tax to pay, and their children are wholly deprived of schools. These parties should of right be exempt from the school tax. Of the three townships into which this county is divided, two (Hannahsville and Black Fork) levied a tax sufficient to continue the schools four months or longer. St. George township refused to make any levy for school or for building purposes.

The schools that were taught last winter did well. In the winter of 1865-6 the boards of education in their respective townships put in operation many more schools than the funds under their control would sustain, thus incurring a heavy indebtedness on the townships. This policy was a bad one, and produced unfavorable results. I think the boards are guarding against this evil for the future. But little is said or done as yet in the way of putting schools in operation. Some districts are beginning to move in that direction, and I hope for favorable results.

A. H. BOWMAN, *County Sup't.*

TUCKER COUNTY.—1877.

In submitting this, my second annual report, I have the satisfaction of knowing that the same is substantially correct, although there appears to be some difference between the columns of receipts

and expenditures as against the balances, yet this rises from the fact that the Secretaries have counted as balances the amount in the Sheriff's hands at his settlement with the County Court at the June term, 1877; whereas, at that time there was a large number of orders for money outstanding, which outstanding orders were reckoned by the Secretaries as expenditures. The boards have no means of knowing what claims are outstanding, or what paid only as they can get it from the Clerk of the County Court; the Sheriff of this county having hitherto wholly neglected to settle with the boards. However, this will be remedied by the late amendments to the school law.

In my opinion, the report required of Secretaries might be made less complicated, and yet contain all the necessary matter required to give proper date, &c. Our county imports too many teachers from other counties, and even from other states. When we have more resident teachers, it will be better for us.

All the boards of education, at the beginning of the school year, passed orders that they would allow nothing for sweeping and building fires. The result was a suit in which the court decided that as the boards have general supervision of school matters, that such an order may be made. While the attendance upon our schools the past year has not been as large as might have been wished for, yet it must be kept in mind that our county is thinly inhabited, and that many of the pupils have to travel three or four miles to get to the nearest school house. But, regardless of this and other difficulties, our people have become firmly endeared to our school system. As a rule, there appears to be a steady improvement in our teachers year by year.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

W. B. MAXWELL, *County Sup't.*

CHAPTER XI.

'NEWSPAPERS OF THE COUNTY.

ON November 22, 1878, appeared the first copy of the *Tucker County Pioneer*.* It was edited by Charles L. Bowman, and was printed every Friday morning at St. George. The subscription rate was one dollar per year. It was the first paper published in the county, and its need was felt by the people. The paper had a "patent" side, printed in New York. In politics, the paper was independent. It claimed to represent the best interests of Tucker County.

The first issue was of three hundred copies. Within a week two hundred and fifty subscribers were obtained. Since then, the subscription has ranged from three hundred and fifty to seven hundred names.

During the remaining weeks of 1878, and the year 1879, the *Pioneer* flourished, with nothing to interrupt its success. It was supported by Democrats and Republicans alike; and its corps of correspondents consisted of the best talent in the county.

1880 was an election year, and in Tucker County, local politics ran high. There soon became room for contention, and the Democrats split their party into two factions, one known as Independents and the other as Conventionals.

*As long ago as 1869, an effort was made to start a newspaper in St. George. W. Scott Garner, of Preston County, endeavored to form a joint stock company for that purpose, but the amount subscribed was insufficient, and Mr. Garner returned to Kingwood, where he engaged in journalism, and established a "Tucker County Department" in his paper. The name, *Tucker County Pioneer*, was first used by Mr. Garner, in connection with a manuscript paper started by him in the winter of 1874-5, while teaching the White Oak School, a short distance above St. George. This paper was read every Friday afternoon, during the regular literary exercises.

Old family feuds were probably at the bottom of it all; and this family quarrel was carried to such an extent that it became incorporated with and lost in the political issues.

One wing of the Democrats favored a convention to nominate county officers, while the other wing opposed it as unnecessary. Contrariness was more of a faction in these issues than real policy; but, still, the Conventionals went ahead in their plans for a convention.

The *Pioneer* was opposed to the convention from the very first, and waged an uncompromising war against it. It claimed that there was no occasion for it, and that it would excite an opposition that would divide the Democratic party, and split the political solidity of our county into fragments. But, there was much room for difference of opinion, and the partisans of the convention went forward in their work, and called the convention together on the twenty-first of June, 1880. They put their ticket in the field. The forebodings seemed ominous from the very first; for, a murmur of dissatisfaction went up from every part of the county. The men put in nomination were evidently not the choice of the majority of the people.

The convention now began to be called a clique or ring. The *Pioneer* opposed every man put in nomination; and, among the conventionals, the want of a newspaper began to be felt. It was this occasion that called the *Tucker Democrat* into existence. On August 12, 1880, it arrived in St. George, having been removed from Taylor County, West Virginia, where it had been in existence a year under the name of the *New Era*, owned by Messrs. J. P. Scott and M. J. Bartlett. The press on which it was printed was thought to be the oldest in the State, having first been used in Charleston. Soon after the arrival of the press at St.

George, Scott sold his interest to Lloyd Hansford and L. S. Auvil. The paper supported the convention and the nominees, and was supposed by its supporters to be Democratic. The contention between the two papers, and the two factions, grew more determined each day. Never in the history of the county had a campaign been fought with such animosity. A. B. Parsons was the nominee for the office of Prosecuting Attorney, and P. Lipscomb was the Independent. William E. Talbott was the nominee for sheriff, opposed by A. C. Minear, Independent. The hardest fight was for these offices, but the contest for the others was bitter in the extreme.

The *Democrat* labored under disadvantages. Its outfit of machinery and material was defective and incomplete, and it found much difficulty in its press work. However, it kept steadily at work for a cause that was plainly losing ground. The *Pioneer*, under the editorial management of C. L. Bowman, grew in circulation and influence. Its subscribers at this time amounted to over seven hundred, while that of the *Democrat* was considerably less than half that number.

As the election drew near, the excitement rose to fever heat, and there was scarcely a voter in the county who did not feel a personal interest in the contest. Everybody seemed waiting and anxious for the final struggle, which, as they said, must decide whether the convention or the voters were to be umpire in Tucker County. We are to judge the justness of the issues by the result; for, in a republican country, as long as it remains a republic, the majority must rule.

The election came at last; and the result was an overwhelming victory for the Independents, the party of the

Pioneer. That paper, in its succeeding issue, carried its exultation with a great manifestation of triumph, and displayed in its columns cuts and representations of the victors and the vanquished. There were a number of cuts, but the following reproduction of one of them will give an idea of their character :



The following poem was written for the occasion by some wag, and found its way into the columns of the *Pioneer*. It represents, in an allegorical manner, the campaign and the defeat of the modern Hohenlinden :

HISTORY OF TUCKER COUNTY

BATTLE OF ST. GEORGE.

Exoritur clamorque virum clangorque tubarum.

In Tucker when the sun was low,
Beside Mill Run's chub-breeding flow,
There was a rather ghostly show,
A show of dire immensity.

For, candidates from near and far
Had gathered on the gravel-bar ;
Their faces were as black as tar
With hate and animosity.

With muttering rage they seemed to choke,
And wildly shrieked "amoke ! amoke !"
As fierce the storm with fury broke
Upon the vast menagerie.

Soon they began to whoop and tear,
And grab each other by the hair
And dash them on the ground and swear
In blood-emblazoned revelry.

On high above the battle plain
The gravel stones flew up again
As thick as fell the iron rain
Upon the hills of Gettysburg.

Then Bowman† looking from his den,
Beheld the awful mess of men,
And wished that he had never been
A Tucker County editor.

He gazed about the field of gore
Like Neptune gazed the ocean o'er :
He fainted on the office floor
Like Neptune's nephew, Mulciber.

More horrid still the battle grew,
They mauled each other black and blue
And tore the very sky in two
With yells and screams and bellowings.

Some groveled on the gory ground
Amid the thumping thump and pound,
And some went spinning round and round
Like crippled flies and whirligigs.

* A Kafir word meaning "kill."

† C. L. Bowman, editor of the Pioneer.

And some, the little ones they say,
Got kicked in that fantastic fray
Up nearly to the Milky Way,
And twice as high as Jupiter.

And some, the bigger ones 'tis said,
Got whacked and cracked across the head
With broken rails and slugs of lead
Until they wailed most balefully.

The middle-sized, the story runs,
Went whizzing like the powder tuns
At Shipka Pass, when gattling guns
Belohed forth their nitro-glycerine.

Yet, deeper grew the dreadful war,
And woe betide the gravel-bar !
It looked like Conkling while Lemar
Was handling him at Washington.

'Twas dug and heaved in mighty piles,
Like Borneo's volcanic isles.
They heard the rumpus many miles,
They say 'twas heard in Beverly.

But, when the evening sun was down
No candidate was left to frown
In Tucker County's only town ;
They all had perished manfully.

Their blood was hot and they were brave ;
They fought their pickled pork to save ;
They fought for office or their grave
And perished on the gravel-bar.

Then people came with faces blank
And hauled them like a load of plank
And dumped them o'er the river bank
While Bowman sang their obsequies.

The election was not a surprise ; but, it set heavily upon the defeated candidates. The people throughout the county seemed to feel relief that it was past. The *Pioneer* came out with a "patent side," and the *Democrat* suspended publication, and got out a paper only once in several weeks, until February 14, 1881, when William M. Cay-

ton arrived to take charge of it. It was now owned principally by a stock company, and was in a deplorable condition. Its circulation was very limited, and its press and type insufficient.

W. M. Cayton was born in Upshur County, West Virginia, 1862; moved when very young to Parkersburg, and thence to Cincinnati, where he remained eight years. He then returned to Harrison County, West Virginia, and remained there four years, part of the time in the office of the *Clarksburg News*. February 14, 1881, he came to St. George, and has since edited the *Democrat*, and has built up the financial condition of the paper to some extent. The *Democrat* has passed through many vicissitudes of fortune. It came to supply a need that was not extensively felt, and for that reason its support has not been as extensive and uniform as its proprietors could wish. At times, too, its editorial management has not been excellent; for, at times, it was not paying property, and a good editor would not stick to it. In politics it claims to uphold the principles of Democracy; but, its extreme views, and its uncompromising opposition to all who differ from it, have had a tendency to build up the Republican party in the county, and its work in that direction, though unintentional on its part, has been greater than it has to build up the cause of the Democrats.

The party which it represented, the conventionals, carried the election of 1882, and the victory had a tendency to build up the cause of the *Democrat*, and placed it on a firmer footing than it ever was before.

The *Pioneer* has passed through no such vicissitudes. Since its first issue it has gone steadily forward, or, at least, has never retrograded. Its financial success has not been

immense ; but, it has always been able to keep in the field without the aid of a stock company—except, at the very first, when it received some support from individuals, all of which was paid back as borrowed money. The paper's influence in the county has been permanent. It is independent in politics, and has aimed principally to build up the county, socially and financially.

In February, 1884, it was bought by Hu Maxwell, Cyrus H. Maxwell and Jeff Lipscomb. Within a few weeks Lipscomb sold his interest to the other members of the firm. In politics it still represented no party to the exclusion of others.

The benefit that Tucker County has gained from the two papers has been considerable. Nearly every family in the county reads either one or the other of them, and the influence for good must be felt. There is room for the papers to extend their influence, and they surely will within the course of a few more years. They should be co-partners with the schools and churches in guarding and advancing the public good.

CHAPTER XII.

THE ST. GEORGE BAR.

ALTHOUGH we have no forensic eloquence to rival Henry and Cicero, yet our county has its legal ability, and as such it is not afraid or ashamed to place it before the State as a competitor in the courts against the lawyers from any part of West Virginia. Our little Court-house has been the scene of contention, argument and debate, in which not only our own lawyers, but those from other counties, have met at the bar, and fought for justice, or parleyed over legal technicalities. It is not more than is due these gentlemen that they be given a place in history, to which their profession and labors in the cause of right so undoubtedly and so justly entitle them.

WILLIAM EWIN.

Hon. William Ewin, of Irish nativity, has, for nearly forty years, been a lawyer, practicing in Tucker since its organization, and living here for more than ten years before. His ability as a lawyer has long been recognized, not only in his own county, but in neighboring counties, and, in a measure, throughout the State. His education and general intelligence have made him prominent in his profession, and he has ever been among the first to investigate new subjects and to acquaint himself with them. At the bar, he would not condescend to unmanly abuse or resort to chicanery to gain an advantage over a rival. If he could not succeed by fair, honest and honorable means, he preferred failure. An honest defeat, with him, was bet-

ter than a dishonest victory. Opponents in argument and debate were treated with all the respect of colleagues. In this was one of the secrets of his success as a lawyer. It was known that what he said was uninfluenced by prejudice or partisanism, and he was taken at his word.

That his legal ability was known and appreciated by the people of his county is attested by the confidence which they have ever placed in him. They have bestowed upon him various offices of trust, feeling fully assured that no scheme of gain or no party preference could influence him from the field of honor and duty. Confidence placed in him was by him regarded sacred ; and, in all the official acts of his life there is not one instance where he departed or deviated from the course marked out by his sense of honor.

If every bar in the State and country could feel the influence of one or more such men as Senator Ewin, the legal profession would soon enjoy an elevation above that which is consequent upon a scramble and contention for gain, no matter by what means it is to be reached ; there would be one more step gained in the general cause of advancement, which is marking the present era in our history and has marked the eras of the past ; which is separating dignity and honor from infamy and fraud, and lifting this noble profession, the noblest, perhaps, of the world, above that baseness to which the tendency of the age has, at times, seemed disposed to lower it.

RUFUS MAXWELL.

In the earliest years of Tucker County, Rufus Maxwell was one of the most active members of the bar. He had practiced at Weston, in Lewis County, before that time, and had there quite an extensive business. When he came

to Tucker, it was a part of Randolph, the separation not yet having taken place. He was with those who worked for the new county, and when at length, on March 6, 1856, the Act of the Legislature creating the county was passed, he was material in assisting to organize the functions of government and justice for the new county. Owing to some imperfections in the Act, this was a difficult task, and it required much labor from those who had undertaken it and who had it to do.

Mr. Maxwell was the first Prosecuting Attorney of Tucker County, having been elected in 1856. He held the office four years, and, in the election of 1860, was re-elected over Thomas Rummell, who was at that time a well-known lawyer of our county. In 1861, the war came on, and the affairs of our county were in a bad fix. We were often under neither Federal nor Confederate government; but each claimed jurisdiction over us, and the result was that at times we were under rule little better than anarchic. Officers had no power to execute the functions of their offices; and, rather than hold a trust over which they had not jurisdiction, many of our county officers resigned, and let things take their course, as they would anyhow. Among those who thus retired was Rufus Maxwell. He retired not only from the office of Prosecuting Attorney, but also from the profession of the law. It had grown distasteful to him, and from that time he had nothing more to do with it.

A. B. PARSONS.

Hon. A. B. Parsons stands before the people principally as a land and criminal lawyer, although in chancery practice his business is extensive. He is most successful before a jury. He has studied well the modes of presenting an argument in the most forcible manner, and in this he has

hardly an equal and no superiors in this or the neighboring counties.

In his early life he was a farmer and school teacher ; but, in 1870, in his twenty-sixth year, he commenced reading law, and was admitted to the bar at St. George in 1872. In 1876 he was elected Prosecuting Attorney and served four years, having succeeded Hon. William Ewin in the office. In 1880 he was instrumental in the organization of the Democratic party in Tucker County. In 1882 he was elected from Tucker and Randolph to the Legislature, by sixty-eight majority over three Democrats and a prominent Republican. The several offices which he has held have not, in a great measure, kept him from his legal profession, although he has filled such offices with honor and ability. Scarcely a case comes before the Court in which he is not a counsel for one side or the other. His practice extends through the courts from the bench of the Justice to the Supreme Court of Appeals of West Virginia.

In the cause of the State against Heath, a well-known case, Mr. Parsons was counsel for the defendant, and gained the suit, which was taken from Tucker to Taylor County. His first case commenced before a Justice and was decided in the Circuit Court. In the Supreme Court his practice has been extensive. His practice extends to the Circuit Courts in several of the counties of West Virginia.*

LLOYD HANSFORD.

As a lawyer Mr. Hansford has only a short record, having so recently entered the profession. But, in his qualifications he starts none behind his competitors and colleagues at the bar. A scholar of finished education, he be-

* See Brief Biographies.

gins with fewer disadvantages than many whose educations are more limited. He is the only graduate in Tucker County from the State Normal School, and was our first graduate from any State school. He graduated in 1879, in his twenty-second year.

In 1880 he went to Clarksburg and studied law under Caleb Boggess. After six months he returned to Tucker, but still continued the study of law, and at regular times returned to Clarksburg to recite to Boggess. On the first of January, 1884, he received license to practice law, having been examined by Judges Boyd, Jacobs and Fleming.*

L. S. AUVIL.

As a lawyer, L. S. Auvil is only a few months the senior of Lloyd Hansford, having obtained his license to practice, in May, 1883, after two years study of the law. He was examined before Judges Ice, Boyd and Jacobs. He was in his twenty-ninth year when he obtained license to practice. He had, before that time, served several years as County Superintendent of Tucker. Since he entered the profession of law, he has been successful in every particular, and has been counsel in several important cases. He was at one time editor of the *Tucker County Democrat*, which paper he sold to William Cayton, and turned his attention wholly to the law.†

W. B. MAXWELL.

On August 31, 1874, W. B. Maxwell received license to practice law, having been examined before Judges C. S. Lewis, John Brannon and J. S. Huffman. He had been studying law three years, and had made himself thoroughly acquainted with the forms and technicalities of the law be-

* For a further sketch of Mr. Hansford see "Brief Biographies."

† See "Brief Biographies."



W. B. MAXWELL.

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fore he presumed to enter into the profession. He had spent several years attending school at Morgantown, Weston and Clarksburg, and, at that time, was regarded as the most finely educated man in the county.

Having gained an important case before Justice William Talbott, at the first of his professional life—it was his very first case—he established or won a reputation at once as a lawyer of ability. His practice soon became considerable; and he followed up his first success with a series of others, so that, ere long, he had gained for himself a permanent practice.

He has never particularly studied to become a criminal lawyer. It is not to him the most desirable branch of the profession; although, in numerous cases which have been entrusted to him he has proven himself possessed of the characteristics that go to make up a criminal lawyer of the first class.

The main set of his inclination is toward civil cases; and in this his superior, considering his age, perhaps, cannot be found in West Virginia.

To understand and bring into practice the principles of the common law seem natural to him. He has made himself the master of Blackstone, Kent, Tucker, Minor, Jones, and other lawyers who have penetrated unexplored fields.

As a speaker he stands pre-eminent. None of his colleagues surpass him in this. With a clear voice and a distinct articulation, he speaks with a natural earnestness and force that surpasses all that artificial culture could do. The juries whom he addresses forget the man in the subject, and hear not the words so much as the meaning that is in them. He never appeals to passion or depends upon momentary excitement for success. He relies upon sober rea-

son to decide for him. If, in the course of an address, he finds that his jury have been placed under the influence of furor or undue enthusiasm, it is his first study to lead them back again to a normal mood, then to appeal to their natural reason and understanding.

No lawyer of Tucker County has, or ever has had, a more extensive practice than he. His business is large and is fast increasing in the Supreme Court of Appeals of the State. In chancery practice he is eminently successful, and at such business he has no peer at this bar. The suits of the large land-holders are placed in his hands, and the party who can secure his services considers himself fortunate. He has never allowed politics to interfere with his profession, although his political ability is scarcely second to his ability in the law. At the age of thirty, he finds himself not only at the head of the legal profession of his county, but also well established in neighboring counties, and recognized throughout the State.

P. LIPSCOMB.

The present Prosecuting Attorney of Tucker County has built for himself a business and worked himself into a practice that speaks plainly of his success in the law. He is a self-educated man; and, by his own exertions he has built his own business. He first filled the office of County Superintendent of schools for Tucker County, and reduced our school system to more order than it was ever in before. During this time he was zealously prosecuting his study of the law, and was making good progress. But, it was even several years before this that he obtained license to practice. He established himself at St. George, and was the only lawyer there. Mr. Ewin resided near the town, but not in it. The town, too, was then much smaller than it is now,

and there was little business done. But, when the term of Circuit Court came, business grew more lively, and the lawyers found more to occupy them.

Lipscomb did not confine his practice to Tucker County, even at the first. He practiced in the Maryland Court, at Oakland, in Garrett County, and had nearly as much business there as in his own county. His greatest success has ever been in jury practice. He well understands the arguments that will persuade and convince, and he knows just to what men each order of argument is most applicable. In his style of speech he is more practical than theatrical. He speaks to the point, and is not so particular as to the words used. He never fails to arrest and hold the attention of a jury.

Of course, a lawyer of this kind will be more or less successful in criminal practice; and, a criminal case seldom comes before the court that is not represented on one side or the other by Lipscomb. In the memorable campaign of 1880, he was elected to the office of Prosecuting Attorney, and held the office four years.*

* See "Brief Biographies" for additional matter on the lawyers of Tucker County.

CHAPTER XIII.

TRAVELERS.

WITHOUT official records to show that such is the case, it is still safe to say that no county of West Virginia has, in proportion to its population, furnished more emigrants to the western country than Tucker has furnished. The reason of this may be two-fold. If the first would argue that our county's resources are not such as invite development, the second will make it plain that our people are possessed with that energy and industry that will search the remotest corners of a continent for the most favorable openings for labor. The hills and valleys of Cheat have furnished scores and hundreds of honest men, who are now building up with the West. There is hardly a state, probably not a state, west of the Ohio River that has not inhabitants from Tucker. These and their descendants, if now brought back to this county, would probably double its population four times. Recently at the golden wedding of Abraham Parsons, Esq., in the Salinas Valley, California, there were present one hundred persons who, or whose parents, were from Tucker. Nearly all of them belonged to the Parsons family, and had left Cheat River within the past twenty years. Yet, this is only an instance that could be equaled by other states.

It is not the plan of these chapters to deal at length with Tucker's people now in distant states ; but, as it is intended to give a history of our people, it seems proper to make mention of those who have taken up their residence elsewhere. But such mention must be brief, and will be con-

finer to those only who are particularly remembered here, or to those whose travels and adventures claim especial attention. It is clearly to be seen that, as travelers and adventurers, the principal characters are found in the Minnear, Parsons, Harper and Bonnifield families. It will likewise be noticed that Tucker County's travelers traveled for the most part over the Western States and California; but some have been in the West Indies, Mexico, South America and the South Sea Islands, as well as in British America and on the Alaskan coast.

Of the travelers of Tucker, none are more extensively known than Abe Bonnifield. He has been a traveler all his life, although he has never been in foreign countries but once. It is estimated that he has ridden on horseback seventy-five thousand miles. More than enough to take him round the world three times. He was born in 1837, on Horse Shoe Run, and has considered that his home ever since. As is well known to all who will be likely to read this book, he was born without legs. He learned self-locomotion as young as other children; and when he was quite small, he could run and ride and swim as well as any of the boys of the neighborhood. His early life ran quiet; and during the winter he attended school, and in the summer trained pet crows to stand on one foot, and harnessed lizards and crawfish together to see which could pull the hardest. At school, he led his classes, particularly in mathematics, in which, like his father, Dr. Arnold Bonnifield, he was very apt.

It is not the purpose to give a lengthy account of his life; since he has been for years engaged upon his autobiography, and the book will probably be published soon. These chapters have particularly in view the collecting of material

that seems likely soon to be lost or forgotten ; and, as Mr. Bonnifield will publish all that relates to himself, it appears unnecessary to give a very full account here. He has given the writer access to his manuscripts, and from them the facts here given have been mostly taken.

He remained at home till his twentieth year, except an occasional visit through the eastern and western counties of West Virginia. He began to be moved by a desire for travel. He thought of Missouri, then considered a far western country ; and on January 13, 1856, he left the home of his childhood and went forth into the wide world. His brother David accompanied him. They went to Wheeling, thinking to pass down the Ohio River, thence up the Mississippi and Missouri. While they were making arrangements for the descent, they met Mr. A. J. Mayo, who was the manager of a traveling show that was famous in its day. He prevailed on the two Bonnifield boys to accompany him. This seemed a fair chance to see the world, and Bonnifield accepted it, and gave up the project of going down the Ohio River. From Wheeling, the show went to Zanesville, and from Zanesville to Newark, and from Newark to Columbus. By this time Bonnifield began to get tired of being hauled about in truck wagons. Accordingly, he deserted the show, and spent some time trapping muskrats along the rivers, and was nearly down to Cincinnati on the Little Miami. But, at Columbus he joined another show and was ready for more trundling about. This time he was with Carbin and Denoon's Indian Troup. He traveled up and down over almost every mile of Ohio, and then passed into Indiana, and visited all the principal places in that state. He was not favorably impressed with the people whom he met there, if we may judge from his

letters and journal written on the ground. When he got into Michigan he began to be more favorably impressed with the country and people.

The main feature of the show was the Indians. They soon became fast friends with Bonnifield, and would do whatever he told them to. By taking advantage of this, he created a big disturbance in camp one night. The Indians were lounging about on their blankets, some asleep and others not, when he offered three cents to one if he would bite the chief's toe off. The chief was asleep, but his toe protruded from under the blanket. The Indian snapped it up in his teeth, and probably would have gotten it off if the chief had not happened to awake at that moment, and set up a terrible yelling and flouncing about so that he pulled loose from the Indian's teeth. The fight became general, and the war-whoops rang through the town until the people thought the world must be coming to an end.

He passed over into Canada, and wandered up and down over that desolate wilderness of pine trees. Canada was at that time a great rendezvous for negroes who had escaped from slavery in the United States. Small colonies of these runaways were found at intervals throughout that country. It was a bad place for them. The land was poor and the winters were long and cold. The negroes were not prospering. They were too lazy to work much, and were trying to make a living by manufacturing soda from ashes. They lived in miserable log huts, and poverty and forsakenness was written on every door, and was visible about the premises everywhere. "Hello there!" said Bonnifield to an old negro who was trying to hoe his patch of corn, that was hardly knee-high at the middle of August. "Hello there! you old black scalawag, don't you wish you were back in

Virginia twisting tobacco for your grub?" The negro looked up and seemed to be startled; then leaning lazily on his hoe-handle, he answered with a sigh: "*'Deed I does.*"

Bonnifield got tired of show-life, and came home. His father was then clerk of the Circuit and County Courts of Tucker, and Abe took charge of the office. He was at this employment when the war commenced. He sympathized with the South; but, he remained at his business in St. George until it began to be unsafe there for a southern man who made no secret of his opinions. On Monday morning, June 10, 1861, just after daylight, about forty Yankees came galloping into St. George, and rummaged through the town in search of Rebel flags. They found one, or claimed they did, and with it returned in triumph to Rowlesburg. Bonnifield was charged with having something to do with the flag, and he was warned by friends that he was not safe. The next we hear of him he was in the South, accompanied by George and Bax Kalar, William Talbott and other Tucker County boys.

He remained in the war till the last gun was fired, and then did not surrender, but escaped on horseback from the Valley of Virginia, and when the fighting was at an end he came home. The whole four years that he was in the army was one continued succession of adventures and dashing marches. He was regarded as among the very best riders in the Confederate cavalry. His weight was about seventy pounds; and being thus light, his horse, which was a powerful one, was about the last to give out when it came to a long raid or a long retreat. He remained for the most part in the Valley of Virginia; but he was frequently in other parts. He accompanied the Imbodens in some of their memorable raids. As he was always in the very front in

every kind of adventure, he was often in the hottest part of the battle, and in the foremost rank of the charging columns. If he was cut off from his men, and in danger of being shot, he would throw himself from his horse, hang by his hand to the horn of the saddle on the side least exposed to the enemy's fire, guide his horse with the other hand, and thus escape. In the tumult of the battle the foe would not notice but that the horse was riderless; and thus he often dashed through the very lines of the enemy unseen. Such was the strength of his arms that he could hang by them for an hour without very great fatigue.

He was in front of the pursuit that chased Hunter, and was among the few, who, after a terrible night of marching through the wilderness, got in front of the flying army, and gave them the check which well nigh resulted fatally to the Federals.

Bonnifield was not in the battle of Gettysburg; but he joined Lee's army in its retreat before it reached the Potomac, and was with it a few days. He went back to the Valley, and was there when General Early, who had been sent to Lynchburg to drive Hunter out, came down the Valley. He joined Early, and the fifteen thousand men moved off toward the Potomac, and chased General Sigel over the river into Maryland. Early set out for Washington, and got within five miles of the city, when he was obliged to retreat. Thus, Bonnifield was one of the fifteen thousand Rebels who got near enough to see the flag on the Capitol at Washington, and got away. He escaped back to the Valley of Virginia.

When the war ended, Bonnifield returned to Horse Shoe Run, where he has lived ever since, although he has traveled some since then. He visited Washington a few years

ago to press his claim for payment for cattle carried off by Union soldiers during the war. He spent some time at the National Capital, and had the satisfaction of seeing how near he had come to taking it during the war.

He has a horse on which he has ridden nearly forty thousand miles. The horse is still living, and is now (1884) over twenty years of age. This horse and its rider are known all over the eastern part of the State; and they have been out of the State more than five hundred times in the last twelve years. A full history of Abe Bonnifield will probably soon be published; and it will surely be an interesting volume.

Several of the Bonnifields have been extensive travelers, although their most beaten path is to and from California. Mr. A. T. Bonnifield and his two sons, Henry and William, are not now residents of Tucker, but they formerly were, and their frequent visits to their old home make them well known here. They have been not only extensive, but romantic travelers. A. T. Bonnifield, a cousin of Dr. Arnold Bonnifield, as well as a namesake, lived on Horse Shoe Run until he was twenty-one years of age. He married a daughter of William Corrick, Esq., of Corrick's Ford, after whom the battle of Corrick's Ford is named. In 1859, the California excitement took a fresh start in Tucker, and quite a number of the young men emigrated to the new State. Bonnifield was among the number. With his wife and three children, accompanied by John Minear, they sailed from New York for Panama. After buying his tickets for San Francisco, Bonnifield had just forty dollars left. This was a small sum with which to go into a strange country; but it would have to do; and, when all were on board, the steamer passed from the harbor out into the Atlantic.

The ship was soon out of sight of land, and then came on the dreaded sea-sickness, which none can understand without experiencing. The first night was probably the most terrible to the emigrants who had never been to sea before. They lay about the decks as helpless as dead people; and no doubt some would nearly as lief have been dead. The officers and crew of the ship took little more notice of the passengers who lay retching, than to roll them in heaps to get them more out of the way. A person when enduring sea-sickness will not and cannot hold up his head, and cannot help himself. For this reason the crew of the ship were much bothered to drag the helpless passengers out of the way.

Bonnifield was among the sickest. He lay upon the deck in great agony all night. Men with lanterns came to him, and dragged him to the end of the ship and piled him up with the rest of the sea-sick. There he lay till morning. When it was day, he roused up, and thought he could eat some fruit. He felt for his money. It was gone. He had been robbed, probably by the men who had come to him with the lanterns.

The situation in which he found himself roused him from his sickness, and he told his wife that he had been robbed of every cent. He was, indeed, in a hard fix. He had not enough money to buy a dinner when he should land in San Francisco, and a wife and three children were on his hands. It was an unpleasant situation to be placed in; but, he did what he could to recover his money. He saw a sneaking looking fellow on the ship, and he was struck by the thought that the fellow had his money. So he ran to the Captain and had him search the scoundrel, who protested that he never robbed anybody. But the

Captain searched him. Nothing was found to prove that he had stolen the money, and he was turned loose. Bonnifield wanted all the people on the ship searched; but the Captain would not do it, and thus that part of the matter ended.

Bonnifield never got his money. However, he found means of making some money. He had taken on board a barrel of apples at New York, and he now exposed them for sale at ten cents each. The people, who were beginning to recover from their sea-sickness, bought the apples as fast as they could get them. They brought in a quantity of change. About this time a stand of bees on the ship got destroyed; and Bonnifield bought the honey, and peddled it over the ship for twenty-five cents a mouthful. It sold fast, and he quickly disposed of his stock and realized a handsome profit.

When he reached San Francisco he had barely enough money to pay his way a few miles into the country. He went to work, and gradually accumulated money enough to buy a farm. But, the farm's title not being good, he lost his money. However, he went to work at the bottom again, and in the course of a few years was again comfortably situated. Thus he lived for seven years. His wife having died, he took charge of his children and kept them together for several years.

In 1867 he determined to re-visit West Virginia. He embarked at San Francisco for New York. Instead of crossing the Isthmus of Panama, he crossed through Nicaragua, in Central America, and took a steamer on the eastern side for New York.

When the ship drew near the shore on the West side of Nicaragua, a cannon was fired as a signal of approach.

This was to give the natives notice in time for them to bring their ponies to the landing. It was twelve miles across the isthmus, and the passengers and freight had to be carried by land. The ship-company paid all these expenses. There was no railroad, as there was at Panama; but there was a good wagon-road. The women and children were carried across in ambulances that were formerly used in the United States during the war, but had been bought by the ship-company and taken to Nicaragua, to be used as stages. The men might also ride in these coaches if they liked; but they were given their choice of two modes of crossing. They might ride in the ambulances or on the ponies of the natives, which were hired for the purpose. The majority of them chose to ride on the ponies. The natives were Indians, and kept the ponies on their ranches near about the harbor. They were glad to make a few cents by hiring their ponies to the ship-company for the use of the passengers. They knew about what day the ship would be there, and kept their animals near at hand. Each one was anxious to get his pony used in crossing, for if he did not, he got no pay.

So, when the ship was approaching the shore, the cannon was fired to call the Indians down to the beach. In a few minutes they were seen coming over the hills from the north, south and east. They were coming in a sweeping gallop, every one trying to be first at the landing, to be sure of getting his donkey a rider.

When the ship landed at the dock, the Indians were massed around it like a besieging army. Each one was endeavoring to impress upon some passenger the necessity of hiring that particular pony, and the jargon, pow-wow and chattering was entirely characteristic of the assembly.

The donkeys were white, and looked not much larger than sheep. The passengers thought it impossible that an animal so small could bear the weight of a man, and so were not much inclined to accept one in preference to the ambulance-carts. But, the officers of the ship assured the passengers that the ponies would carry them all right, and then the bargaining began. As said, the ship-company paid for the animals; so, the passengers' only care was to select as good a one as they could. Every native insisted that his was the best; and thus the trading ran high.

Meanwhile, Bonnifield was busy getting his family started off in the ambulances; so, when he turned about to engage a pony, he found that all the best of them were taken, and that none but poor or fractious ones were left. He had to take one of these, or none. He took one. It was small, lean, bony and looked like the refuse of all that is vile and wretched in Central America. The rest of the men were already mounted on the more prepossessing of the donkeys, and were ready to move off as soon as the word of command should be given. Bonnifield took in the situation at a glance and saw that he was in danger of being left; for he was certain that his bony beast would never keep up with the others. But, he had no time to hunt another, and all that was left for him to do was to make the best use of his means.

So, picking up a heavy club, he mounted the pony, ready to start with the others, whether he could keep up or not. "What are you going to do with that club?" yelled the Indian who owned the animal, running up and flourishing his fist as though about to strike. "I'm going to knock a whole side of ribs out of this brute if he don't keep up with the rest. That's what I'm going to do. Do you understand

that?" Bonnifield gave the Indian this answer, and told him to stand in the background or he would get a little to start with.

The Indian took the hint and retired; and Bonnifield held to his club, for he was determined not to be left in that wild country, and was not in a very good humor any way. His donkey was so small that the rider's feet almost dragged the ground.

The word to start was given just as the sun was going down. Immediately the whole cavalcade was one of commotion and excitement. The two or three hundred ponies that the passengers feared would not be able to carry them across, were now plunging up the road at a sweeping gallop, every one trying to lead the way. The smallest and most bony seemed more fiery and impetuous than those which had been first chosen. The weakest was fully strong enough to carry a man as fast as he cared to go.

Bonnifield was soon convinced that he had no need of a club. His donkey was so impetuous that he had to drop his cudgel and seize the bridle with both hands.

The road led through hills and vales, covered with the luxuriant vegetation of the Torrid Zone. Cocoonut trees stood thick along the way; and bamboos and reeds formed a dense copse. It was a splendid ride that evening. The sun went down before they had gone a mile; but this only increased the beauty of the evening. It got cooler, and the cavalcade thundered on up the road. At times they halted by the wayside to buy sugar, fruit and nuts of the natives, who had built little stores every mile or two. Several of the store-keepers were negroes who had come from the United States, and had settled in that unhospitable country for the purpose of trading with travelers.

Bonnifield rode forward with the others till awhile after dark. The fruit and sugar that he had eaten caused such thirst that he tried at each store to get a drink; but no water was at hand, and the shop-keepers were too busy to fetch any, so he rode on. Presently the road turned down a ravine, and far below in the wilderness and darkness the rippling of water could be heard. He said that he must have a drink, live or die. He was told that the woods were full of beasts and venomous snakes, and he would run great risk in going down in the dark. But he would not be persuaded.

Giving the rein of his pony to a companion to hold, he scrambled down the hill. He could hear the water bubbling and was guided by the noise. It was too dark to see anything. The weeds and thorns were so thick that he had to part them with his hands, and scramble over the tops, and pitch and fall, and slip and slide; but at last he reached the water and lay down and drank. The water was cool, and when his thirst was allayed, he rose up with satisfaction and was preparing to start up the hill. But just then a lion sprang out the thicket and roared. Bonnifield's hair stood on end with fright, and he leaped sheer ten feet over the tops of briers, brush and rocks, up against the bluff, and thence on to the road above, where he mounted his donkey, and bid an adieu forever to the wild beasts of Central America.

In an hour longer the travelers reached the Rio San Juan del Sur, where boats awaited to carry them down to the sea coast. The passage down the river was one of romance and magnificence, and is described as one of the finest in the world. The banks of the stream were covered with groves of tropical trees, and flowers always in bloom. There is no winter there. Birds with feathers bright as

gold and silver fly among the trees, and monkeys chatter amid the thickets of bamboos. Basking in the sun along the water's edge, huge alligators could be seen stretching their ugly carcasses. It was along this river several years before that Capt. E. Harper had so many adventures shooting alligators and chasing wild beasts and fighting the wild Indians.

When the sun was risen on the morrow, the passengers were embarked on boats, and moved gayly off down the river and across the bay. There was a considerable convoy, and it must have looked like an army to the Indians who stood on the shores and gazed wonderingly at the grand procession of boats as it moved peacefully over the shining water. "Get in the boat, you land-lubber!" yelled one of the sailors to Bonnifield who was washing his feet by letting them drag along through the water, over the gunwale. "Get in the boat, or the alligators will pepper your hash." Thus warned, he hauled his feet aboard; and looking into the water, he could see hideous monsters swimming along under the boat, waiting for somebody to fall overboard.

When the deep water was reached, the passengers went aboard a steamship and stood off for New York. The passage was rough; but all safely landed there, and Bonnifield soon reached Tucker. He remained there over a year, visiting in the mean time Michigan, Indiana, Ohio and Illinois, while his children attended school. He owned the horse on which Abe Bonnifield has since ridden tens of thousands of miles.

In 1868, he returned to California, having married in Tucker a daughter of Job Parsons, Esq. In 1881 he again visited the East, and spent the summer in West Virginia and Kentucky. He now resides in California.

CHAPTER XIV.

TRAVELERS—CONTINUED.

CAPT. EZEKIEL HARPER was born November 28, 1823. His father was Adam Harper whose sketch has been given in a former chapter. Energy and adventure is a characteristic of the family; and of none more than of the subject of the present sketch. His early life was spent on the home farm, and the stir and commotion of the wide world was all a blank to him. The narrow, but beautiful valley of Clover was the field of his youthful adventures, and it was there that he grew to manhood, every inch of him a man. His constitution was of iron, and his will succumbed only to the impossible.

From his earliest years he was an attentive and extensive reader; and he kept himself posted on all political questions, and on all the issues that the press brought before the people. When he became a man, the Valley of Clover became too narrow for him, and he began to think of new fields. Thus it was when the Mexican War came on. He had always had a desire to see the southern and western countries; and this seemed the best opportunity that had been presented.

There was no movement made in Tucker to organize a company; but, in Barbour, Col. Henry Sterms mustered a company and held them ready for service. Harper joined the company; and as far as can now be ascertained, he was the only man from Tucker who did.

He waited anxiously for the call for his company to take

the field. The newspapers were filled with accounts from the seat of war. He read of the fight at Matamoras, at Monterey; of the rout of Santa Anna from the gorges of Buena Vista, of the fall of Ringgold at Palo Alto. The battles of Resaca de la Palma, Saltillo, Cerro Gordo and Contreras passed off, and still no orders came for the company to take the field. The President had called for fifty thousand volunteers, and the call had been responded to by over three hundred thousand. So, there were many men who, like Harper, were waiting with more or less impatience for a call to arms. The war, although yet waged to the extremest limit of vengeance and national hatred, was plainly drawing to a close. Mexico was going down; and defeat on defeat and rout on rout hurried her doom. The roar of the cannon had died on the field of Churubusco; and, the greatest and last, the storming of Chapultepec ended the war.

Harper was uncalled. It was a disappointment; but it came on him gradually, and he continued working on the farm, and dealing in cattle.

But a new and more romantic field of adventure was opening for him. Scarcely had the Mexican War closed, when the discovery of gold, at Sutter's Mills, in California, filled the country with excitement. Those who can remember, know how the land was filled with wild stories of gold in exhaustless stores, and how the rumors ran from ocean to ocean, and adventurers risked everything in their efforts to be first and foremost on the ground. Those who cannot remember, probably will never know. It was an epoch in the world's history, in the history of America, and in the annals of Tucker County. It did not work such lasting changes as the Crusades or the French Revolution; but its

changes and results have left a stamp on the chronicles of America that will endure for ages to come. There has never been in the world anything else like it.

In the great rush for the gold diggings, people came from every part of the world. Tucker, although a small territory, then not so much as a distinct county, sent not a few. Perhaps no county in America, of not a greater population, has furnished as many emigrants to California as Tucker has. It has sent them from the very first; and they have generally been among the best of our citizens. Our own wealth and resources have only recently become known; and, heretofore, people of enterprise could see in our narrow valleys and rugged hills little to invite exertion or to promise return for capital invested. From this cause, the most ambitious and energetic of our people, in former days, looked to farther and wider fields in which to contend in fortune's arena. Our timber was then next to valueless, and our vast coal regions were then not supposed to be worth the taxes.

It was on account of this that so many men of ambition and ability went west and south and north, or just any place where there was encouragement to put forth exertion. The tide has now turned, and is setting toward instead of from us. Instead of the poorest, we have one of the richest counties in the State. But this was not known when the rumors from California were alluring away so many of our young men.

Gold was discovered in California in 1848. The news soon spread from state to state, and it reached West Virginia and Tucker County the same year. None hailed the news more gladly than Mr. Harper, who still remembered his disappointment in not getting to go to the Mexican

War, and was waiting for an opportunity to try something else of the same nature. Not a day was lost. He and A. P. Minear, of St. George, were the first to go. But Harper was the first. Minear went by water in 1849. Harper started in 1848, and wintered in Iowa. So anxious was he to get to the mines that he braved every danger in crossing the plains. Iowa was then on the frontier. Between there and California was a wide, desert plain, and the almost impassable Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains. Then it was an unknown country. A few explorers and adventurers had crossed, and a few small military posts, scattered at immense distances apart, served as the only evidence of civilized man. Large bands of wild and warlike Indians infested the region beyond the Missouri River, and were ever ready to fall upon any who should come into their country.

Early in the spring of 1849, Harper joined a train of adventurers and passed up the Platte River, and crossed the Rocky Mountains. A full journal of the company, with all that happened from day to day, would fill too much space here. Nothing of special importance took place. The routine of camp life, and traveling incidents were the same or similar from day to day. They drove ox teams, hitched to ponderous wagons. There were no graded roads. On the plains they needed none; but, in the mountains it was often next to impossible to proceed. Sometimes they would let their wagons down mountains by ropes and pulleys. Or, they would fell trees, tie them by the tops to the hind axle of the wagons, and the stiff limbs, thus plowing in the ground, allowed the wagons to descend slowly.

Along the Humboldt it was a wild, desert country. The hills had no water, trees, grass or shrubs. The valleys be-

tween the hills were barren and lifeless, and were often covered with salt and alkali.

When the emigrants reached this region, their progress became slower than before. They could find little forage for their cattle, and at times water was not to be had. The Indians, too, were ever hovering over the way, and none could feel safe, unless traveling in large companies. This served to keep the trains together, and, of course, made it harder to find things for the cattle to eat. It was probably the most distressing portion of all the journey; and it was there, amid the rocky hills and alkaline plains, that many an adventurous man has found the termination of his wanderings.

These delays and perplexities were not endurable to a man of Harper's ambition and determination. He was too anxious to be first upon the Californian gold fields to be bothering with lazy ox teams and trundling carts, when the bourne of his dreams was only three or four hundred miles away, was not his nature. He had staid back, and endured the slow traveling until he reached the Sinks of the Humboldt River, that mysterious land where a river sinks in the sand, and all trace of it is lost. Here he expressed his determination to proceed in advance of the emigrants. They tried to persuade him from it, and pointed out the great dangers that would beset him if traveling alone through that wild and uncivilized country. But, like M'Clelland, he said that he could take care of himself. He shouldered his rifle and knapsack and struck forward alone into the rugged hills and snowy mountains. The huge crest of the Sierras lay before him, towering white and ponderous toward the sky, and presenting a wall against the world beyond. It was a fatal region, and few men could have crossed it alone.

The Indians had made paths through the ravines and gorges, and bears and panthers had tramped a trail over the ridges. These, the stars and sun, and a slight knowledge of the geography of the rivers, were his only guides. At day he plodded slowly along among rocks and boulders, or over wide plains, covered with a crust of salt, or alkaline dust, and across desert prairies, where even the wild Indians seldom would venture. At night he would creep into a hole in the rocks and sleep. Sometimes wolves would howl at him, and bears would stop to look at him ; but from mercy or fear, they did not molest him.

The way up the Sierra Navadas was, like the Alps were to Napoleon, "barely possible." He wound his way from ridge to ridge and from summit to summit. Sometimes the drifts of snow blockaded his path, or a deep ravine forced him to go miles out of his way. But still he went forward, and at last, after days of climbing and wandering among the rocks and snows of centuries, he reached the last summit, and California lay before him. Behind him, for hundreds and hundreds of miles, stretched the dead plains of Nevada and Utah, over which he had passed. It seemed that his journey was almost over. He was on the borders of California, the Land of Promise to him. As he stood there, in the bright sun and keen air of that afternoon, amid everlasting snows, he looked afar down upon the rolling hills and boundless plains that lay like an ocean before him, and thought of the throngs that were then drifting thither from all parts of the earth to share in the rich harvest of golden sands. He was one of the most adventuresome of all. He was a young man, buoyant with all the hopes and ambitions of youth, and the ransacked world had no impossibilities for him. He would yield to none in the general race for

wealth and romance. He counted himself, as he stood alone on the bleak summit of that icy mountain, even then a conqueror. And he was; for many a hero would have failed where he had triumphed.

But the end of his journey was not yet. Down, down, down, over mountains, compared with which the Alleghanies are molehills, he must go before he would reach the mines of gold.

He traveled nine days alone, and ate only coffee and crackers. At the end of that time he reached Placerville, then a small mining camp called Hangtown. He came to the camp late in the evening, without money or anything to eat. He went without his supper because he had nothing with which to buy it, and slept on the ground for the want of a bed. The mines were just then opening, and there were not many miners in the country. He knew not where to get his breakfast the next morning, and with that problem perplexing him, he walked up and down the camp, and came to a small creek where some Spaniards were digging gold. He stopped to look at them. The gold was in fine grains, mixed through the sand and gravel, and was separated by washing and shaking it. It was a simple process, and when Harper had watched it awhile, he concluded that he could do it.

He went to the camp of a trader and borrowed a pick and pan, and set to work digging gold to get money to buy his breakfast. He succeeded so well that by nine o'clock he thought he had enough to pay for some crackers, and carried it to the trader who paid him six dollars for it, and offered him his breakfast free. But the latter part of the offer was declined by Harper who paid for the meal from the proceeds of his morning's work.

He remained at Placeville only long enough to earn a few hundred dollars, and then he proceeded to Colonna, on the South Fork of American River. Here he was offered five thousand dollars to work on a saw-mill one year; but he declined the offer, saying that he came to California to dig gold, not to chop logs.

We next find him at Rectors, on the Middle Fork of American River. He and five others put in the first flume ever built on that river for mining purposes. They took a river claim that promised to yield abundantly, and made extensive preparations to open their mines. But winter was now at hand, and the annual rains commenced. They worked some in the rain, and waited for it to cease; but it rained nearly constantly. The waters got so high that all mining had to stop. He was now out of employment, and began to wish that he had taken the contract on the mill.

But he would not be discouraged. He bought a rifle and hunted deer to supply the miners with meat. This paid very well, since venison brought an enormous price in the diggings. This was the upper camp on that river; and during the winter the Indians were troublesome. They killed several men, and broke up some of the camps. The miners organized for their defense, and a general frontier war was the result.

Now commenced Captain Harper's record as a war scout. He soon became known to be a skillful woodsman, and a daring leader, and the camps placed him in command of their fighting force. His band was small; but the men were picked from the chivalry of thirty states, and they knew what it was to be brave. He had the confidence of his men and he was not afraid to trust them. The Indians came down from the mountains and killed people, and fled

back to their strong holds. It was difficult and dangerous to pursue them and hunt them out, and they went unpunished for sometime. But when Harper took command of the forces, the tables were soon turned. The Indians had attacked three miners, and killed one. Two were wounded and carried off as prisoners into the mountains.

Harper collected his men as soon as he heard the rumor of what had been done, and by daylight he was in hot pursuit. The savages were making for the mountains to their dens, where they had been accustomed to hide. They, no doubt, expected to get away as they had done before; but they had a different man to deal with. Harper pressed forward with all speed, and forced them upon a flying retreat over the long, barren ridges that skirt the plains of the American River. They found that he did not turn back for rocks and cliffs. They then shaped their course for the stupendous mountains in the distance, where the snow lay deep on the ground. They evidently calculated that he would stop at the edge of the snow. But he had seen snow before, and it was nothing more in his way than it was in theirs. Rather, it was a help, for it enabled him to follow them without spending time in searching out the trail.

They now realized what kind of man they had to deal with, and they were at their wit's ends how to dodge him or to draw him into an ambuscade. There was nothing left for them but to run for their lives, and they had little time to decide upon it. It was now late at night. The pursuit had continued all day, with only rest long enough to eat twice. The Indians, as near as could be ascertained, had not eaten or rested at all. The snow was two feet deep, but in nearly all places it would bear the weight of a man. There was no difficulty in following the savages, and

it could be noticed that something was being gained. The fact was, they were the hardest put to it to keep away any longer. They were never before pursued by a man who hung on with such bull-dog determination. Others were accustomed to follow to the rocks, or probably to the snow, but there they turned back. But there was no turn back in the present case, and the Indians found it so to their sorrow; for late at night they left their prisoners, and separated in as many ways as there were Indians, which, of course, ended the pursuit.

The two wounded men were picked up, more dead than alive. The party returned to camp, which they reached the next evening.

By this time Harper was considered the leading scout in all that country; and he was kept constantly on duty. He roamed among the hills and was sure to discover the trail of any Indians who should go toward the mining camps. They hated him, and would have killed him on sight, if they had not been afraid to undertake it. He was a splendid shot with a rifle, and it was risky work for the Indian who would venture within two hundred yards of him. They sometimes tried to slip in at night; but he would always prevent it.

It had been a rainy week on the American River, late in the winter of 1849, and the miners had remained for the most part in their tents, amusing themselves with cards or other games. But the rain brought no rest for Harper. He was kept on scout duty all the time. He soon had searched the country for miles around; and, in a deep valley, some seven miles from the mining camps, he found the den of the Indians. He reconnoitred and found them a large band. Toward sunset he started to camp to report,

and as he proceeded, he fell upon a trail running in the direction of his camps. The thought struck him that the Indians meant mischief, and he determined to follow them and hunt out their designs. He had not far to go till he espied them huddling around their fire. He took another path, and reached the mining camp about nine o'clock at night.

He found everything in uproar and confusion among the miners. News had been received that the Indians had fallen upon a camp of traders, near by but on the opposite side of the river. The river was too much swollen for safe crossing, and the traders on one side and the miners on the other were accustomed to talk each day across the stream. On that day, when the miners went down to the river to talk across, they saw no traders, but instead they saw a band of Indians tearing down the traders' tents, and breaking open their goods. When the news was carried to camp, it threw all into excitement, and some were in favor of retreating toward Sacramento and others wanted to fortify the camp and fight it through.

In the midst of this commotion Harper arrived, and reported that he had seen a camp of the enemy not far off. He was in for an immediate attack, but some opposed him. But he collected his thirty men, and armed them for a double-quick march upon the camp of the enemy.

At midnight he started with his thirty men, and picked his way through the tangled thickets of snow-brush and manzanita that covered the hillsides. It was a dark night, and the progress was slow and tedious. The Indian camp was four miles distant, and so rough was the way that it was not reached till day-break. Harper had planned to surround it so that none of the savage wretches could break

away. He sent his men by several paths to come up on different sides of the encampment; and he went up directly in front with four men. He got near enough to count five Indians. He waited for the rest of his party to get into position; but when he had grown somewhat impatient with waiting, he saw his party on a distant hill. They had taken the wrong path and had lost their way. He determined to make the attack anyhow. He whispered to his men to fire when he should have raised his gun. They did so. The almost instantaneous report of five guns proclaimed that five Indians were in eternity. None were left in the camp. All were killed. In the camp was found some of the plunder taken from the traders. Harper's band then crossed the river, and attacked the other gang of savages, and utterly routed them, not even allowing them time to carry off their plunder.

These skirmishes acted as a damper upon the Indians. They found themselves unable to cope with the men of the mines. Harper soon beset them in their camp seven miles away, in the hidden valley, and they were beaten out, and chased pell-mell up and down the hills, and were given no place to rest. They were kept upon the trot day and night, and finally they broke up into small bands and fled to the mountains of the North, far beyond the limits of the mines. This ended the Indian war of 1849, in that section.

In the spring of 1850, E. Harper's two brothers, Thaddeus and Jerome, arrived in California, and the three worked in the mines that year. They then went to Santa Clara Valley and bought a farm. Thaddeus and Jerome remained on the farm; but Ezekiel returned to the mines and worked till December, 1851. He then sailed from San Francisco for New York. He stopped in Central America,

and spent sometime hunting, and shooting alligators, lizards and large snakes along the banks of El Rio San Juan Del Sur. He arrived in New York, and soon after reached home. He visited his parents, and early in the spring of 1852 again set out to cross the plains for California. This time his brother Jacob accompanied him and they reached Missouri without the occurrence of anything of note. There they bought four thousand sheep, intending to drive them to California. If an ox team was slow, a band of sheep was slower. The progress was not encouraging. Five or six, or at most ten miles a day was as much as could be made. The Indians were not particularly troublesome at that time, and by the commencement of summer the sheep had been driven to the summit of the Rocky Mountains.

At that time the Asiatic cholera was raging on the plains, and Jacob Harper did not escape. What little his brother could do for him amounted to nothing, and he died on the summit of the Rocky Mountains, and was buried by his brother. His untimely death cast a shadow of gloom over all, and it was with feelings of sadness that his companions moved on, down the wild western slope, and left him to the society of storms and tempests.

The Indian knows his place of rest
Deep in the forest shade.

The sheep were driven on to California, and were sold with great profit. With the proceeds of these sales, together with those of the teams and wagons, and also of the farm in Santa Clara Valley, they built a block in San Francisco. It was called the St. Charles. His brother remained in San Francisco, but E. Harper went to Oregon, built a store at Rainier, and shipped produce to the other members of the firm in the city.

In the spring of 1855, their property in San Francisco was burnt. Their loss was great, and they had nothing left when they had paid their liabilities. Captain Harper returned to the mines and worked as hard as he had done in early mining days. At the end of five months he had saved \$2500. The next winter, 1855-6, he sailed on the *Golden Age* for Panama, and thence to New York. He visited his parents in the Valley of Clover, and traveled over nearly all the Western States.

In December, 1856, he sailed from New York on the steamer *George Law*. This was to him a memorable voyage, and the ship has since become memorable. It was the famous *Central America* that sunk the next year in the Caribbean Sea. This voyage of Harper's, in December, 1857, came near being the final one. When off Cape Hatteras there came on a terrible storm. That Cape protrudes into the stormiest part of the Atlantic, and a ship seldom passes it without being beset with hurricanes and waves. Many a stout ship has succumbed and gone down there.

As the *George Law* was passing that point, it was struck by a gale. The ship was old, and the storm was a dreadful one. The ship was thrown on its beam end, and lay twenty-four hours at the mercy of the billows. An extract from one of Harper's letters written after his arrival in Aspinwall will give a vivid account of the storm.

ASPINWALL, January 18, 1857.

. It came without warning. I was standing on the hurricane deck when I noticed that the clouds were flying with uncommon speed and in different directions. They seemed to boil up out of the ocean and roll hither and thither, up and down the sky, until they hid everything from view, except the water, which at that time was calm as it ever is in that part of the sea. The clouds appeared to be nearly on the water; and they came nearer and

grew blacker, till, suddenly, I found that darkness was settling down upon us, and all nature, so much of it as was visible, was changing appearance, and was assuming an ominous aspect.

So intently was I watching the transformations going on in the firmaments about me, that I had not noticed what others were doing. In all my travels I had never beheld such a sight, and I stood in amazement and wonder, at an utter loss to divine what it meant or what it portended. But, at this point, I was aroused from my reverie by a sailor who seized me by the arm and ordered me to go below. I now saw that everything on the ship was in commotion. The captain was standing by the generale giving orders, and the sailors were taking in sail and clearing the decks, and getting everything in readiness for the worst. The passengers were nearly all in the cabin or the hold; but I could see that they were in the greatest consternation. I stood where I was, till the order to get below was repeated with a threat. I then started.

Just then I felt the first breath of the coming storm. A whiff of wind struck my face, then another, and another, each one getting stronger and quicker, till they became a strong breeze. There was something in that breeze that seemed to prophesy what was coming. Perhaps the subsequent storm, or probably the appearance of the elements, or the commotion on the ship, left the impression; but I got it there, and when that breeze struck me, I felt that a calamity was at hand.

* * * * *

The ship was now rocking and plunging in a dreadful manner. The waves were beating over her, and the deluge of water that was poured upon the deck nearly washed me from my feet before I could get below. Just as I did so, a tremendous wave struck the ship. I thought the whole thing was flying to splinters. The timbers crashed and creaked, and the vessel rolled helplessly upon her side as if she had given up the struggle and had surrendered to her fate.

The scene among the panic-stricken passengers at that awful moment was beyond the powers of language to describe. Everything movable rolled to the lower side of the ship, and there piled up in confusion and ruin. I seized a post to save myself from falling and being buried in the common wreck. I seized the post with

one hand and with the other caught a lady who was falling. She said: "Are we lost?" I told her, "No," and she seemed to place confidence in what I said, although I had no idea of ever seeing the sun again. I could hear the water roaring over us; and the groaning of the timbers and the crushing of the braces made it evident that it would soon be over at that rate. I don't believe that I was excited or in any degree lost my presence of mind. I reasoned as clearly as I do now. Around me, above the dash and roar and thunder of the ocean, I could hear the poor terror-stricken passengers shriek and implore; but I had no such feelings. I have looked upon too many scenes and exhibitions of the terrible in all its forms to be frightened at anything.

I felt surprised that the ship did not go to pieces and sink. I hung to the post, intending to do so to the last. There was no change in the situation for some time, till the ship sprung a leak.

* * * * *

I held to the post no longer. I let the lady take care of herself. I saw that there was something to be done. I got on deck, and held to the rigging. The spray flew so as to nearly blind me, and also, at times, strangled me. There were only five among the passengers who were able to do anything. I was one of the five. We held to the rigging with one hand and pumped water with the other. Before night the water was six feet deep in the ship, and all the pumps were working to their utmost capacity. That was a terrible night. There was no abatement in the storm. The ship rolled at the mercy of the

Wild waves and the remorseless dash of billows.

The night was intensely dark, and the clouds seemed to have come down upon the fierce, black ocean, and enshrouded all in a gloom as thick as the darkness that fell as a plague upon Egypt. It was a long night. I think it was the longest I ever knew.

I took no rest. We five worked unceasingly at the pumps. All the rest of the passengers were helpless with fatigue and sea sickness, so that, in addition to our work at the pumps, we had to provide for those who were unable to do anything for themselves.

* * * * *

There is such a thing as utter exhaustion. Before morning came, we were unable to do anything scarcely; for, the work, and hun-

ger, had pulled us down. Still we kept at the pumps and did the best we could. We, at last, began to hope that there was some chance of escape. This may have aided us to struggle on; but, at best, it was little we could do. When morning broke, it found our ship in a deplorable plight. But the storm soon began to abate, and at length we considered ourselves out of immediate danger. When all became calm enough to permit the captain to take the latitude and longitude he found the ship only twenty-four miles from where it had been at the commencement of the storm. This seems proof to my mind that the wind blew from various directions. The water was six feet deep in the ship when we got into this harbor. It has been a miraculous escape.

This ship, the *George Law*, has an after history worth mentioning. It was taken back to New York and repaired and named the *Central America*. Its fate is known the world over. It sailed from Aspinwall with a full load of passengers. It went down in the Caribbean Sea, with nearly all on board. Poets and orators have told the story, and it is a sad one. There were about twenty of Harper's acquaintances on board. The passengers were on their way from California, and many of them carried in their belts the earnings of years. When it was found that the ship must go down, the men began to unload themselves of the gold, which they emptied from their belts upon the deck, until, according to an eye witness, there was no spot from one end of the ship to the other, whereon a man might set his foot, that was not covered with gold. But it did no good, and the ship went down with its gold and its human beings and the ruthless Caribbean waves rolled over all.

Harper returned to California and with his brothers mined and dealt in cattle. The business prospered well. So well, indeed, that they conceived the plan of establishing a house in Chili, South America. The few Europeans and Americans who had gone there were making fortunes. Jerome Harper

was sent there. It was about this time that the insurrection broke out in Chili. The people there were oppressed with all tyranny, and politics were in a deplorable condition. The measure was full of risk and danger, but Jerome had established a merchants' commission store there. He was doing a large business when the rebellion came on. With the characteristics of his family, he at once took sides in the controversy, and in so doing, he gave his sympathy and assistance to the rebels. The war raged dreadfully for awhile; but the Government forces were the most powerful and the rebellion was crushed. The rebels, as fast as they could find transportation, were banished to Patagonia. That country then was, and still is, among the least civilized regions on the globe. It was the Siberia of South America; and those who were exiled to the savage hills, where it rains or snows three hundred days in the year, met a fate as dreadful as the Nihilists who now languish in the icy prisons of Asiatic Russia.

E. Harper could get no tidings from his brother, further than that he sympathized with the rebels. When the news reached California that the rebels were conquered and were being banished to Patagonia, Captain Harper concluded that his brother must have been sent to Patagonia. Time, with no tidings from Jerome, convinced him more strongly of this; and, with an ever commendable generosity, he determined to go to the rescue of his brother.

Captain Harper was intimately acquainted with the U. S. Minister to Chili, and through his interposition hoped to procure the release of his brother. The property in San Francisco and in the country was sold to raise funds for that purpose. He came down to Pataluma, near San Francisco, and was intending to make the sale of some

property there, and then proceed in person to Chili to do what he could for Jerome. But when just on the eve of departure, he got intelligence that Jerome had arrived in San Francisco, and was out of money. Harper sent him twenty dollars on which to come to Pataluma, and without awaiting his arrival, returned north and canceled the sales he had made. Those made in San Francisco and Pataluma were also canceled, so that there was no great loss after all.

After this, Mr. Harper worked some mines and dealt in cattle till 1860. At that time his parents wrote to him to come home as they needed his care. He closed his business and returned to his native county.

This was in 1860, and the Civil War was at hand. Harper was a man who always took sides one way or the other. If he was not a friend he was an enemy. So, when the war came on, he joined the Confederates, and threw his whole energies into his cause. The first active service he saw was at the battle of Corrick's Ford, where he acted as pilot to Garnett's retreating army, and led it safely through mountain paths and narrow defiles across the Alleghanies. The particulars and a full account of this will be found elsewhere in this book. It is proposed to give here only such of his history as is not connected in a general way with other county matters.

The next we hear of him he was in Pendleton County, actively engaged in the field. That part of the State was then held by the Confederates. There was fighting to be done. The man who had braved the dangers of mountain, plain and sea, and had seen duty in the wildest country on earth, was sure to be of service in guerrilla warfare among the steep cliffs and narrow defiles of Pendleton County.

It was not long before there was plenty of fighting to be

done. The Federals were advancing into the country, and Harper was sent out, with a company of others, to annoy them, but not to offer battle, unless favored by great odds. He got in front of several hundred, and saw a chance to strike them a telling blow. He made an impetuous charge, and drove them back upon the main body and captured two horses. But he had advanced too far, and found himself in danger of being taken prisoner. The Yankees were on three sides of him. He had a good horse, and it was now a ride for life. He kept his distance and was thinking himself almost beyond danger, when a ball cut through his coat, and another stuck his horse in the neck and killed him instantly. Harper ran on a-foot. One, a tall fellow of the enemy, out-stripped the others of the chase and came close upon him. It was a sad risk for the young soldier, and dearly did he pay for it. He was pressing a man whom it was not safe to press in a case of that time.

Harper got beyond range of the enemy's muskets, and then halted to collect his men. He could find only two. But with these he made a stand, and having greatly the advantage of ground, he held them in check for some time, and until both of his brave comrades fell dead at his side. He then continued his retreat and succeeded in making his escape. But, the two captured horses were retaken, and he got back to the Confederate lines without a horse. This exploit gave him a name in that country, and the very next day he was elected captain of a company of rangers.

This was duty that suited him. He was an excellent woodsman, and understood well the management of scouting parties. He and his brother William were the principal leaders of the guerrilla bands in that region; and so dashing and rapid were they in their movements, and so

quick to understand and thwart any effort made to circumvent them, that the Yankees were in mortal dread whenever in that region.

It is not the intention to give the details of all the skirmishes that took place in that section. That belongs to the history of Pendleton County; and it should be preserved as local history.

It was about this time that the McDowell fight took place. It was thought proper to keep the Federals in Beverly from aiding in the fight, and with this in view, Captain Harper was ordered to make a movement as if to attack Beverly, and thus keep there what troops were in it.

He immediately fulfilled his orders. He selected twenty of his most trusty men and came down from the mountains with a bold front, and advanced within one mile and a half of the town. Here he captured a store, and made all the display of his forces possible, so as to make an impression of fear upon the enemy. In this he was successful, inasmuch as he did what he attempted; but he met misfortunes before he was done with it.

The people on Dry Fork were principally Union men, and had organized companies of their own, and called them Home Guards. Their enemy often called them Swamp Dragons. Sampson Snider was one of the most noted leaders of the Union guerrillas of Dry Fork. When Harper made his raid from Pendleton toward Beverly, he forgot that he was laying himself open to an attack from Snyder, who could cross over from Dry Fork and assail him in flank. When he had made all the display in front of Beverly that was deemed prudent, he retreated with his twenty chosen men, all in fine spirits and superbly mounted, to Shafer's Mountain.

Here he was surprised and routed by Snyder's Company from Dry Fork. He lost all his guns, but saved his men, and making a forced march, camped that night above Franklin. The next morning he spied out the Federal Army and counted the regiments. There were twenty-seven. He learned that they were aiming to get in the rear of Stonewall Jackson. He at once set out with all speed to Staunton to convey the intelligence. When he stepped into Mayor Hammer's office, he found him pressing teams into service to send to Winchester for the captured spoils. Harper told him to stop the teams, that Fremont was moving in the rear of Jackson with twenty-seven regiments. When the Mayor heard this and saw who was speaking, he ordered the teams stopped and dispatched to Jackson what the situation was. He did not even ask Harper how he knew whereof he spoke.

Soon after this, Harper joined the regular army; but he was seldom required to do camp duty. He was a good scout, and services as such were worth more than as a soldier. When Imboden made his raids into this section of the State, he was piloted by either Captain or William Harper. Captain Harper led the party that crossed the mountains with such remarkable speed to burn the Fairmont bridge. He was also the pilot of Imboden at his first raid into Tucker County. William Harper was the pilot at the second raid.

In November, 1863, he was sent through to learn the situation of the enemy in Tucker County. He came over the mountains, and passed the settlements at night, till he arrived in Tucker, where he set himself to work searching out the designs of the enemy. His intimate knowledge of the country rendered this an easy task. When he had gotten

the desired information he visited his father's house to bid his parents good-bye. He had not been there ten minutes when the house was surrounded by Union soldiers, and citizens of the neighborhood who had a spite at him and hit on this plan to take vengeance. He saw the soldiers in front of the house, and started to escape by the back door. On the step he was confronted by a squad of soldiers with presented guns. They ordered him to surrender. Seeing the impossibility of escape and the uselessness of resistance, he complied. He unbuckled his belt and let it and his pistols fall to the ground. He was then a prisoner.

It is not the purpose to follow him through the horrors of his prison life, except in the briefest manner. He saw and endured the rival of Libby and Andersonville. Nothing but his unconquerable will and his iron constitution enabled him to live through it. Carthaginian cruelty was surpassed on him, and his lot was worse than that of the Chillon Prisoner.

As soon as he surrendered, some of the men wanted to shoot him, and would have done so, if not restrained by the regular soldiers. They carried him to St. George, and threw him in jail. It was a cold, November night, and he was allowed no fire or blankets. This was not enough, and the next morning he was chained. It was not deemed safe to keep him in St. George, because his friends were numerous and might set him at liberty. Therefore, he was taken to Rowlesburg and placed under the directions of Captain Hall. Hall treated him kindly; but some of the men thirsted for his blood. Several plans were laid to kill him; but he and David Lipscomb succeeded in preventing falling into their hands. He was confined in the guard-house, and even then his enemies tried to assassinate him. He

always spoke highly of the kindness of Captain Hall and of most of the men of Company F.

It was soon deemed advisable to move him from Rowlesburg, and he was taken to Clarksburg and put in prison. Great crowds of people came to look at him, and an Irishman exclaimed in surprise: "Faith! and he is a little man to fire a salute over and for the officers to get drunk over, when he was captured." He attracted a great deal of attention at Clarksburg. The people had all heard of him and how he had fleeced the Yankees in Pendleton. From Clarksburg he was sent to Wheeling, and was there chained to a post, and all the other prisoners were ordered not to speak to him. He passed the time as well as he could. The officers paid considerable attention to him, and seemed to like to question him concerning his past life. He communicated freely, and won their confidence. They appeared to think that they were doing him a great honor by condescending to talk with him. But he gave them to understand that, although a chained prisoner, he was not a slave, and would not be forced to praise their tyranny. For, when one of them wanted his opinion of the prison, expecting him to brag on it and its managers, as compared with others, Harper replied that one thing seemed to be wanting to render the prison perfect in every particular. The officer wanted to know what that was. "A picture on the wall, of the Goddess of Liberty in chains," replied Harper, while the officer's countenance fell, and a look of shame overspread his face.

The next day an officer came in and requested him not to make so much noise with his chains, as it annoyed them in their office. Harper felt this intentional insult, and giving the chain a shake of defiance, he said it annoyed him too,

and if they did not like to hear it they could take it off. With this the officer flew into a rage, and heaped abuse and calumny upon the prisoner, and charged him with causing more disturbance on the frontiers than any other five men. He tried to browbeat the prisoner into submission; but, in this he failed. Harper defended himself against the attacks of the officer, and said that the duty of a soldier had always been his rule of action. But, if they had any doubt as to whether or not he was a coward they might pick out six of their men and give him five of his from the prison; and they would settle the matter on any terms. This offer, of course, was not accepted; and Harper then told them if they would give him six men, he would take the town and them in it. He said it was only their cowardice that made them chain him.

This controversy had a bad effect. It turned the officers against him, although they should have admired such a display of endurance and independence. But, after that he got few manifestations of kindness from them, and it was not long before he was carried to Camp Chase. Whether his quarrel had anything to do with the transfer is not certain.

We subjoin an extract from one of his letters.

I staid two months in Camp Chase. I am told that there were three thousand prisoners there; but I cannot answer for the number, because I had little opportunity for knowing. I know how I spent my time, and what I saw and suffered, and that is all I wish to know or see or hear on the subject. I have read many stories of prison life; and I am, as a general thing, opposed to giving them circulation, since they arouse a feeling of hatred and vengeance that can do no good. Many of them, too, certainly are exaggerations, although many are not. You asked me if I thought the Union prisons as bad as the Confederate. I cannot answer this

from personal experience, for I was never confined in a Confederate prison; but I should judge that they were about the same. The Rebels often let prisoners suffer because they had no food or shelter for them, and thus there must have been appalling horrors in the Southern prisons late in the war; for then the Rebels often had only the coarsest rations for their own men in the field. Of course, in so great a scarcity of provisions, and in the intense hatred that existed, the poor soldiers of the Union, in the Confederate prisons, must have suffered from hunger, and exposure to the weather. You know that my sympathies are with the South and always have been, and it is but natural that I should try to clear them of the charges of intentional cruelty. I do try to clear them. I know the Southern people, I know that they are filled with fire, and filled with generosity. It is, therefore, my belief that much of their hard treatment of Union prisoners was of necessity, and if they could they would have been better.

But, with the Union prisons, this is not the case. They could have fed and clothed and sheltered their prisoners if they would have done so. Their stores were filled with bread and meat; and clothing, even if it must be the worn-out uniform of soldiers, was abundant. I endeavor not to let prejudice and national or sectional hatred influence me in what I say of the war. I fought for the South, and I wanted the South to succeed by all honorable means; but, since it was not to be so, I think I am man enough to free myself from all prejudice, and to consider calmly the issues as they then stood. I have no doubt but that much of the barbarity in the Northern prisons was due to a spirit of retaliation and revenge. It was modeled, in extent, after the cruelty in Southern prisons; and I think the model was surpassed. I can't see how it could have been otherwise.

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The last night of 1863 was very cold, and we were not allowed any fire. But, fifteen men disregarded the orders and kindled fires in their stoves. It cost them their lives; for the guards discovered the fires and shot and killed the prisoners as they sat shivering round the fires trying to get warm. I suppose that they were buried, but don't know. I know that there was little hurry in burying those that died. I have seen them lie two or three days

unattended, and when at last a rough box was brought and the corpse placed in it, the box and all was often used a day or two as a card-table for the guard, and until decomposition rendered it necessary to get rid of it.

I soon got accustomed to such scenes. But every day of my prison life I saw something new, and something more shocking than I had ever imagined. We know but little of what is in this world; and we know but little of what human nature, in its depravity, can be guilty of; and we know but little of what a man is capable of enduring. I had come to look upon Camp Chase as the worst place on earth; and I would gladly have exchanged it for anything but death. Wretched as was my condition, I still wanted to live, and it was nothing but the stubborn determination to live that carried me through. I was there two months in the dead of winter, and the time seemed years. I suffered from cold and hunger and sickness all the time.

Finally word came that we were to be removed, and we hailed it joyfully, for we did not think that any change could be for the worse. We learned that we were to be taken to Rock Island Prison. We had heard of it, and the reports had been bad enough; but, in spite of all we heard, we were glad to get away from Camp Chase.

In February, 1864, we were taken to Chicago on our way to Rock Island. We had to walk through Chicago, about one mile. Nine out of every ten had frozen hands or feet, and some were so frozen and benumbed with the cold that they could scarcely walk. The guards here seemed the meanest set of men I had seen. They were rough and brutal to the prisoners, and beat us over the head and pounded us when they fancied we were not doing right. Some of our men were so cut and bruised about the head that the blood covered them from head to foot, and often their hats were frozen to their heads with the ice of blood.

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When at last we landed at the Rock Island Prison, the horror of horrors awaited us. It seemed to me that I, like Dante, was passing down through the realities of seven hells, and that I was now in the deepest pit. There was no necessity of so cruelly treating us. If there had been, I would be the last man on earth to com-

plain. But there was no necessity for it. It was open and willful determination to torment us, and to torture us with hunger and cold and beatings and cursings, and everything revolting that could be used against us. I have wondered if the Blackfeet Indians could have been more relentless in their torture of captives.

We ate everything that would sustain life. The prison officers did not seem to care how many of us starved to death. It would have been a mercy if they had killed us.

* * * * *

I saw that it was a matter of life and death with me. I was willing to give anything for my life. Some of us were to be exchanged, but the lot did not fall on me. I saw a tall fellow, on whom the lot had fallen, and I approached him for a trade. I hired him to assume my name, and I went in his place. I gave him \$7000 in money, and sent him enough provisions to last him a year. Whatever became of him, I do not know; but he had a stout constitution, and I hope he endured it to the end of the war, and at last returned to freedom in the Sunny South.

Captain Harper was taken to Point Lookout. There he was again confined in a prison, only a little better than Rock Island. It was warmer and he had more to eat, which were the principal changes for the better. The prisoners were kept in tents where the mud was half knee-deep. They had one blanket for each two. They staid only two weeks, and were then shipped to James River and were turned loose within sight of the Confederate lines.

The war was now drawing to a close. There was great need for soldiers in the Rebel armies. They had been thinned by a thousand pitched battles, and few recruits came in. Worn and exhausted as he was by his dreadful suffering and exposure, Harper did what he could for the cause that had cost him so much; but the cause was beyond the need of his help. The war was over. He was the last man to bow in defeat; but, when it must be done, he did it, and acknowledged the power of the victor.

He was not a man to contend without something to be gained. It will be seen that, in all his exploits and undertakings, he had something definite in view. This was his nature. So, when he saw that nothing was to be gained by hostility to the North, he buried all his antipathy, and turned his energies into other channels, and let the by-gones of the war be things of the past.

He returned to private life, and has since so lived, except when called upon by the vote of his countrymen to take office, and then he has done so, and his record as such is one of uprightness and honor. Since the close of the war he has been once to California, and has visited nearly all the Western States. His brothers, Jerome and Thaddeus, remained on the Pacific Coast. Thaddeus returned on a visit to West Virginia in 1868, and remained a few weeks. On his return to California he encountered terrible snow storms in crossing the mountains, and the train was almost buried in the drifts. After a length of time the track was cleared of the snow, and he arrived in California. He is a business man of great success, and has amassed a fortune. He is now engaged, among other things, in shipping beef from British Columbia. He spends his summers in that country and his winters in San Francisco, at the Palace Hotel.

Jerome Harper is dead. He died at Santa Barbara several years ago. He had long been an invalid, and had traveled over many parts of the world in search of health. He was finally taken, by E. Harper, to the hot springs of Santa Barbara, in California, and there he died.

The further history of Captain Harper, his connection with the forces of the Confederacy, in Tucker, will be found in the chapter on the war. Since the war, except the time

spent in the West, he has lived on his farm in the Valley of Clover. He has there built the largest dwelling in Tucker County, and is one of the most extensive landholders. Of late he has engaged extensively in the lumber business.

None of the Harper brothers, who went to California, were ever married. They have always been men of influence in whatever calling they have chosen. Captain Harper's record as an officer will be further dealt with in the chapter on public officers.

CHAPTER XV.

TRAVELERS—CONTINUED.

HENRY BONNIFIELD is a native of Tucker, although not now a resident. He is a son of A. T. Bonnifield, and a grandson of William Corrick, and was born in 1855. While very young he manifested a tendency to be foremost in all manner of daring adventures. Climbing trees that other boys feared to climb and wading water too deep and swift for other boys were his pastime; and, in the display of his belligerent propensities, no lad was too large for him to tackle. He was not a perfect specimen of peacefulness and resignation; but his forwardness tended only to romance and adventure. Indeed, his very early life gave sign of what his after nature would be. He would never be second best in anything. With him it was best or nothing. His first years were spent in the Sypolt House, that stood where now stands the Crawfish Swamp School-house, near S. N. Swisher's. From there, with his father, he moved to Limestone, and lived on Wild Cat Ridge. It was then a hard place, and neighbors were few and far between. But, there were trees to climb, and snakes to kill, and springs to dabble in, and other mischief to claim his attention until his fifth year.

In 1859 his father took him to California. The passage was by water, and was long and rough; but at last the Golden Gate was reached, and the emigrants went out to try their fortunes in the new country. Their success in

general has been given in the sketch of A. T. Bonnifield. Henry grew more adventurous every year. He soon commenced breaking wild horses, and in a short time he became a skillful rider.

Before his fourteenth year, he left California and took passage for United States of Colombia, in South America. He was, also, in Mexico, Central America, and the Isthmus of Panama. He sailed upon the Caribbean Sea, among the West Indies, on the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. He was two or three times in the harbor of New York, and one time went inland through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, and into West Virginia, where he visited the home of his nativity. He staid a year in Tucker County. He was now nearly fourteen, and the spirit of adventure was in him as strong as ever. One winter day, when the snow was half knee-deep, he pulled off his boots and climbed barefooted to the top of Shafer's Mountain, because some boys said that he would not do it. He also came near being drowned by wading in water that he knew to be over his head, when he could not swim. He attended school in Tucker a few months. After a great deal of corporal punishment, the teacher gave him up as incorrigible. When he saw that all opposition had ended, and that there was no more romance in being obstreperous, he settled down to his books, and from then to the end of the school there was not a better behaved or more studious pupil than he.

The next year he left Tucker and sailed from New York. He visited his old ports in the West Indies, Mexico, Central and South America, and the next we hear of him he was in California. He never again went to sea; but he now turned his attention almost exclusively to breaking wild horses.

Of course, he succeeded in this as well, if not better than anybody else. He made it, from that time till 1875, his profession.

Breaking wild horses in California is a dangerous operation, and none but skillful and daring men can do it. The animals are allowed to run wild until their third or fourth year. By this time, never having been fed or tamed, they are little less wild than deer, and as vicious as lions. When an owner desires to break his horses, he collects a company of men on horseback, and gives chase to the wild herd. The horsemen carry long ropes, at one end of which is a running noose, while the other end is made fast to the rider's saddle. This noose, or lasso, is thrown over the head of the wild horse, which is brought to the ground by the sudden stopping of the herdsman's horse.

The horse is now caught. It fights like a tiger. It kicks, bites and strikes; but the men keep the lassos tight, and the mad animal is soon choked into temporary submission. A halter is now forced on him, and a saddle is firmly strapped to his back. Bridles are not used in breaking horses in the far West. The saddles are very strong, and cost from twenty to one hundred dollars, and weigh thirty or forty pounds. The stirrup straps are strong enough to bear five hundred pounds each; and the girth is much stronger. It is made of hair ropes woven together. The rider wears large spurs, which he digs into the girth and enables himself to keep his seat in the saddle.

The art of riding these untamed mustangs is no easy one. It is easier to learn the management of a locomotive. No man who is not strong-breasted, fearless, active and persevering can ever hope to be even a tolerable rider of such horses. Many a man in the Eastern States, who considers

himself an excellent rider, would be killed in ten minutes if placed on a wild mustang of California.

Henry Bonnifield made the training of incorrigible horses his trade. He charged five dollars a day for his service, and was seldom out of employment. Men many miles away would send for him when they had a brute that other men had failed to conquer. He never failed when he had once attempted to subdue a vicious animal.

On the San Joaquin River, in California, near Fort Milerton, was a horse that had never been mastered, but had killed more than one brave man. It was a large, powerful beast, and had strength of endurance that seemed almost miraculous. It was fierce, relentless, and had come to be looked upon as untamable. No rider could be found willing to undertake again to ride the horse.

Here was a good field in which to win laurels; for the fame of the horse had gone forth over the whole country round about, and it was given up that he could not be ridden. Bonnifield was invited to undertake it, and he never declined an invitation of that kind. He named a day on which he would ride the horse, and on that day a large crowd of stockmen, jockeys and rancheros came together to witness the performance.

Bonnifield was a man of one hundred and sixty pounds weight, light complexion, and deep blue eyes, and heavy built for his weight. He did not look to be a man of more than ordinary power; but, not two men in a thousand of his weight could equal him.

When the time for riding had arrived, the wild horse was lassoed and blindfolded. The halter and saddle were fastened on him, and he was held down till the fearless rider

had mounted him. Then the blindfold was removed, and he was turned loose upon the plains.

He at first tried to dismount his rider by the ordinary process of plunging and kicking. Leaping high in the air and coming down stiff-legged, or "bucking" as it is called in western countries, is the most common device of wild horses to get rid of their riders. It is, too, in many cases, and among the inexperienced, quite efficient. For, at times, it is almost impossible to keep from being thrown. The horse throws his head down, leaving nothing but the saddle for the man to hold to, and leaps upward, to left and right, and leaves nothing undone to get the rider from the saddle. The greatest danger is not that of being thrown to the ground, but that resulting from the jolt which must be received when the horse comes down stiff-legged. It is liable to burst the rider's blood-vessels, causing hemorrhage and death. To avoid this as much as may be, the stirrup-straps are made strong enough to bear the weight of the man and he throws his whole weight into his stirrups.

When Bonnifield mounted the horse, it kicked and reared until it seemed to learn that he was not to be gotten off in that manner. Then it circled two or three times round the field, leaped the fence, and dashed off across the plains with whirlwind speed. Bonnifield was powerless to stop or curb the enraged animal. He could only hold on to his saddle, and go where the horse chose to go. This was across a plain three miles to the foot of a rugged hill, called Miller-ton Mountain. No rider and horse had ever gone up its rugged sides. Such a feat was thought to be impossible, if, indeed, it had ever been thought of at all. The bluff was bare of trees, and was cut up with steep gullies, some of which were twenty feet from side to side and twice that

deep. In places the ground was strewn with rocks and bowlders; and at others the hill rose almost perpendicular for hundreds of feet.

Bonnifield thought that the horse would change its course when it reached the base of the hill; but such it did not. It passed up the rugged slope with the ease and rapidity of an eagle; nor steepness, nor rocks, nor ravines, nor anything checked the speed of its flight. Before it could scarcely be realized, the summit was reached, where, before rider and horse, extended a wild and broken plain, so thickly strewn with bowlders as to hide the ground. Across the plains, among the rocks, ran deep ravines, which the rains and floods of ages had worn in the granite formation. They wound zigzag and at random, and were invisible until their very brinks were reached.

When the horse arrived at the edge of the plain, he boomed across it with swiftness that increased rather than diminished. The rocks were nothing in his way. He leaped from one to another, or cleared them at a leap. Scarcely might one observe that he touched the ground. He was a powerful animal, and his spirits and animosity were getting fully aroused.

Through the middle of the plain ran a dangerous gully, so hidden that it could not be seen until its very brink was reached. The horse knew not and cared not that it was there. He cared not for anything; and the rougher the way the more reckless he ran, and the more vicious were his efforts to unhorse his rider.

Bonnifield saw the ravine just as the horse reached its brink, and it was too late to turn. He must go headlong into it. No bottom could be seen; but it is now known that it was over forty feet deep. As the fearful leap was

made, Bonnifield threw his feet from the stirrups, ready to spring from the saddle just as the bottom should be reached. This was to avoid being caught under the falling horse and crushed. It was a flight through the air, and a long one; but, instead of going to the bottom, the horse cleared the chasm, and slacked not his speed. Further on were other ravines equally dangerous; but none were wide enough or deep enough to stop the horse or to turn him from his course. He reached the furthest limit of the plain, and was ready for the descent, if descent were possible.

It looked impossible. The plain ended on the brow of a bluff which, seen from above, looks perpendicular; but it is not quite vertical. The horse had now run five miles, yet showed no sign of stopping or of giving up. He turned obliquely along the mountain side, and thus made descent possible. This was the most dangerous part of the course. The jolting started the blood from the nose and mouth of the rider. But there was no alternate but to leap from the saddle, which probably would have been fatal. So, down, down, down, as they had a few minutes before gone up, up, up, went rider and horse. Rocks, gullies and ravines were passed, none know how, for no other horseman has ever passed them and lived. It looked like going down into the Valley of Death.

The horse, from the first, had been beyond control, and by the time the foot of the mountain was again reached, he was more furious and curbless than ever. The halter, which, at best, was of little use, was now broken, and one stirrup was torn away. Bonnifield still kept in the saddle, although it was doubtful how long he might be able to do so. He could have ridden better without a saddle than with a broken one. He crossed the plains with a speed that

slackened not. Already he had ridden nine miles, and the blood was flowing fast from his nose and mouth. He knew not when the perilous race would end.

At this crisis some horsemen came to his rescue, and tried to stop the runaway animal; but still it was the fleetest on the field and led the race across the plains. Finally, a man on a swift horse succeeded in getting near enough for Bonnifield to seize the horn of the saddle, and he was thus dragged from the wild brute, which dashed on and was lassoed on the prairie some miles away. It was some weeks before Bonnifield was again able to ride; for the jolting had seriously injured him, and he has never fully recovered from it. But he again undertook the horse, and staid with it until the untamable beast killed itself by breaking its neck.

This was Bonnifield's longest ride of so savage a nature; but he had others that came as near proving fatal, although he lived through them all.

Perhaps the greatest danger connected with the riding of wild horses is that they will throw themselves and that the rider will either be crushed or hang in the stirrup and be dragged when the horse regains its feet. About a year after the dash over Millerton Mountain, Bonnifield met a misfortune of this kind. The horse that he was riding threw itself. He tried to spring off and free his feet from the stirrups. But the animal fell upon him and he was held fast. His spur was driven into the thick girth, and when the horse sprang up, Bonnifield's foot hung in the stirrup. It was a perilous situation, even with a tame horse, and much more so with a wild one.

Such riders carry a long rope, one end of which is tied

to the halter, and the other is rolled into a coil and tucked under the rider's belt. This is for the purpose of holding the horse, if the rider gets off, accidentally or otherwise. It is so fixed that it will uncoil without endangering the man.

As soon as Bonnifield saw that he was hanging in the stirrup, he seized the rope, which was fast to the horse's halter, and pulled the animal's head round toward him, and held him there with an iron hand. The horse ran and plunged and kicked and fell, and tried to stamp him, and was not only frightened, but was enraged, and endeavored to kill him. He saw that his only hope was in preventing it from trampling upon him. He was thus dragged up and down the field. The horse was so held that it could run only sidewise, and it was this alone that saved Bonnifield from being stamped to death. Several times he tried to get his knife to cut the stirrup strap, but as often failed to do so.

A man half-mile away saw the wild horse galloping up and down the field, dragging the unhorsed rider after him; and, mounting a horse, he hurried off to the rescue. But, when he came up, he could render no assistance, because whenever he got ahead of the mustang, it would turn. But Bonnifield finally succeeded in getting his knife from his pocket, and, cutting the strap of the stirrup, set himself at liberty.

He did not, for a moment, give up his profession of breaking wild horses. He was sent for, and was paid fabulous prices to ride horses that no one else could ride. At this time he was considered one of the very best riders in California. He took pride only in doing that which no one else could do; and for that reason he did not like to ride a horse that anybody else had successfully ridden.

It was about this time that he was sent for to ride a mule that had baffled several good riders. He went; and when he found that the mule was a miserable little runt, hardly waist high to a man, he thought they were only trying to get a job on him. He considered it beyond the range of all probabilities that such a thing as that should be unmanageable. However, when they insisted that it was no prank, he lit his pipe, and got on, still with some misgivings that all was not right. But he was soon cleared of doubt. He has always frankly acknowledged that if that mule had been as big as a horse, and as vicious according, he could not have ridden it. As it was, it was a ridiculous victory. It bucked without a pause for two hours. The part of his pipe stem that was between his teeth he still held; the rest, with the pipe, was jolted off and gone. All the buttons of his coat were jarred off. Everything in his pockets had been spilt out. His boot-heels and his hat were gone; and nearly every seam in his clothes had given way. He was a victor, and probably felt like one; but he looked like something else.

Much hard riding was beginning to tell on him. His constitution was giving way. A long ride on a runaway horse, not unlike that over Millerton Mountain, was the last of the kind that he ever has undertaken. His lungs were so injured that it was long before the hemorrhage could be checked; and he was forced to abandon his profession.

This was about 1875, his twentieth year. His fame had gone out over more countries than one, so that, when a Centennial commissioner, in 1876, visited California to procure wild-horse riders to exhibit at Philadelphia, he was directed, first of all, to see Henry Bonnifield. He visited him, and was fully satisfied that there had been no

misrepresentation. He offered him a free passage to and from Philadelphia, to bear all his expenses during the summer, and to pay him fifty dollars a month besides. Bonnifield reluctantly declined the offer, because his weak lungs would not endure rough riding. Besides, he was making a hundred dollars a month at other business.

California, however, was getting too tame for him, and he began looking about for a more romantic field. At this time Arizona was attracting much attention, and many adventurers were wending thither to try their fortune in the half-explored wilds of that desert country.

In the summer of 1877, in his twenty-second year, with a single companion, he set out on horseback for Arizona. They started from Fresno, and that night camped at an old mud house on the shore of Lake Tulare. The house may be especially mentioned on account of its dark legends. Part are no doubt myths and superstition, but part are too true to be doubted. The house had been a tavern in early mining days; and, since it was on the road to Owen's River Mines, and was twenty or thirty miles from any other house, it was of necessity a frequent stopping place for travelers. Many are the dark stories told of murders and robberies there, and of many a poor miner, whose hard earned savings of years were taken from him, and himself murdered and hidden in the sand. The superstitious people of the country now think that the house is haunted of ghosts and of spirits of the departed who died of violence, and hardly ever does anyone venture near the house.

Bonnifield and his friend stopped at the Haunted House of Tulare partly because so few others would dare do it, and partly because it was at the end of a hard day's ride. The next day they proceeded into Kern County, and shaped their

course for Walker's Pass, where they would cross the mountains into the Mojave Desert. In the upper part of Kern, a few farmers were trying to till the soil; but, it had been dry for a year, and the never-ceasing winds had driven the sand in drifts till all the fences, but the tops of the posts, were buried. They could get no feed for their horses at noon; and late that evening they came to a small lot of clover, where lived a frontier emigrant by a stream of water. They wanted to stay with him that night, but he drove them away, telling them, however, that they could get good pasture ten miles further. They rode on ten or fifteen miles without seeing any indication of pasture, but, to the contrary, the country got drier and more desert like. About dark they met a Mexican who told them that it was seventy miles to the nearest point where feed could be had, and fifty to the nearest water. Having closely questioned the Mexican, and having satisfied themselves that he was telling the truth, they determined to go back and feed their horses on the lying emigrant's clover.

This they did. They rode back, and told him how that he had dealt deceitfully with them, and had sent them and their horses hungry into the desert to starve. He acknowledged all, and gave one and another excuse. They fed their horses on his clover, and the next morning paid him five dollars for it.

They now passed through the mountains and struck boldly across the wide, sandy plains of the Mojave Desert. The ground was covered with alkali, soda and salt, and in places was as white as snow. It was entirely without grass or trees; but, at intervals there were copses of thorny sagebrush, and in other places were groves of cactus, of a wonderful and peculiar kind. It grew from ten to twenty feet

high, with a trunk a foot in diameter. This is covered with scales like corn husks, and at the top is a bundle of long dry leaves, like sole-leather.

As they were galloping along they saw a carriage coming to meet them. When it drew near, they observed that it contained a man, a woman and two children. Bonnifield and his friend perhaps would not have remembered the incident, had not the man, when he saw them coming, stopped his team and taking up his double-barreled shotgun, stood by the road, with the gun cocked and ready to fire. He did this fearing that they were robbers. They passed on, and he resumed his way.

It was a hot day, and not till they had ridden fifty miles did they find water. After that, the same day, they rode eighty miles further, making for the entire day a ride of one hundred and thirty miles across the sandy desert.

They crossed the Colorado River near Fort Mojave, and reached Prescott, in Arizona. It was a mining country and all mining places are rough. It was a dull time, and Bonnifield could do no better than to drive a mule-team for sixty dollars a month. He had three train-wagons and eighteen mules, all in one team, and with them he hauled quartz from the mines. The country was dry and hot, and the work was very hard. He kept at it for some months, and until he had a better offer, that of working on a hay-farm, where hay sold for one hundred dollars a ton. He accepted the offer, and turned his attention to farming. At this he succeeded well for a while; but, he got sick, and was unable to fill his place on the farm. The proprietor discharged him, and turned him out to die. He lay several days in the shade of the cactus trees, in hope that he would recover. But he got no better, and he saw that he must die if he re-

mained there, for no one came near to bring him water or anything to eat.

He had an acquaintance in a mining camp about three hundred miles distant, and he thought if he could reach there he could get medicine. It was three hundred miles by the road, or one hundred and fifty across the desert and over the mountains where there was no road. He decided to cross the desert, and thought he could make the trip in two days on horseback.

Early the next morning he saddled his horse and started, with two canteens of water tied to his saddle, and a few pounds of oatmeal and salt to do him for provisions on the journey. He struck boldly into the desert, and directed his course by the sun, and the peaks of distant mountains. He was too weak to ride fast, so that he had proceeded only forty or fifty miles by the middle of the afternoon. There he found some water in a hole among the rocks, and some dry grass in bunches here and there. He felt exhausted, and decided to rest there till morning. He tied his horse by a long rope so that it could feed on the dry grass, and having eaten his dinner of oatmeal he lay down in the shade of the rocks to sleep.

When he awoke, it was dark. He got up to see about his horse. Scarcely had he moved when the whizzing of rattlesnakes about him admonished him of his danger. The snakes had lain hidden in their dens during the heat of the day; but, when night came, they crawled out. There is in that country a species of snakes known as "side-winders," because they cannot crawl, but roll along sidewise. They are exceedingly poisonous, and the Indians have no cure for their bite. When an Indian is bitten by one of them, he sings his death song, wraps himself in his blanket and dies.

When Bonnifield awoke and heard the snakes rattling about him, he sprang to his feet, struck matches, and found his way to his horse, which had not been bitten. He left the place as soon as possible. There are probably more rattlesnakes in Arizona than in any other country of the world. But, they are not as apt to bite as they are in some other places.

He rode on in what he supposed to be the direction. From the height of the moon he judged it to be about three o'clock in the morning. But, after traveling an hour he began to notice that instead of getting lower, the moon rose higher. From this he judged that it must be about ten o'clock. Counting from this, he reasoned that he had gotten turned around and was not traveling in the right direction. He now became confused, and could not tell which way to go. It was worse than useless to ride in the wrong direction; and he dismounted to wait for day. Having found a spot free from snakes, he lay down and slept and awakened not till the sun was shining full in his face. He started up confused, and was burning with a high fever. He could not at first realize where he was or whither he was going. When he had settled this in his own mind, he looked for the mountains that had guided him the day before. He could see mountains everywhere, but could not recognize those to which he was going.

He decided to the best of his judgment which way he should go, and started. In about two hours he came to the brink of a deep canon, of which no crossing was visible. Such ravines there are called Box Canons, and they may extend a hundred miles with no place where even a footman may cross. Their sides are perpendicular, and are sometimes overgrown with thorns. When Bonnifield reached

the edge of the cliff, he stopped short, for he had not seen it until that instant. As far as he could see in both directions extended the canon like a deep ditch. After a moment's consideration, he turned to the right, and traveled along the chasm, looking for a place to cross. Thus he traveled all that day till evening, and could find no way to pass over.

He had brought two canteens of water with him from the camping place of the previous evening. Of this he had drank all he wanted, but his horse had had none. He emptied one of the canteens into his hat and gave his horse to drink, and, letting him pick dry grass for an hour, and having eaten his own supper, he set forward again along the canon to find a crossing. It was a fruitless search. He rode till after midnight, when from the exhaustion of himself and horse he was obliged to stop. His horse fed on what it could find, and he slept on the sand till morning. His canteens now contained no water, and his fever and the fatigue of travel caused a violent thirst, while his horse seemed famished for drink.

It was death to stay where he was ; so he traveled on all that day, not seeing any animal, bird, bug or any living thing, except his horse. Just before sunset his horse gave out. He dismounted, and was himself barely able to walk. But he saw that it would not do to remain there. He took off his saddle and turned the horse loose to save itself if it could. With his canteens over his shoulder, he set forward on foot. He found a place where he could get down into the canon, although he could see no way up the opposite side. He climbed down into it, about three hundred feet, and found the bottom full of deep holes, like wells. He commenced sounding them to find their depths and to see

if there might not be water in some of them. To some he found no bottom, and others he found dry ; but he continued his work till late at night, and until the moon had risen. In one, a stone let fall splashed in water. Quick as possible, he fastened a canteen to a twine, and tied on a stone to sink it, and let it down into the well. He drew it up filled with cool water, and having satisfied his thirst as much as he thought safe, he ate his supper.

He now determined to go back and get his horse. He filled his canteens, and found a path leading up the cliff close by the well. When he reached the plain above, he hung his coat on a rock to mark the place, and went back after his horse, about four miles. He found the animal lying by the saddle. He poured the water in his hat, and the horse drank and got up. He rode to where his coat had been left, and there tied him and carried up water for him until he was satisfied. By this time it was breaking day, and Bonnifield was unable to walk any more. He fell asleep under the rocks, and slept half the day.

When he awoke, he carried water till his horse was again satisfied, and with full canteens he mounted his horse and moved on. His supply of parched oatmeal was getting low, and he had no idea when he would get out of the desert. His idea was to cross the canon, if he could, and if not follow it to the Colorado River, if it went there.

The plains were hot, and there were no signs of life about, until he passed the crest of a low hill, when just in front of him he saw a party of men sitting and standing among the rocks. At first sight, he thought that they were Indians, and he wheeled his horse to gallop away. But they called to him in English, and he halted. They all rushed at him, and he again galloped off, feeling certain that they meant

him no good, although he could not devine what they really meant.

They were gold hunters who had penetrated that region in search of mines. They lost their way, and had wandered two days without water. So extreme was their thirst that they had opened the veins of their arms, and were sucking the blood when Bonnifield came up. They were crazy for water, and they tried to surround him to get his canteens. He soon understood their purpose, and kept out of their way. He would have given them the water, but, he knew not where he was to get more, and he could not starve himself for them. He told them where they could find water, and they told him where he could cross the canon, and thus they parted.

A few miles further he found the path across the ravine, and before dark he was upon the further side. He let his horse graze a few hours, and again he proceeded over the crusty salt that covered the desert.

He found no more water that night, or the next day. At noon he gave his horse the contents of one canteen, and he kept the other for himself. On all sides as far as he could see was a waste solitude of rocks, sand, salt and now and then a clump of sage-brush, or cactus, or a bunch of grass. The land seemed entirely void of living beings. Not even the snakes were now to be seen.

In the evening he began again to feel the pangs of thirst, and his horse began to weaken. But there was no water at hand. When night came, he did not stop; for, it was now a matter of life or death. To stop was death. He urged his horse forward, and searched among all the rocks and pits for water. He could find none. The landscape, hovered over by the shadows of night, grew more weird and

desolate than ever; and the thick crust of salt that cracked and broke under the horse's hoofs, was all that produced a sound to break the silence of the desert. He was not wandering aimlessly, although he knew not whither he was going. Awhile before midnight he caught the glimpse of a fire in the distance. Nothing but men builds fires, therefore men must be there, and he spurred forward as fast as his jaded horse could carry him. The fire was many miles away, and he was a long time in reaching it. When he drew nearer, he could discern that there were more fires than one.

When he came up, his ears were assailed by whoops and yells and howls that informed him that the fires were the encampment of a large band of Apache Indians, who are, of all Indians, the most blood-thirsty. His thirst overcame his fear, and he rode boldly into camp and addressed them in English. They started up and gathered around him, and one or two who could speak a little English questioned him as to who he was, where he was going and what he wanted. He gave ready answers, and made himself as much at home as he could. Still he could see that they looked upon him with suspicion. They seemed to fear that there was a large company of whites near, and that he was only a spy sent into the camp. Some of the Indians immediately started off in every direction, to explore if there was any danger.

Bonnifield dismounted and called for water, which they brought. Then some of them took his horse to water and pasture, and did everything they could to make him feel welcome. He tried to feel safe, but he could not. However, he talked and laughed, and hid all signs of fear. He divided his tobacco among them, and they brought him meat and cactus-apples. It was a large camp, and he was entirely at

the mercy of the savages. But they did him no harm. He slept by their fire, and they furnished him with the best they had.

The next morning they brought his horse, well fed and watered, and gave him provisions to take with him on his journey. They directed him where to find the camp to which he was going, and, with an improved opinion of the wild Apaches, he left them.

During the rest of his journey he found water oftener, but the country was wild and desolate. He became entangled in a jungle of thorny cactus, and suffered much before he could free himself. The cactus is covered with long, tough briars, which, when old, curl in the manner of fish hooks. They are very hard to break, and when fixed in a man's clothes, he is firmly held. Those that have not curled, are very sharp and straight, and are so barbed that when they have once penetrated it is hard to withdraw them. Bonnifield had a serious time in the jungle. He was torn by the thorns, and one entered his arm so deeply that he could not draw it out, and it has never been gotten out.

At the end of seven days he reached the camp to which he was going. He was only a walking skeleton, and his horse was little better. Many a man would never have gotten through; but his energy and perseverance overcame all he met, and he saved his life by it. At the camp he found friends who gave him what help they could; but at best it was not the care that his broken health demanded. He recovered slowly from the fever and his memorable seven days' ride.

As soon as he was able to travel, he determined upon returning to California. The best route was to descend the

Colorado to Fort Mojave, where he could go by steamboat to Fort Yuma, and thence north through California by railroad.

The Colorado River, above Fort Mojave, is swift, rough and dangerous, and in low water is navigable only for small canoes. It flows hundreds of miles through a deep gorge, called Grand Canon, whose walls are of solid rock, hundreds and some of them thousands of feet high. The scenery is beautiful and grand, and since the completion of the Bow String R. R. through northern Arizona, many tourists go there to look at the wonders. But when Bonnifield was there, it was all in the remotest corners of the world, and none but daring explorers and reckless adventurers had ever been permitted to see it.

Bonnifield visited the Indian chief who claimed that region, and bargained for guides to take him in a canoe to Fort Mojave. The Indians tried to persuade him from undertaking the trip at that season of low water, telling him that it was exceedingly dangerous. But he was resolved to go, and for a few dollars bought two of them to take him.

The channel of the river is filled with rocks, around and over which the water plunges in cataracts and whirlpools. One must be acquainted with the channel, or he can never get through, even with the smallest canoe. The Indians whom Bonnifield bought claimed that they knew the river, and probably they did ; but they were treacherous fellows, and he contracted a disliking for them from the first. Probably the feeling of antipathy was mutual, for they manifested no strong affection for him. They watched him, and he seldom took his eyes off of them. It was not a pleasant ride, as the canoe shot down the rapids, and whirled in the eddies, and darted through clouds of spray to emerge in

the sunlight or shadows beyond. One Indian stood in the bow and acted as pilot, while the other steered from the stern. The pilot gave all his orders by motioning his hand.

They went very rapidly, although they floated only with the current, except when a short space of still water was reached. From the suspicious conduct of the Indians, Bonnifield was led to believe that they were plotting to kill him. He thought it best, not only to be on guard, but to disarm them. They each had a gun. When they went to shore, on an island, to cook their suppers, he took from them their guns and knives, and kept them in his possession. They raised a stormy fuss about his arbitrary proceedings; but, he threatened them with everything horrible if they attempted to resist. They yielded the point, and turned to getting supper. He had to watch them more closely than ever; because they now had occasion to kill him. He thought this bold course wisest. He slept none that night, although he affected to do so to test whether they would fall upon him in his sleep. He thought that they would not, but was unwilling to risk them.

Early the next morning they proceeded down the river. He arranged a plan to sleep without letting the Indians know it. He fixed his blankets on a frame, and lay under them. He punched nail-holes in them, so that he could see out, but the Indians could not see in, and having forbidden them on pain of death to approach him, he was tolerably safe. They could not tell whether he was asleep unless they would lift the blankets. This they were afraid to do lest he should be awake and shoot them. In this manner he slept some; but, his slumbers were light.

When he reached Fort Mojave the smoke-stack of the Government steamboat was just passing out of sight down

the river. It would not be back for a month, and he would have to remain there that time. He discharged his Indian guides, and they went off. He spent the month with that impatience known or imagined only by those who know the torment of waiting only a few hours for a railroad train that is behind time. Bonnifield said that the whistle of the steamboat, as it came up the river toward the fort after its month's absence, was the joyfulest sound that man or nature has ever caused to greet the ears of mortal. He purchased passage and was carried to Fort Yuma, whence there were railroad connections with his home in California.

When he reached home, he turned his attention to business, and discarded his romantic ideas. He has since lived as a farmer, and raises annually from three hundred to one thousand acres of wheat.

His wild riding and many hardships have told materially on his constitution, although he is still equal to almost any man of his weight. He still refuses to be surpassed by anybody, and his powers of endurance are as remarkable as ever. A few years ago in the hurry of harvest, he fell and broke his arm ; but he would not stop work an hour. He drove the header for three days with the most stoical indifference, and until inflammation brought on a fever, and for weeks his life was despaired of. He finally recovered.

Although he fears nothing, and has passed through almost everything of excitement and danger all his life; yet so tender are his feelings, that he will not drown a kitten. He is still (1884) under thirty years of age, and lives in Fresno County, California.



A. P. MINEAR.

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CHAPTER XVI.

TRAVELERS—CONTINUED.

THE energy and ability of the founders of St. George, the old Minear family, have been inherited by their descendants ever since. Had the Minears remained in Tucker and devoted themselves to its development as they have to the development of distant states, our county would be the better off. As it is, the influence which this family has had upon the growth and prosperity of this section, not only of Tucker, but of neighboring counties, has been not a little, and of the most permanent kind. But, unfortunately for their native county, but fortunately for other counties, they have, of late years, sought their fortunes and exerted their influence beyond the narrow and rugged confines of Tucker.

Of Enoch Minear's nine children, only one, David S. Minear, has made Tucker County his home from his childhood to the present time. Like his father, his grandfather and his ancestors as far back as tradition runs, he has made a business of agriculture, and has tilled the old farm that his fathers had tilled for a hundred years before him. On the farm, just in the suburbs of the village of St. George, and the oldest house in it, stands the grim old stone house that has stood the storms of three-quarters of a century, and is still firm and durable. For generations it was the homestead of the Minear family, although it is deserted of them now. Within its ponderous walls was reared that family of nine, who have now gone forth into distant lands, and some have gone whither no traveler ever returns. The farm on which they lived was one of the finest in the

county, and it was kept a model of neatness and prosperity. The family was industrious, and no idleness was tolerated. Enoch Minear, the head of the family, was a hard-working man, and he taught his family the same belief. Indeed, in the hot summer and in hours of languidness, his boys used to imagine that they were kept at work more than was good for their health and enjoyment. Early in the morning, before the first dawn of day, he would thunder on their room doors with his cane and call to them: "Out of that! Now's the time to hoe corn while it's cool!" and he never left the door until every yawning boy was dressed and on his way down stairs. The sleepy youngsters filed silently to the barn, harnessed the horses, hitched to old shovel plows, and, while some tore back and forth between the corn-rows, playing havoc with the weeds and briars, and throwing fresh soil to the young corn, others followed with broad-hoes and hacked down what weeds the plows had missed, and straightened the stalks which the horses had trampled down. There were no idlers there. Each one had something to do, and the work could not be slighted. If a row of corn was not well hoed, it was a sad settlement to be made with the one in fault.

The summer days, from so early in the morning, were very long. From the first dawn till noon was almost equal to an ordinary day. The boys worked unceasingly, but still found time to watch the sun and to take note of the marvelous slowness with which their shadows moved from the west to the north. When the shadow pointed north, it was noon. That truth of astronomical geography is well known to all the farmer boys in the world, and, about ten o'clock, when it has been a long time since breakfast and is still a long time till dinner, they are at a loss to discern whether the

shadow is moving at all or not, but are tempted to believe that, like old Joshua of the Scripture, they have enemies to overcome, and the sun is standing still to allow them ample time for the performance of the work.

When the horn blew for dinner, the tired, hungry boys forgot their troubles and went trooping home. After the horses were attended to they ate their own dinners. The bill of fare was that of the farmer, not costly or uncommon, but sufficient; and, it is doubtful, if in all their travels, these boys have ever found anything better than was their meal of corn bread, pork, butter, milk and vegetables, when they come in at noon from eight hours of hard work in the sweltering heat.

"Now boys," their father would say as soon as they were done eating and had just flung themselves down in the shady yard on the grass to rest, "now boys, now's the time to hoe corn and kill the weeds while it's hot." So, up he got and up he made them get, and in a very few minutes the whole procession was moving majestically off for the corn-field for seven or eight hours more work.

Enoch Minear taught industry to his family as he taught them morality. He considered it necessary as a part of their education. They learned the lesson, and were never the less fortunate for it.

The subject of popular education in Tucker was now coming more before the people, and a greater interest was taken in it. As yet, there were no public schools. This period may be supposed to extend from 1845 to 1860. St. George was not even a village then, at least not in 1845. It did not contain the number of inhabitants that it contained sixty years before.

While there was no public school, yet there was always a

school in St. George during the winter. The teacher was paid from private purses, and several pupils came from the country to attend. Sometimes there was a school in the summer time. In 1856 there was a summer school that has been especially remembered by those who attended.

In 1859 the St. George Inn was built. It was managed for nearly twenty years by Adam Tate, Esq., and was a model tavern of the kind. Its comforts and hospitality were proverbial the country over, and it was patronized by lawyers from neighboring counties, by cattle-dealers, by the traveling public and by the people of the surrounding country. The same house has been a tavern ever since, except for a year or two while it was owned by George I. Tucker, Esq. It is now the property of Mr. M. V. Miller, and has recently been refitted and refurnished until it is one of the best houses in the town.

The school of 1856 was taught by Prof. George E. Selby; and, in addition to the pupils in and about St. George, others attended from a distance. Among those who came from the country were Abe Bonnifield, A. H. Bonnifield, S. N. Swisher, Edgar Parsons, C. L. Parsons and others. In this school Abe Bonnifield took the prize for excelling in reading. The school has always been remembered by those who attended it as one of great thoroughness and completeness; and it may not be amiss to claim for it a greater influence for good than that of any other school ever taught in the county. It was taught in a house that stood and still stands just back of the present school house of St. George. The building was originally a saw-mill, standing some two miles below the town, and was moved to its present site and rebuilt by Enoch Minear. To him was due the first school in St. George, after the formation of Tucker. He paid the

teacher from his own pocket, and threw open the doors of school to all who would make use of it. The offer was accepted by many, and before the commencement of summer the enrollment was as large as it has ever been in St. George.

Enoch Minear then kept tavern in the old stone house, and many of the pupils boarded with him. But Abe Bonnifield, A. H. Bonnifield and David Bonnifield boarded at home, four and one-half miles distant, and S. N. Swisher, then of Hampshire County, boarded with them, and they all came to school together.

Before that time, and several years before, there had been schools in and near St. George. Enoch Minear had always been a liberal patronizer of popular education. His family received the benefit of the best instruction the country could afford. But, even at this time, 1856, his family were not all with him. Some had gone to the remotest parts of the United States to try their fortunes there. The land of California had attracted their notice when it first became known to the world as a field of gold. Capt. E. Harper, who started to that region early in 1848, was the first of Tucker's people to dare the dangers of the land of adventure. But others in a very short time were to follow, and the next one was A. P. Minear, Enoch Minear's oldest son.

On Saturday, March 10, 1849, at the supper table, in the old stone mansion, Enoch Minear said to his oldest son: "Pool," that was the name by which he was known, "Pool, to-day you are twenty-one years of age. You may either stay with me or go 'root' for yourself, as you like." Now, for the first time, Pool realized that he was fully a man, and ought to depend upon himself. He was always a whole-souled, generous boy, who was respected by all, and by all

known as a youth of intellect, energy and ambition. It was plain to any one that he would make his way in the world, no matter in what field he should seek his fortune. On the home farm, from his childhood, he had been a leader of his brothers. This right was partly due him, because he was the oldest ; but, his perseverance and his ambition gave him this position more than was given by his age.

At the supper table, on that Saturday evening, was a neighbor, Mr. Jacob See, a man, as has been said of him, whose worth was unknown until he was gone. He heard what had been said, and when he was ready to go home, Pool accompanied him to the stable for his horse. As they walked along he offered Pool fifteen dollars a month for three months if he would help plow. The offer was accepted. The usual wages were eight dollars a month, and to be offered fifteen was such an inducement that Pool had no hesitation in accepting it. He worked for Mr. See the full time, the three months, and received his forty-five dollars. This was the largest sum of money, entirely his own, that he had ever had.

Mr. See having no further work for him, Pool at once went to the B. & O. R. R., then building through the country, and took a contract of clearing the way of timber for a certain distance. At this he made money, as he always did, and could, without doubt, have remained a contractor on the road until the last rail was laid, had he chosen to do so. But rumors of gold from California began to find their way into the mountains and valleys of West Virginia ; and, among the adventurous and ambitious souls that it fired with a determination to try the realities of the stories, there was none among all the youthful mountaineers more enthusiastic than Pool Minear. His friend, E. Harper, was

already gone, and at that time was daring the dangers of the western plains, determined to be among the first upon the golden shore. The next from Tucker was to be Pool Minear. He might have been the first or with the first, had he possessed the financial means of going when young Harper went. But, if he could not accompany his friend, he was resolved to be there as soon as possible.

Having finished his contract on the railroad, he returned home, and announced that he was going to California. "Where is California?" his father asked in amazement, as though the name of a new world had been spoken. Pool acknowledged that he himself had only vague ideas where the mysterious realm was situated; but others had gone there, and he was certain that he could find it. It was in the West, and might be reached either by land or water. This was the substance of all he knew concerning it. For, be it remembered, that the science of Geography, in this part of West Virginia, was then known or partly known only to a privileged few.

But the uncertainty concerning the latitude and longitude of California was no obstacle in the way of getting there; and Enoch Minear even encouraged his boy to go, and gave him three hundred dollars to help bear his expenses on the way. This was December 23, 1849. Four days later, young Minear left his home for the far West. It was in the dead of winter, and the snow was more than a foot deep. The nearest railroad station was Cumberland, in Maryland, some seventy miles distant. Solomon Minear, his brother, accompanied him on horseback to the Red House, on the Northwestern turnpike, some twenty miles from St. George, and there set him down in fifteen inches of snow to make his way to California as best he could, and there left him.

He had a letter of introduction from Senator Ewin to Mrs. Wainright, of New York, a sister of Mr. Ewin. This was all he carried with him to recommend him to anybody in the great world of strangers into which he was burying himself. The undertaking before him seemed a great one, and it was a great one to a young man whose life had been spent almost entirely in the narrow limits of Tucker County. California, the bourne and the goal of his ambition, was a vague realm, of which he possessed only the merest knowledge, and to him it seemed only as an ideal land beyond the ocean. He was leaving all he knew behind him, and was launching boldly, if not blindly, out upon the great ocean of the wonderful and the unknown.

With these and similar thoughts crowding thickly upon him, he stood in the snow on that winter day, and watched his brother, who had turned back, until, hidden by the flying snow and the roughness of the country, the horse, rider and all passed from sight, and Pool was left entirely alone. The next time he saw his brother was in California.

When the last gray outline of his brother's overcoat was lost from sight in the distance, A. P. Minear turned to the east, and with his small portmanteau slung across his shoulder, he plodded onward slowly through the snow. His journey lay across the Backbone and the Alleghany mountains, through a region fair and beautiful in the greenness of summer, when all nature from the lowest forms to the highest are thrilled with passion and life; but, a region drear and bleak when the fierceness of winter is upon it, and the wild storms of sleet and ice and snow are never weary. Slowly and with labor the young man climbed the slope of the Backbone, and at last stood upon its desolate summit. To the northward and westward the country of

the "Glades" was in view; and as the whole frigid panorama burst upon his vision, and the white, snowy fields were interspersed with darker expanses of forest, and away in the distance the winding, tortuous course of the Youghiogheny could be traced along the ancient lake beds, whose water it had carried off in past ages, he felt that the undertaking was to him a momentous one. The land looked lone and desolate; but, he could still see beauties in it, and then felt that it was his home.

But he was too impatient to remain long in contemplation of the winter scenery, and in the reverie that the picture drew upon him. That dim, but not phantasmal land of gold and romance was so vividly painted in his mind that the brightness of its colors soon surpassed and blotted out those of the white hills and mountains far beneath him; and with but one thing before his fancy, and that the Golden Shore beyond the sea, he turned, perhaps forever, from the scene at his feet, and with his portmanteau on his back, he pushed forward along the forest-lane that marks the line of the road across the mountain, and soon began the descent into the rugged valley of the North Branch of the Potomac.

The country was only thinly inhabited. Here and there was the cabin of a mountaineer, who was willing to live apart from the rest of mankind in order to enjoy the luxuries of a forest life. Soon Minear turned down from the high plateau of the Backbone, and the snow grew less deep and he walked easier. Where Fort Pendleton now stands in ruins, was then only a field and a forest; and as he passed wearily by, on the steep descent of the way, he had nothing to remind him what scenes of history would sometime be enacted about that very hill. The surrounding silence gave no token that in after years the tramp of troops, the

trundling of train-wagons and the deep roar of ordnance would shake the very rocks over which he walked. Nor, when he reached the roaring river, which washed the mountain's feet, and plunges and raves and dashes eternally, did he once think how, in time to come, the ponderous iron horse would thunder through the mountains at forty miles an hour and that a city might sometime spring up where was then only a rough bridge and a dilapidated tavern.

But, if such thoughts came not to him in the whisper of prophecy, there was still enough to occupy his mind. He crossed the river, and the next day crossed the Alleghanies, passed over the little river, Difficult, a stream of legends and myths, and crossed the rough ravine, called Stony River. At Mount Storm he was on the summit of the great Alleghanies. The name is suggestive of the character; for Mount Storm was a stormy mountain, where the wind knows no rest or mercy; and the tornadoes are forever raging around the bald dome which marks the highest point.

From there the road led down toward the lower valleys; and by evening Minear was so far on the plains below that he could look back and upward and see the mountains at intervals, and at intervals they were hidden in the thick masses of clouds, which are nearly always hovering there.

The young man had now placed between himself and his home one range of hills, one sierra of snowy summits, and he felt, at one time, that he had gained a victory, and at another that he was that much nearer his doom. But it was no time to think of either. He was going, and nothing could or should discourage or dissuade him. The excessive labor of walking through so much deep snow began to have an effect on his body but none at all upon his mind. His limbs were tired; but his will to triumph, his determination

to push on, over and through and around obstacles and difficulties, was not diminished, and down, down still nearer to the valley he took his way, and his mind that dwelt on ambition and pictured the future knew no weariness. At Cumberland the most arduous part of his journey would be at an end, and to that was due the fact that he would not stop on his way until that town was reached.

From Cumberland to New York it was only a trip by rail, and possessed nothing of especial interest. Minear reached New York and was kindly received by the family to whom he was presented by his letter of introduction. Mr. Wainright had a son and daughter about Minear's age, and as he expressed it in a letter written afterward :

I remained there a week and had a splendid time with these young people, who took me, one by each wing, and showed me the strange New York sights.

New York was the first vivid impression of the vastness of the world and its human inhabitants that he had ever received. But it was not the end of his journey, it was really only the beginning of it, and from there his way would lead through lands and seas still stranger than any he had yet seen.

He remained in the metropolis one week and then took passage on the steamship *Empire City* for the Isthmus of Panama. That was the principal and the most usual route to California at that time. The other routes were across Central America at the San Juan del Sur, and by Elizabeth Bay, or around the southern extremity of South America, at Cape Horn, the route taken by some who went from Tucker, and by which the distance to California was more than half the distance around the world. The other common road was the emigrant trail across the plains. Capt.

Harper took this route when he went in 1848 and 1849.

At that time there was not, as there now is, a railroad across the Isthmus. Passengers got themselves across in any and every possible manner. The climate was hot and unhealthful, and those who remained on the Isthmus any length of time did so at the peril of their lives. However, many were obliged to stay for weeks, and sometimes for months, waiting on the western side for a vessel to carry them to San Francisco.

When Minear reached there, he found only the rudest conveyances to carry him and the rest of the passengers to the other side. A portion of the journey was in canoes, manned by natives, dressed in linen as white as snow. It was hot, and when the canoes were fully under way, the natives threw aside their costume, and for the rest of the way were clad after the manner of Adam and Eve while innocent in the Garden of Eden. The remonstrances of the passengers were utterly unavailing in causing them to dress themselves, and so they proceeded in that manner, although some of the passengers were ladies.

The natural scenery along the way was tropical, and continually called forth words of admiration from the passengers. They stopped at times and bought fruit and drank native coffee, and after a series of adventures, their destination was reached. In a letter Minear speaks thus of one of the native taverns:

At one of these little native huts, we got splendid coffee and, as usual, cream or milk in it, which was quite a treat and helped wash down the crackers and cheese. At this particular place I now mention, I had drank one cup of coffee and called for another. As the lady took my cup and went into the adjoining hut to get the coffee, I stepped into the doorway, or open space, to take a look into the other room, when I saw her with my cup of coffee in

one hand, streaming the cream or milk from her breast into it with the other. Just then I had finished lunch and did not care for any more coffee.

He reached Panama on January 18, 1850 ; and the very next day commenced looking about for something to do. There was no prospect of getting to go to California any time soon, and it was his purpose to save all the money he could. It was a hard place to get work, and the best offer he could find was that of one dollar a day in a pancake bakery. This was better than nothing, and he accepted the offer and went to work. But he was only waiting for an opportunity to fall in with something better.

A few days later he thought he saw a chance for speculation, and at once entered into it. Twelve miles from Panama was Taboga, where the steamers took in coal and water. He saw money in running a boat from Panama to that place to carry the passengers who would want to go. Accordingly, he bought a whale boat for eighty dollars, and soon got a load of passengers. He had a "fair wind and made a splendid run ;"* and his passengers were safely landed at their destination. About sunset he left Taboga in his boat, accompanied by his two seamen, and started back to Panama. But the winds were contrary ; and the boat was driven hither and thither all night, and not till the next day did it reach Panama. Minear was sea-sick, and entirely disgusted with his speculation. As soon as the boat touched the shore, he leaped out, started for the town, yelled back to his men that they could have the boat, and he never looked back,

There was still no show of getting a passage to California, and he commenced looking about for something else to make

*Letter from San Francisco.

money at. He rented a large room at two dollars a day, and charged ten cents a night to each person who spread his blanket and slept there. He made some money at this, and thought himself more fortunate than those who were on continual expense and were making nothing.

As soon as he got a little better acquainted, he saw another opening for speculation in passenger tickets, and he entered into that business and made some money at it.

He had now been on the Isthmus more than a month, and his impatience to get away may be imagined. Fortunately for him, it was in the winter time; for had it been in the hot season of the year, the whole collection of passengers must have fallen by fever. The first of March came, and they were still there and no show of getting away. Some wished they had stayed in New York, others that they had crossed the plains, and still others that they had the opportunity of going back home. But during all this, Minear was making the best of the situation and was looking sharply about to take in all the loose money that was floating around among the reckless of the passengers. In this he was successful, and made more than enough to balance what he had lost in his whale-boat transaction.

Early in March, 1850, the steamer *Panama* came into port, and the passengers were jubilant at the prospect of getting to leave that fever-plagued coast. On March 5, they departed for San Francisco, and had a stormy voyage of twenty-four days before they approached the Golden Gate.

As they were coming up the coast, Minear made the acquaintance of B. R. Buckelew, Esq., who had gone to California in 1846, but had been east with his family and was just returning with his brother Scott. The acquaintance was a fortunate one for Minear, who was totally unac-

quainted with any one in California, except Capt. E. Harper, and he knew not where, in all that wild country, to find him. Mr. Buckelew soon found that young Minear had nothing definite laid out to do, and accordingly offered to furnish him a shed to sleep in until he could find something better. Pool felt grateful and accepted the offer; but he couldn't help thinking that in West Virginia a stranger would not have been offered a shed to sleep in. But he was learning the ways of the new world, and he had no hesitancy in accepting the shelter of a shed.

They landed, and Minear was shown the shanty; and, after looking about for an hour or two, and as night came on, he lay down upon the floor to sleep. He was not in immediate need of anything, and had over two hundred dollars in money. His only companion was an Irish boy, and with this company he lay down to sleep his first sleep in California.

That night he was taken sick, and in the morning he sent for a doctor. He grew no better, and the doctor visited him regularly for two weeks, and finally got him on his feet. The doctor's bill was four hundred and fifty dollars. Pool had not money enough to pay it. Mr. Buckelew's brother furnished the necessary money, and the doctor's unreasonable bill was paid off.*

As soon as Minear felt able to work, he offered his services to Mr. Buckelew, but was advised not to attempt work until he felt stronger. Accordingly, he laid off a few

* It may not be amiss to note that Captain Harper was some distance from San Francisco, when he heard that Minear had arrived and was sick. Harper's business was such that he could not get away to visit his young friend; but he did not neglect him. On a bank in San Francisco where he had money deposited, he gave Minear an order to draw all he wanted. But Mr. Buckelew's generosity had already rendered this unnecessary. This incident is mentioned to show the friendship that then existed between these two young West Virginians, in the strange country. The kindly feelings and confidence between them never grew less, and in their subsequent business transactions each would trust the other further than he would trust himself.

days longer. But he felt that he must be doing something, and again went to Buckelew for a job. This time he was more successful. He was shown a ponderous pile of bricks that it was necessary to move about two hundred yards. Pool did this with a wheelbarrow. Mr. Buckelew was so pleased with the perseverance and pluck of the young man that he invited him to his own house and kept him there as long as he had anything to be done. Mr. Buckelew had several city lots which needed leveling, and Minear was given the contract. He soon had fifty men at work, and kept at it until every lot was leveled, and his employer had nothing else for him to do. This was April 15, 1851. In their settlement, Minear was paid two hundred and fifty dollars a month, and was charged with no lost time.

Minear now turned his attention to the lumber business, which in California is usually a paying one. There is money in it to all who are fortunate; but, it is risky for those who are not used to the business. Minear bought two ox-teams, and went to hauling logs for the mill. He was successful at every turn. Every stream "was bubbling over with luck," and he made money fast. Soon another mill near by offered him greater inducements, and he went to work for it, and was still as successful as ever. He remained with the new firm that bought the old one out, until in the fall of 1853. But, in the meantime he built a new mill for the same company. They were gradually placing in his hands the whole business, and he was not backward in accepting it.

In the fall of 1853 he accepted the position of manager in general for a large lumber establishment and had the entire control of the business. He was paid twenty thousand dollars a month. He was now on the road to fortune, and was

doing well in every particular. But, in April, 1854, his monthly payment was not made. This did not make much difference, and he continued the business, paying expenses from his own pocket. The next payment was not made, and he began to inquire into the cause of it, but still kept the business going. But, in the midst of his investigations the company broke. One of the partners left for Mexico, one died and the third had no money. Minear paid up the indebtedness of the mills and had nothing left. He spent forty thousand dollars of his own money in settling with small contractors and laborers. He considered that he could afford to lose all he had easier than so many could give up their all; and so he paid that which, by law, he need not have paid. But, it broke him up, financially, but not physically or mentally.

Before this financial failure, Minear had sent to Iowa for his brother-in-law, Henry M. Stemple, and family, and they crossed the plains to join him. He had bought them a home; but, before they got to it, the crash came, and Minear left California on horseback and went to Oregon. But Stemple reached the farm, and lived and died on it, and his wife, formerly Eliza Minear, still lives on the property, some miles north of San Francisco, in a beautiful and fertile country.

At Rainier, Oregon, A. P. Minear met his old friend, Capt. E. Harper, who was then carrying on an extensive mercantile business there. As Minear was out of employment, and had not an extra supply of money, he was glad of the presented offer of going into partnership with Mr Harper. For a while after this, they conducted the business together, and when Harper went to California, Minear continued the trade.

About this time Minear made the acquaintance of Miss Lucretia Moody, a young lady from New York, who, with her father's family, and other friends, had crossed the plains to the Pacific coast. They were soon afterward married;* and they continued the stores at Rainier until some time in 1856, when the business was brought to a close.

With his wife he now returned to California, and lived that year with Stemple, his brother-in-law; but did not engage deeply in business. Some of the affairs in Oregon needed looking after, and he returned for that purpose. In order to close up the concerns there, he found it necessary to buy and sell to a considerable extent. While doing this, he found that he was making money, and he saw no reason why he might not continue it. He decided to do so, and went to California for his wife. In Oregon they carried on a large store and hotel. Mrs. Minear assumed management of the latter, and Mr. Minear of the former. Things went on well, and they made money at every turn of the wheel of fortune. This was in 1857.

In 1858, a Mr. Warren, who owned a saw-mill at that place was desirous of visiting his family at Boston, and wished Minear to look after his lumber interests. This Minear agreed to do, and added two or three thousand dollars worth of improvements to the mill. But, before the return of Mr. Warren, the mill burnt down. When Warren got back, he offered Minear the burnt machinery as pay for the service done, and as return for the money invested in improvements. This was rather poor pay; but it was that much better than nothing, and Minear accepted it. He at once set about rebuilding it, using such of the ma-

* February 28, 1856.

chinery as was available, and replacing the worthless with new.

To rebuild the mill cost him eight thousand dollars. He got it ready to start at six p. m., and made arrangements to commence work at six next morning, and had men employed to run it night and day. At four in the morning it burnt down. He rebuilt it at the same cost, run it six days, and it again burnt down.

These reverses would have bankrupted him, had he not been making large sums of money in the other departments of his business. He built the mill the third time; but, the price of lumber had fallen until a small mill would not pay. Meanwhile, he was furnishing money and supplies to a man named Fox, who was building a water mill just back of the town of Rainier, for the purpose of sawing cedar lumber. By the time his mill was fairly started, he owed Minear near seven thousand dollars, and, feeling dubious about being able to make that much out of the mill, he offered to give it, lumber and all, to him, in satisfaction of the debt. Minear accepted the offer. Fox made him a deed for it, and the whole matter was settled and the mill, property and all, were in Minear's hands. He was yet standing at his desk, having just signed his part of the contract when the sawyer came running in and exclaimed: "Mr. Fox, your mill is on fire."* It burnt down, and was the third mill so to be destroyed on Minear's hands. He now thought it time to get out of the mill business, and sold his steam mill, that he had rebuilt the third time, for one thousand dollars, and never got a cent of the money.

Although uniformly unsuccessful in the mill business, yet with his hotel and store he made money very fast. His

* From a letter written afterward.

great trade was with the Columbia River bottom-land farmers, who bought their goods one year and paid for them the next, when their crops came into market. This was all working beautifully until 1862, when a great flood came down the Columbia, higher than it has ever been known since or was ever known before. It drowned out the farmers. Many were left destitute, had nothing to pay debts or buy bread, The land, which before the flood was valuable, was now worthless.

The depreciation in the value of property left us about, on a level with the rest of the people. Our hotel and store were worthless. I paid our debts and had very little left.*

Meanwhile, among the people of Tucker there was still a remnant of the California excitement. The Minears seemed to be the readiest to go. Jacob, Thaddeus and Jerome Harper had followed their brother, Captain Harper, to California, and before this time, were scattered along the Pacific coast from Chili, in South America, to British Columbia. From the time Pool Minear went, until 1859, ten years, several persons had gone from Tucker County to try their fortunes in the Golden State. William and George Minear had gone west. George settled at Killbourne, Iowa, and still resides there. William lives at Oakland, California, just across the Bay from San Francisco.

In the summer of 1859, quite a number of young people in and about St. George determined to go to California. Among them were A. T. Bonnifield and family, and John W. Minear. In November of that year they left West Virginia and repaired to New York, where they took the steamer for Panama. The journey to New York contained nothing of particular interest, and the stay in the city was

* Letters.

of import only to those who enjoyed it and took in the many strange sights that a great city contained.

They secured passage on a fine steamer for Panama, and with everything propitious they swept from the harbor out upon the stormy Atlantic. The novelty of the new life, the change of scenery, the sea-sickness and the absence of everything terrestrial, kept the passengers from growing melancholy with the monotony of the surroundings. In fair weather, they stood on deck ; but when it was stormy, they remained in the cabins, or down below. While passing the mouth of the Gulf of California, an incident took place, which has never been forgotten by those interested. They were all below ; for, in passing the Gulf, Cape San Lucas as the point is called, the wind blows a gale toward the land, and passes up the gulf to the hot region about the mouth of the Colorado River. John Minear was below with the rest ; and, desiring to go on deck, and not seeing his own hat at hand, he picked up Bonnifield's hat, and proceeded to the deck. The moment he protruded his head above the timbers of the ship, the wind swept away his hat like a cannon ball, and it passed out to sea, and its fate is unknown to this day. It was a small affair, but it cast a gloom over both Minear and Bonnifield, the former because he had lost it, and the latter because it was lost. Bonnifield never forgot that hat ; and he often wonders whether it was eaten by a shark, or whether, like Jonah, it was swallowed by a whale, or whether it became water-logged and sank into the fathomless caverns of the sea, or whether the winds and waves lashed and dashed it until it was beaten to pieces, and the dissevered fragments were scattered and strewn upon the rocky coasts of islands, continents, peninsulas, isthmuses and capes. In all probability its fate will

never be known ; but it has never been forgotten by Bonni-field who had to go into port and step upon the Golden Shore bare-headed.

When they reached San Francisco, Minear went to his sister, Mrs. Stemple's. As soon as he had rested a little, he began looking about for a way to make his fortune. He had nothing in particular laid out to do and, in consequence, commenced looking about over the country for an opening. He rather preferred farming, and had no difficulty in finding a piece of land which suited him. It was about eighty miles northward from San Francisco, in the heart of a country of which he thus speaks in one of his letters :

The whole country is as one flower garden, as far as can be seen. The low, rolling hills and the level plains between are so thickly covered with bloom of every imaginable color and dye, that the brightness dazzles the eye, and one must turn away before he can fully realize how splendid and magnificent the scenery really is. So rich in perfume are the flowers that if one walks through them his clothes will retain the odor for hours thereafter, and even for days !

He was only looking at the country, and he next visited some of the watering places and fashionable resorts of California. But he saw nothing there worth taking hold of from which to make money. He then went into the mountains, and explored some of the timbered regions, of which he thus speaks :

Trees ten and fifteen feet across the stump are nothing unusual, and are so often seen that they attract no attention. They are usually from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet high ; and sometimes are nearly two hundred feet to the limbs.

Thus, by moving about from place to place, but doing very little work, he spent the year, and came out of it with less money than he had at the beginning.

He was now pretty well satisfied that he had seen all of

California that it was to his interest to see, and he began to contemplate joining his brother Pool in Oregon. Accordingly, he took steamer for Portland, and arrived there in due time. He found the land along the Columbia mostly new country, partly timbered and partly not. Business seemed more brisk than it had been in California. At least, it was more to his liking. He selected the lumber as the best business at that particular time, and accordingly devoted himself to the pursuit of it. Cedar was from sixty to eighty dollars per thousand feet, square measure, and at this he thought himself able soon to make a fortune and return home rich. The trees were eight or ten feet in diameter, and were usually cut that high from the ground, by building a scaffold, or adjusting a board in a notch cut into the tree. At this work he remained two years; but, not getting rich as rapidly as he thought he ought to, he quit it, passed on a steamer two hundred miles up the Columbia and landed in Washington Territory, where he again engaged in the lumber trade, but this time in cord-wood.

Meantime, in 1860 and 1861, the war came on in the east, and Tucker County was between two fires. The Confederates held the mountains south of the county, and along the railroad north of the county were large numbers of Union troops. Raids were frequent into Tucker, and many persons felt unsafe. Among those were Enoch Minear and A. C. Minear. They were strong supporters of the Union cause, and they imagined that they were in danger. They thought it best, or at least, well enough, to remove a little from the seat of war. Accordingly, they went to California.

Adam C. Minear was born at St. George, October 6, 1845. St. George was at that time called Westernford. A. C. was the youngest of a family of ten; and, being young was no

doubt all that prevented his going when his brothers went. He was young, only seventeen ; but he felt able to meet the world and battle it for all it was worth, and risk his fortune on the issue.

He took passage from New York to the Isthmus of Panama on a splendid ocean steamer. He seemed to enjoy his time, and found something each day to interest him ; for, as he said in one of his letters :

The cry of "whale" from some lunatic would seldom fail to bring on deck every passenger able to leave his state room ; and the silly dunces would stand with eyes strained and mouths open in their heroic efforts to discern the whale's stupendous carcass heave above the waters. Of course, nine times out of ten, or nineteen times out of twenty, there was no whale to be seen. In fact, I never got to see one at all. But it seemed that the passengers could learn nothing by experience. They were always ready to rush upon deck, and be made the fools of some bigger fool. Some of the aristocracy, who have more imagination than brains, looked through their long spy-glasses, any declared that they could see whales by the thousand ; but I noticed that they could see just as many whales with their glasses pointed toward the sky as when in any other quarter.

* * * * *

There were on the ship, as I suppose there are on all ships, persons who had often before been over the same route, and whose knowledge of it enabled them to point out something of interest or some historical locality almost every hour of the day. If a cape came in view, they knew something about it, by whom it was discovered, or who was buried there ; or they could relate some geographical fact connected with it.

Young Minear was getting his eyes opened to the world, and the range of his knowledge was growing wider. He was a good scholar for his age and chance. His education had been acquired in the old school-house, of the school of 1856, that stood on the bank of the mill race, which was

dug by John Minear in 1776. A. C. had gotten to be a good scholar, and, although young, he was prepared to travel. The value of travel to him, and the interest which he took in seeing that of which he had only read before, and had known only as it existed in school geographies, may be judged from the following extract from one of his letters :

When I passed those islands, and saw the capes and promontories rise above the sea, my mind went back to the school room, and I remembered and pitied the dumb boys who used to stand sneaking before the teacher, because they could not tell exactly whether Cuba was at Babylon or in Cape Hatteras. The poor scoundrels could not tell ; for, I have been there, and know by experience how hard it is to remember things that are only things. I thought that I pretty well understood the general character of land and water ; but I find that I am dumber than most people take me to be. Islands are larger, and oceans bigger, and storms stronger and mountains rougher than one can get any idea of by reading books. In our debating 'Rinkle' we used to discuss which would teach a man the more, reading or traveling. Some of us were always ready to express opinions, and argue on one side or the other ; but none of us had ever traveled any, and had no means of knowing what there is in the world. For, if we were to read half the time for ten years, we could not learn what I have learned in coming from New York down here.*

A youth who thus traveled with his eyes open, and who found leisure to see every island, inspect every cape and promontory, and to despise the silly people, who, in the excitement of the moment, could turn their spy-glasses skyward and see whales, such a youth was getting benefit from his traveling. He has left recorded in letters and in his diary a journal of his proceedings southward over the Atlantic, through the West Indias, and across the Caribbean Sea.

* Panama.

When he got to Aspinwall he soon had made up his mind concerning it, as we can see from his journal :

An hour's stroll through the streets of this ancient town is enough to convince the average emigrant that it is not the safest place on the globe, although one has at his command all the modern means of self defense. It looks to me like the den of robbers and the habitation of wickedness in every shape. The people seem to be of different languages ; but as far as that is concerned, it is all Dutch to me. They must make their living by stealing or robbing ; for they don't appear to be working a bit. They loaf around the corners of the roads, and wait for people to come along to be robbed. At least it looks so to me. I can't see how Pool* stood it on this Isthmus two or three months, while, if I have to stay here that many hours it is more than I have bargained for.

When he had crossed the Isthmus, which was done on the cars and was a ride of forty miles, he was in Panama, of which place his opinion was soon made up and expressed :

A person in search of civilization need not stop here very long. He will soon find out that he is "barking up the wrong stump," for it is worse here than at Aspinwall, and I am getting tired of the surroundings. If a ship don't soon come to take me to San Francisco, I will be tempted to make my way on foot through Mexico. The weather is warm here, although so late in the fall.

A ship did soon come from San Francisco to take the passengers there, and no time was lost in getting aboard. The passage northward was the same old story of a sea voyage. Some things were getting their newness worn away. The credulous travelers failed to see such multitudes of whales, and there was less excitement when a report of any kind actually did get started. In passing Cape San Lucas, as is always the case, there was a strong wind, and the sea became boisterous. Many became sea sick, but the Cape was passed and all became quiet again. The next thing of note was

* A. P. Minear, brother to A. C. Minear.

the arrival at San Francisco. From a letter of A. C. Minear's the following is taken :

At last the Golden Gate appeared. A sigh of relief went up from every passenger on board. I could not, in my own gladness, refrain from thinking how many thousands of sea sick mortals have hailed with joy this same harbor, this same Golden Gate ; and how many have looked back over the long way of waters, the ocean of storms and the domain of desert seas, and then cast their eyes forward to the solid shore, where rest would be found at last, and where sea sickness would not be dreaded. The scenery was beautiful, although we were only approaching the shore. Except the solitary peaks of a mountain here and there along the coast to the southward, this was my first sight of California. I was eager to see it, and leaned against the gunwales to steady myself that I might the better scan the shore.

As we drew nearer, I noticed that the mountains were not as heavily timbered as they are in [West] Virginia.

I have never read much of the past of California, and less still of this harbor. I know only a little of what has taken place here. But I felt an interest in the things about me ; for I felt that it was romantic ground, and that it was intermixed with strange stories.

* * * * *

As soon as I got on shore, and had taken a hasty survey of San Francisco, I began to feel more at home. But I find that it is hard to get acquainted with San Francisco. The people are of every nation and of every tongue.

As soon as A. C. Minear had looked for a few days about the country, and had visited his relatives in California, he set out for Oregon, where his two brothers, Pool and John, then were.

Solomon Minear had been killed by a horse after his arrival in California. George Minear went to that State, but returned to Iowa. William lived and still lives in Oakland, California. Miss Catharine Minear, a daughter of Enoch Minear, and a sister of A. C., had gone to California with

her father, and had married C. W. Moore, of Idaho, and still resides in Boise City, in that Territory.

A. C. Minear passed through Oregon and Washington Territory, stopping occasionally on the way, and early in 1864 reached Silver City, Owyhee County, Idaho. The mines had only recently been discovered, and the first who had attempted to work them had been driven out with loss by the Indians.

Meanwhile, John Minear had grown tired of the lumber business, and had gone two hundred miles up the Columbia, into Washington Territory, where he took a contract to furnish two thousand cords of wood at ten dollars a cord. He strung out seven yoke of cattle to a wagon and hauled seven cords of wood at a load. He made money at this; and just as he was finishing his contract, came the rumors of the mines in Idaho, to which A. C. Minear and A. P. Minear, his brothers, were already on the way.

Teams with which to haul goods to the mines were in great demand. John Minear put one hundred head of cattle on the road, hitched them to ponderous wagons loaded with freight, and started for Idaho, five hundred miles away. Merchants paid fifty cents a pound for hauling their goods into the country, and at these figures, something ought to be made by a man with fifty yoke of cattle. He had with him a quartz mill, owned by his brother, A. P. Minear, and was taking it to Idaho, at a cost of sixty thousand dollars. In September, 1864, with his ox-teams, John Minear reached Silver City.

After the flood of 1862 swept away A. P. Minear's fortune at Rainier, he commenced looking about for something else to do. He took seven yoke of oxen and started up the river. He had an idea of engaging in the cord-wood busi-

ness; but it was not his definite purpose to do so. He told his wife that he would be gone six months, and punctually to the very day he returned. He had engaged in hauling cord-wood for the Oregon S. N. Co., and had cleared ten thousand dollars. With this he bought several large teams of oxen and heavy wagons. When his contract was done, he returned home; but he left another contract for one thousand cords unfinished. In 1863 he returned to complete the contract. The steamboats got into a war with each other, and the overseer of the wood works asked Minear if he would not as lief wait till the next year before finishing the contract.

This was just what Minear wanted. He had heard rumors of the new gold findings in Idaho, and he was desirous of visiting the country and seeing it for himself. He thought it well that he should get into some other business. Accordingly, he agreed to postpone the completion of his contract till the next year, and returned to Portland with twelve large ox-teams. He loaded his wagons with a large supply of provisions for the men, and to sell when they should reach Idaho. It was a long procession, and may have looked like the moving of an army of Egyptian chariots.

On November 3, 1863, in the midst of a terrific snow-storm, the teams arrived in Placerville, Idaho. The country was wild and almost uninhabited, and there was scarcely any feed for cattle to be had at all. What hay the Minears could get they paid two hundred and fifty dollars a ton for. The cattle were so crazy and fierce with hunger that it was dangerous to go near them. From a letter of A. P. Minear's the following is taken :

On Friday I stored my goods in a large log house in the edge of town. Saturday I got my cattle out to a place where it was pos-

sible for them to get some little to eat. Sunday it began to be noised about the camps that there was a man in the edge of town who had goods to sell. They crowded into my house till they filled full every part not occupied by goods. They said that it was the custom to buy one Sunday and pay the next. They were all strangers to me; but I told them if such was the custom, all right. That day I sold them on credit four thousand dollars worth of goods, and did not know a man. Thus it went till the next Sunday, when they all paid, except forty-six dollars. I sold all my goods in this manner, and cleared nineteen thousand dollars on them.

In the spring of 1864 he returned to Oregon, finished his wood contract, and was prepared to make another expedition to Idaho. He bought a quartz mill, loaded it on his wagons, was joined by J. W. Minear's wagon train, and they departed for the Idaho mines. They had their wagons loaded with tools, provisions, and everything that it was supposed they would need.

He had no particular place designated to which to go, and when his teams were fairly on the road, he left them and went on ahead to select a site for the mill. He selected Silver City, Owyhee County, Idaho, as the best location; and then returned, met his teams, and arrived with them in Silver City in July. He estimated that he was then worth thirty-five thousand dollars. He put from forty to fifty men to work erecting the mill, and on the 14th of September that year, 1864, he turned out the first silver brick of Idaho. By the next spring he "was forty thousand in debt; or that much worse off than nothing."*

The following concerning this quartz mill is taken from a letter written by John W. Minear. The three brothers, A. P., J. W. and A. C. Minear were all in Silver City at that time :

* From a letter of A. P. Minear's.

Then commenced the exciting times of this district. The men were all anxious to see the mill start and to get their ore worked. They would take their ore to the mill to get it crushed, just as we used to take our corn when I was a boy. Everybody was rich in mines, although not a dollar in pocket. The men often took from the mines from sixty to one hundred dollars worth of silver a day.

When A. P. Minear left Rainier in 1863, his wife commenced closing out the business, and sometime that summer she joined him where he was delivering the cord-wood, and where he had built her a neat little cottage furnished nicely.

When her husband went into business in Idaho, she sold out again, bought a fine span of horses and a light wagon, and with her little traps, and three children in it, set out to join him. It was five hundred miles, and the road lay through a wild country, filled by bands of hostile Indians. She camped out at night, and finally reached her husband in safety.

In the winter of 1864-5 provisions became scarce, as might be expected in a country untilled, and so far from civilization, and where the great mass of the people had gone there with nothing but a shovel and pick. Nearly every one of the two or three thousand people then in camp got short of things to eat. Many were glad to get beans cooked "straight," as it was called, that is, without salt or seasoning. The following is from an account given by Mrs. Catherine Moore, a sister of the Minears, and then in Idaho :

The snow buried our house so that I did not see daylight for three weeks, except when the snow was shoveled from the windows. We had flour; but many of the people had not, and some had only beans, and some, for all I know, may not have had that much. Many lived on beans cooked in water, without salt, and they were glad to get that. In one camp, a few miles from here, the men had been eating this kind of provisions for several weeks, and grew so

tired of it that they said that they would hunt something else. So they left their camp, which was buried in the snow, and they could get out only by climbing up through the roof, and out at the top. However, they got out, and wandered off over the snow to hunt some place where flour was kept. But it was a fruitless search, and after strolling about for two or three days, getting lost and hungry and cold and discouraged, they came back to their camp, and were entirely willing to eat beans.

Meanwhile, in the camp where the Minears were, rations were running fearfully short. From a letter of A. P. Minear's we learn something of the situation and of the country at that season of the year:

There was flour at the foot of the mountains, about twenty miles distant; but it was worth almost a man's life to make the trip at that time, through the drifting snow and terrific wind storms. However, I offered to go, and I got twenty-four volunteers. It was only twenty miles to the store where the flour was kept; and we thought that we could make it out in one day. But we learned our mistake. When night came on, we got into the edge of the timber, and by the merest accident found a little hut where six men were getting out boards.

The hut was so small that the thirty-one of us could barely squeeze inside of it. There was no room to lie down or to sit down; so we had to stand up. There we stood, tired as we were, all night; while outside the snow flew and the wind whistled and roared over the little cabin. The next morning twenty-five of us started for the store at the foot of the mountain. We walked hard all day through the ice and snow drifts, and about dark reached the store, having made twenty miles in two days.

When they reached the store, the owners refused to sell the flour, although Minear offered them the money. They would not even set a price on it. It was their purpose, no doubt, to hold on to it until the miners were reduced by hunger, and would give an enormous sum for it. Minear and his men offered them everything that was fair and right, but were flatly refused the flour. It was a case of necessity

with them, and they would have it. The letter goes on :

Finally I told them and my men that we would have to take it. In less than half a minute every man had shouldered a sack and was upon the road home. We went back half mile or so, and stopped in a willow swamp. By hard work we kept our fire burning all night. We opened one sack of flour, dipped up water with our hands from a cow track in the swampy ground, and by that means we mixed up a little flour and water. We roasted the dough by wrapping it around a stick and holding it to the fire. This we kept up till morning, when we started, and that night reached the little cabin in the woods. It was nine or ten o'clock before all got in.

I was so tired I could not stand up in that cabin all night ; so I went out in a snow-pit, drew my coat over my head, and lay down. I was soon nicely covered with drifting snow, and slept soundly. The next morning it was very cold ; the snow was flying thick and fast, and the wind was blowing like fury. Many times we could not see twenty feet in any direction for the drifts of snow.

Before leaving the hut, I had each man to split up some boards into small sticks, like your finger, and each man took a bundle of them. The plan was to stick one in the snow every few feet, so that, should we get lost, we could trace our way back to the cabin. This was a well-timed expedient ; for we had not been out of the timber half an hour until we were all lost in the storm. It was no use trying to go forward ; so the only thing that was left was for us to remain where we were or to trace our way back to the cabin. We decided to do the latter. It was no easy undertaking. The snow had covered some of the stakes which we had stuck in the snow, and some had been blown away by the wind. We had to kick around until we found them, and then leave a man at the last until the next was found. By this means we got back to the hut in the timber, where we took another stand for the night.

The next day, the fifth of our journey, was clear and cold, and on that day all but two of us got home. That two became separated and lost and did not get in till the seventh day.

We dealt out the flour by the tin cup full, one or two, depending upon whether it was a family or a single man.

A. C. Minear was then in this part of Idaho, and from a letter written by him sometime after this scarcity of pro-

visions, some new features may be seen in the camps. It shows to what extent the mining was carried on, and what wealth was often taken from the mines. The letter, after giving an account of the scarcity of provisions, when flour was one dollar a pound, runs thus :

The famous 'Poor Man's' mine, in Owyhee produced nearly pure silver. Pieces of ore weighing one thousand pounds were found to contain nine hundred pounds of silver. The 'Ida Elmore' and 'Golden Chariot' mines were the richest in gold bearing quartz. Bullion produced from them was worth from seven to ten dollars per ounce.

In these two mines was the scene of one of the most peculiar battles ever fought in the world. The mines were near each other, and disputes naturally arose concerning the ground between them, which, upon examination, was found to be the richest of all in gold. A compromise was made, by which it was understood that neither was to cross a certain line until the right of one or the other should be established by some legal process.

But, this did not settle the quarrel. As the ore got richer, the two companies worked toward each other, and paid no attention to the compromise. In the course of time they came together six hundred feet under ground, and the battle began. At first, clubs, pieces of quartz, picks, hammers, knives, pistols and guns were used by the belligerents. But, breastworks were built, and ore was piled up for fortifications, and the two subterranean armies lay entrenched against each other. Then cannon were lowered into the shafts, and a terrific cannonade was commenced. The results were fearful. In the confined air of the mine the roar of the artillery surpassed anything ever heard on the surface of the earth. The pillars, columns and braces were shot away, and fragments of flying quartz whistled through the dark caverns of the mines. The discharge of small guns could be heard only at intervals, between the discharges of the heavier ordnance. Much of the interior structure of the mines was ruined, and this strange battle ended with no decisive results for either side. A troop of soldiers came up and by threatening to block up the mine, put an end to the unnatural fight.

Those who have visited Silver City, Idaho, will remember that it is on a small stream called Jordan Creek, which covers over with snow until it is not seen from fall till spring. In the spring, when the snow begins to melt, where exposed to the sun on the south hill sides, the creek rises, and carries away the snow that filled its channel all winter. Thus, the creek is open, while its high banks are covered with hard-packed snow.

A. P. Minear lived beside this creek, about three-fourths of a mile above the town. He was engaged in mining speculations in 1868; and, in one of his trades, had incurred the hatred of some speculators, whom he had defeated in their plans. They, therefore, planned violence against him, and attempted to bring their plans into execution on the night of May 5, 1868. It was a most cowardly assault, and also one most wicked and brutal. The following is an account of it, taken from a letter of his, written after his recovery from injuries received:

I left town at ten o'clock to go home, traveling along a trail through the snow. I met a man, spoke to him, we both said "good evening" and passed on. When we had gotten about fifty yards apart, he yelled like an Indian, and started to run after me. I knew that I could run to the house before he could catch me: so I was not the least alarmed. When I had run about twenty-five steps, and was within four hundred yards of my house, I ran over a small ridge, and found myself in the midst of a gang of ten or twelve men, who lay flat on the snow.

Before I knew of their presence, they were all upon me. They did not strike me, only pressed me down into the snow by force. I was still on my feet; but was down as though sitting on a stool four or five inches high and had my right hand extended out. By this time, the man whom I had met and who ran after me, had come up and had gotten in front of me with drawn pistol. By some means, he dropped his revolver, and it fell, handle first, into my right hand, just as you would hold it, if going to shoot.

I said, "men, in the name of God, what are you going to do with me?" (well knowing that it meant death). When I said that, one of the men said, "smother him, so he can't halloo," another said, "choke him." At that, a man's left hand went round my throat. I caught with my left hand the barrel of the pistol that had dropped into my hand, and, cocking the weapon, fired at the man who stood in front of men. I intended to shoot him through the body, but only touched his thigh.

At the crack of the pistol they let me go, struck me across the head with something like a revolver, and commenced shooting at me. I attempted to rise to my feet and run for the creek, about forty yards distant down a steep hill; but I could not stand. I fell on the snow; but rolled and scrambled until I reached the creek bank. I shot at them three times on the way. I went over the bank, intending to crawl under the snow that covered the creek at that particular point.

The bank of the creek, together with the snow, was as high as my head. I landed on my feet, and by the aid of the bank, I was able to stand. I laid my pistol on the bank, took deliberate aim at three of them, who were about ten feet from me, and fired. I shot one man in the arm, from which he died, and shot another who also died. I then let go the bank to hide under the snow and ice. But I fell over in the creek, where the water was two or three feet deep.

My pistol was wet, and I let it go. I could not get under the snow and ice, because it had settled down on the water. So I turned on my back, feet foremost, and swam like a duck down this stream, which from there down was mostly open, at race-horse speed. Pretty soon I went under the ice, and presently went under it again, but each time came out successfully. The third place I came to I could not get under for a log and some brush. I then turned on my face, quick as thought—no time to consider—crawled over that place and into the creek below; and went on down, in all two hundred and eighty yards. There I came to a place where I knew that I must go ashore. Below, the brush hung so densely over the creek that I could not hope to get along the channel. Besides, where I was, should I get out, the ground was bare of snow and my pursuers could not see me as easily as they could where

there was snow. I lay in the head of a ditch fully one-fourth of an hour, waiting for them to get out of the way. I remained there until I found that I must get out of the icy water or perish. By the greatest effort I succeeded in getting out, and on my hands and knees, for half a mile, I crawled over the frozen granite sand, which must be seen before it can be understood, over rocks, mahogany brush, crystallized snow, sharp as needles, until I wore all the skin off of my hands, knees and shin bones from my knees to my ankles. I finally reached a mill, where I made myself known and was taken care of. As soon as I got into the hands of friends, I became unconscious, and remained so for four hours.

This was a most wonderful escape. He had sixteen bullets shot through his clothing. One ball had passed through the top of his head, and laid the skin open to the skull bone. One bullet broke his little finger, and one struck his thigh in front, ran around under the leaders, back of the knee, and came out in front by the shin bone. Another shot struck him in the calf of the left leg, and another in the right hip. One flash of powder left the burnt marks on his forehead. It was three months before he was able to get around. He attempted to convict the desperadoes who assaulted him; but he could not do it. There was always some one to hang the juries who tried them.

In 1868, in Idaho, came the Indian War, in which A. C. Minear took an active part; and from a large collection of his letters, written at and after that time, a great amount of history may be learned. A few extracts are given to show how he spent his life while there:

The Indians are continually breaking into the settlements and driving away cattle. They are not even content with this; but kill people whenever they get an opportunity to do so. They shoot poisoned arrows. Pool was out with a man who was shot through the arm with a poisoned arrow. Pool drew his silk handkerchief through the wound and wiped the poison out.

The Indians have been at their devilry again. They think that

they can do as they please. But, the stockmen are organizing for the defense. We have just returned from a campaign into their country. Some days ago a company of stockmen, about forty in number, followed a band of Indians about one hundred miles south. Nothing was heard of them for ten days, when one of their number came into camp and reported that the whole party of whites were surrounded by one thousand Indians, and that battle had been raging for two days when he escaped. He had gotten away by crawling at night on hands and feet for miles through the sage brush. The ammunition of the whites was nearly exhausted when he left, and he knew not what fate may have overtaken them ere that time.

It did not take long to organize a large force to go to the rescue. In a few hours every available cayuse [horse] was pressed into service, and two hundred men, well mounted and armed, were upon the road leading southward in the direction of the Indians.

I was one of the company. We put spurs to our horses, and did not stop for anything. In ten hours we had marched one hundred miles, surprised and routed the Indian army and had rescued the stockmen who were reduced to the last extremity. Many of the whites had been killed and more wounded. Many of the Indians had been killed. They had retreated into the lava beds where it was impossible to follow them.

* * * * *

The Chinese will come in here in spite of the Indians. Some years ago [In 1864] two hundred of them were killed in one drove by Indians in Eastern Oregon, as they were en route to the mines. Their white bones lay for three years bleaching among the sage brush, and were finally boxed up by their superstitious brethren and shipped back to China, to await the grand resurrection of the Celestials.

A. C. Minear remained in Idaho till the close of the Civil War. He engaged in several kinds of business. For awhile he was in the employ of Wells, Fargo and Co.'s Express, at a salary of three hundred dollars a month. When he left Idaho, he returned to San Francisco and was interested in some mines there. From there he returned by steamer to

New York, and thence home. He made three other trips to California, the last in 1876. One trip to San Francisco and back, from Rowlesburg, was made in twelve days. With the close of the Centennial Year his desire for wandering seemed to cease. He was in Philadelphia at the Centennial, and has traveled extensively over different portions of the west. After all his travels and adventures, he sums up the whole: "The world is nearer round than most people think it is."

When he settled permanently down in Tucker, he devoted himself to the development and improvement of the country. He had, up to that time, engaged to some extent in merchandising, during his stays in West Virginia. When he quit this he engaged in the lumber business and had several logging camps. For awhile, he controlled and run C. R. Macomber's steam mill.

In 1879 he married Miss Villa Adams, daughter of Clerk John J. Adams, of St. George, and has since lived here. His son, A. C. Minear, Jr., is a lad four years old.

In connection with Mr. Finley Toy, A. C. Minear took a large contract of lumbering on Shaffer's Fork, and completed it in 1884.

He took part in county politics in 1880, and announced himself as a Republican candidate for Sheriff. The Democratic Convention nominated William E. Talbott for that office, and the campaign was one of the hottest ever in the county. The peculiar mixing and fusion of parties at that time will be fully and impartially given in the chapter on Newspapers, in this book. It was a stubborn campaign, and every inch of ground gained by either was by the other disputed to the extremest point. It may readily be supposed that there was a peculiar mixing of parties, when it is stated that a Republican, A. C. Minear, was elected to office

by a majority of one hundred and twenty-one, over the regular Democratic nominee, a good man, in a county Democratic by about two hundred majority.

A. C. Minear was the successor of Ward Parsons, Esq., as Sheriff of Tucker County. He made a good officer, and even his opponents were willing to admit that no better Sheriff could be found to fill the office.

A. C. Minear is a member of the M. E. Church, and is ever liberal in the support of all truly worthy undertakings, whether connected with the Church or not. He has done something for every Church that has been built in the county since he has been a permanent resident of St. George. He makes no distinction between the different branches of the Church, although his preference is for his own.

J. W. Minear has never returned to Tucker County to become a permanent resident; but, he has visited his old home, and remained here one summer. He still lives amid the scenes of his early mining days, at Silver City, Idaho.

In December, 1875, he married Miss Laura Frances Harr, a girl twenty-two years of age, who had traveled in Japan. Their children are three in number, the oldest, Mabel Miller Minear, the next, John Edgar Minear, and the name of the youngest is George Renard Minear.

The family of five live in their comfortable home, on the bank of Jordan Creek, in the distant land of Idaho.

In 1870 Mrs. A. P. Minear left Idaho, and moved with her children to San Jose, California. Her object was to educate her children. Their children were Asby Pool, Clara Corinth, John Ingersoll, Lucretia Maria, William Charles, and Frank Swift, six in all; the oldest and youngest are dead.

In 1870, A. P. Minear left Idaho and joined his wife at

San Jose. Reverses had again overtaken him, and he had no money. As he has said: "Our combined capital was only seventy-five cents." A. H. Bonnifield was in California at that time, and happening to be at Minear's, he gives the following account in one of his letters:

Mrs. Minear went to the wardrobe with a candle, and accidentally set the clothes that were in there on fire. I grabbed the tea-kettle from the stove and ran with it to put out the fire; but I did not arrive in time to be of any service. The clothes were all burnt up.

And to this, A. P. Minear adds in his journal:

We had no money; and while in that fix, Mrs. Minear went into the wardrobe and set the clothes on fire, and they burnt before any could be saved. This left us with only the clothes we had on.

But reverses had come too often for this to discourage a man of his resolute spirit; and he borrowed money, moved to San Francisco and at once engaged in business. He was in the mines again, and was superintending nine mines and was receiving a salary that aggregated two thousand six hundred and fifty dollars a month, and he had made eighty thousand dollars besides. Nor did he stop until he had run it up to several hundred thousand dollars, making or losing a fortune every year. The principal part of his mining was done in Idaho, although he operated to some extent in the Comstock mine, in Nevada.

In 1876 Mrs. Minear and her children visited St. George, and went on to Philadelphia to attend the Centennial. The next year, 1877, A. P. Minear quit mining and engaged in a railroad enterprise in Georgia and Florida. He worked hard for three years on that railroad, and finally failed to succeed. He had spent on it all the money he had or could get, and he was left without money and out of business.

He then turned toward New York City to engage again

in mining. He landed there with five dollars and fifty cents. He spent the fifty cents, and lost the five dollars in the street. This left him in a strange city, entirely without money. However, he knew the tables so well that he succeeded in buying on credit a half interest in an Arizona mine for twelve thousand five hundred dollars. He traded upon it, and realized one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He put some of it back in the same mine, and put ninety thousand in another mine and lost it all. In the meantime he had built two quartz mills in Arizona, the scene of his late gains and losses in the mining business.

Then he tried Idaho again, and spent the year of 1882 in the mines of Wood River, in that Territory, and there he still holds property.

Since December, 1883, he has been traveling in search of mines through Arizona, Mexico, California, Nevada and Oregon. The following is from a letter written subsequent to his last visit to New York:

On my arrival in New York, after being gone more than twenty-eight years, I at once sought to find the whereabouts of Mr. Wainright, if living. I soon found him in the same house and in the same business where I introduced myself to him when I was on the road to California, in 1849. He remembered me and said: "Oh yes, you are the boy who wanted to buy that big red apple, and send it back home."*

David S. Minear is the only one of a family of nine who remained at home. He has always been a farmer, and has been successful as such. He was also a merchant for a number of years. On December 31, 1867, he was married

* While in New York, on his way to California, he saw a fine red apple in a window, and wanted to buy it and send it back to his friends in Virginia. His young friends informed him that the apple was only painted wood. This was the apple to which the old gentleman referred.

to Miss Mary J. Parsons, daughter of W. R. Parsons. Their children are five, Creed W., Joseph P., John W., C. Bruce and Mary Catharine.

He pays especial attention to improved stock, and his farm produces fine specimens of blooded cattle and other domestic animals. The most improved machinery is also used in his fields, and an appearance of thrift and industry is seen everywhere about his premises. The fruit of his orchards is of the best varieties.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE WAR.

THE great Civil War, that threatened for a while to destroy the good as well as the bad of American institutions, was felt with all its terrors in Tucker County. When that mighty struggle came on, the people of Tucker County were not slow in choosing which side they would espouse. Between the North and South they were nearly evenly divided; or, if there was any difference, it was in favor of the South. On Dry Fork the Northern men were in the majority and about St. George the Southern men. Early in 1861 the lines began to be closely drawn, and the different factions assumed hostile attitudes toward each other. Neighbor was against neighbor, and people, in the suddenness with which men espoused one or the other cause, scarcely knew who was a friend and who was an enemy. The warlike preparations in the East and South had their influence among the mountains of Tucker sooner than one would be apt to suppose.

Late in May, 1861, a Confederate flag was raised in St. George, under the superintendency of Abe Bonnifield, who was in sympathy with the Confederate cause from the very first. He with others had raised the flag, and had kept it floating over the Court-house by day. At night they took it down, lest some of the Union citizens should cut it down in the darkness. It was viewed with jealousy and hatred by the Union men, of whom there were many in and about

St. George, but not enough to tear down by force the flag which the Southern men had raised.

Burning under the insult, which, in being offered to their country was offered to them, the Union party sought revenge from outside help. They sent to Rowlesburg, where Captains Miller and Hall had under their commands a body of troops, and there made known that the Confederate flag was floating over the St., George Court-house and asked that soldiers be sent to cut it down. The promise of this was readily given ; and, on Sunday evening, June 9, 1861, Miller and Hall, with forty men, left Rowlesburg for the purpose of falling upon St. George unawares. They did not expect to meet with armed resistance, but, it being in a time of excitement, they thought it best to avoid, as far as possible, all risk, and, therefore, went in the night.

They reached St. George very early Monday morning, and proceeded to arrest several persons, whom they suspected of sympathizing with the South. They found no person inclined to oppose or harm them, and, without controversy, they proceeded to search for flags. They found two which they at once captured with great formality and ado, although no one attempted to defend the flags or dispute the right to take them. This finished, their mission was done ; and, when they had liberated the prisoners taken, they were ready for the return. None of those captured were held to answer any charges, and the whole affair ended more like a Fourth of July celebration than a war-like demonstration.

With the captured flags, which were flaunted in victory, the troops set out for Rowlesburg. On the way they found a rattlesnake, which they tied to one of the flags, and fastened a wildcat skin to the other. Bedizzened now fully to

satisfy the exultations of childlike triumph, the forty men, with their leaders in front, marched grandly into Rowlesburg, having first dispatched a special messenger to announce their approach. The troops marched out to meet the returning heroes, and all as one body went into camp, ending the campaign by a grand triumphal entry into Rowlesburg.

Thus ended the first page of St. George and Tucker County in the war. The next was not to pass so lightly away. By this time large bodies of Rebels were fortifying themselves on Laurel Hill, near Belington, in Barbour, and in Randolph were large numbers. The Yankees had strong forces along the railroad, at Rowlesburg and elsewhere, thus placing Tucker County, in a measure, between the two armies. Several of Tucker's citizens, among whom were William E. Talbott, E. Harper and William Harper, were now in the Confederate ranks. The two Harpers were on scout duty. William Harper was in Barbour County, watching the movements of the Yankees, while E. Harper was in Tucker for the same purpose. Rebel Home Guards had also been organized, among whom were David and Nelson Parsons, Hoy Goff and others. The Union cause seemed to be losing ground in Tucker, although there were many still loyal to the Union, among whom might be mentioned Dr. Solomon Parsons, Enoch Minear, William Corrick and several others of our most respected citizens.

As the month of June passed by, the war-spirit grew more violent, and the official functions of our county were pretty well broken up. The Union side were desirous, as they should be, of increasing their strength, and for that purpose were proceeding to hold elections in the county.

This was about the twenty-eighth of June, 1861. The

Rebels, under Garnett, were hovering close upon the county, having thousands of men within a day's march of St. George. When it was heard in the Rebel camps that the Yankees were holding an election, Lieutenant Robert McChesney was sent into Tucker, partly on a scouting expedition and partly to disturb the proposed election. On the night of June 28, he, with a body of troops, halted at the house of Job Parsons, in the Holly Meadows, and staid over night. The next day the election was to be held, and very early in the morning McChesney and his men departed for St. George, five miles distant. When they reached there, they found that no move had been made toward holding an election, but it was well understood that at Hannahsville, eight miles down the river, an election would be held, under the guard of Yankees from Rowlesburg. Some of McChesney's men were sent into other parts, and some of the Home Guards joined him, and he proceeded to Hannahsville. The following letters, relating to the subject, were furnished the author by Mr. J. Z. McChesney, of Charleston, W. Va., a brother to Lieutenant McChesney. The first was written by Mrs. Mary A. Sec, a lady well remembered here, but now dead. Her letter reads thus:

ST. GEORGE, VA., July 2, 1861.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Before this reaches you, you will have received the mournful intelligence of Lieutenant McChesney's death. I write, because you will wish to hear every particular. On Saturday, June 29, it was reported that the Union men would hold an election eight miles below St. George, protected by a large guard from the Northern army. Lieutenant McChesney went down with a party of ten men as scouts. When within half a mile of the house, he ordered his men to return. Just as they turned their horses, a party of men, who were lying in ambush, rushed out and cut off their retreat. They fired on each other. Part of our men* dashed up the mountain, and part attempted to cut their way

* The Rebels.

through them. Lieutenant McChesney was killed on the spot, Mr. Paxton badly wounded, and two others wounded, not so badly. Some of the men say they saw him* lying dead, the horse standing by him, and the bridle in his hand. Some of the Northern men requested the people at the election to bury him, which was done that evening.

The next morning Mrs. Talbott went down to see if the body could be obtained, as his brother officers expressed a very strong desire to obtain it.†

Sabbath night we hired several men‡ to go at the risk of their lives and bring him here. The company to which he belonged was to come here to take him away ; but next morning an express was sent, telling us to bury him here. He had been brought to Mr. Ewin's,§ one of the most prominent men in this region. We would have had a neater coffin made, but it was reported that the enemy was approaching, and a good workman could not be procured. Notice had been privately given, and ladies came five miles to attend the funeral. Sentinels were placed out ; a few of the Home Guards attended ; twenty-four guns were fired over his grave, and while it was filling, the old familiar hymn was sung :

When I can read my title clear.

We laid him in a retired and beautiful spot, shaded by several fine trees, and commanding a beautiful view of Cheat River and the adjacent village of St. George. It was a spot selected by Mr. Ewin, for a family burying ground. A lovely daughter of his sleeps there.

The Lieutenant's grave was surrounded by tender and sympathizing hearts ; for nearly all had near relatives in the army, and we knew not how soon the hand of the stranger would lay them in their last resting place. A musket ball had penetrated his body in the left side, near the heart.

Till Christ shall come to rouse the slumbering dead,
Farewell, pale, lifeless clay, a long farewell :
Sweet be thy sleep beneath the green tree's shade,
Where we have laid thee in thy lonely cell.

* McChesney.

† From the circumstances we infer that Mrs. Talbott was not successful in obtaining permission to take away Lieutenant McChesney's body.

‡ These men were Abraham Talbott, Peter Bohon and John Auvil, Sr.

§ Senator William Ewin.



LT. ROBT MCCHESNEY.



N D. ADAMS.



JOSEPH A. FARIS.



MRS. D. S. MINEAR.



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My dear friend, may our blessed Savior comfort you all, particularly the mother; and, O, that he may sanctify to us all the heavy afflictions with which he is visiting us.

Your Sincere Friend,

MARY A. SEE.

The following is a copy of Colonel Irvine's letter, which he wrote from Oakland, July 21, 1861. Colonel Irvine had command of the troops by whom McChesney was killed, and his letter shows him to have been a brave man, for none but a brave man could deal so fairly and so honorably with an enemy who had fallen in battle. The letter reads thus:

HEADQUARTERS 16TH REG'T, OHIO VOLS.,
OAKLAND, MARYLAND, July 21, 1861.)

To the Friends of Lieut. Robert McChesney, 1st Lieut. Va. Cavalry:

No opportunity having occurred, giving me a reasonable hope of reaching you before this time, is my excuse for not writing you sooner. You have, no doubt, learned long before this of the time and manner of Lieut. McChesney's death. I will, therefore, not speak of it further than to say that he bore himself gallantly, and my sympathies were greatly enlisted for him when he fell. What should have been our common country, lost a brave and gallant man. I am in possession of his personal effects, which would be invaluable to you; and, it would afford me great pleasure to know that they were restored to you. If you will indicate to me the channel through which I shall forward them, it shall be done immediately. Amongst other things, I have his pocket-book, \$— in money, gold shirt buttons, breast pin, several papers (of no value) and some other little articles, not now remembered. His arms will, of course, be retained, being contraband. My term of service is about to expire. Please write me at Coshocton, Ohio.

Very Respectfully,

JAMES IRVINE.

Col. Comd'g 16th Reg't, O. M. V.

The accounts of McChesney's death differ a little in the minutia. One account says that he was killed by Captain Miller with a pistol which had that morning been borrowed from John A. Peters, of Rowlesburg. As this story runs, Miller, with others, heard that the Confederates

were advancing, and having dressed themselves in citizens' clothes, went up the road and stood by the wayside as if merely looking at the soldiers pass. McChesney and his men passed by, not suspecting that the men whom they saw were Union soldiers with arms hidden under their clothes. When the Rebels had gone a little further down the road, they found themselves confronted by Miller and his disguised soldiers, and from the shot of Miller's revolver, the brave Lieutenant was killed.*

Certain it is, that the Confederates passed a squad of Yankees, seen or unseen, and shortly after were attacked from the front by another body of the Union forces, and in falling back found themselves hemmed in between two enemies. Some tried to escape up the hill, and did escape with the loss of horses, guns and accoutrements. One crossed the river, and escaped. McChesney, Paxton and others attempted to cut their way through the Yankees who were in the road behind him.† A great many guns were fired. The Rebels had double-barrelled shot guns.‡ One Yankee was shot in the back of the head as he ran, and fell, mortally wounded.§

McChesney was shot through, but did not fall from his horse until the horse had its leg shot nearly off, when both rider and horse fell together. McChesney never showed signs of life after he fell. It is said that his hand still

* Mr. Daniel K. Dumire, a trustworthy citizen of Tucker, claims to have seen and heard the substance of this story. He heard Miller boast of killing McChesney within an hour from the time it happened. He also saw the fight.

† It is said that, when he saw that he was surrounded, McChesney drew his sword and called to his men: "We must cut our way through them!"

‡ The barrels of one of these guns were recently found near the battle-ground and are still in the possession of C. L. Bowman, of St. George, W. Va.

§ His comrades placed him in a canoe and started to Rowlesburg with him. He died just before reaching there, having lived five or six hours.

grasped his bridle rein. He fell upon a small log, entirely free from his wounded horse.

Paxton succeeded in breaking through the lines of the enemy, but was shot through the body. He rode on some distance, when he became so weak that he could not ride. He dismounted and hid near the road and remained there till night, when he was found and taken to St. George by William Harper. All the others got away, and two of them were wounded.

The Home Guards and the soldiers whom McChesney had left about St. George were following on down. When they passed Miller Hill they heard of the skirmish but did not learn whether any or how many of the men had been killed. It was deemed best to retreat, and all did so but William Harper. He expressed his determination to proceed until he learned more of the missing men. He went on until almost in sight of the battle ground, where he found Paxton's horse, which was slightly wounded. Concluding that the rider must have been killed, Harper caught the horse and with it returned to St. George. Before dark, all the men came in but McChesney and Paxton. McChesney had been seen to fall, but Paxton was beyond the lines when last seen, and it began to be hoped that he had escaped. After night-fall, William Harper, a braver man than whom never lived, went down to hunt for Paxton. He met him slowly making his way on foot up the road, badly wounded. Harper carried him to town, and there he was taken care of.

On Sunday night John Auvil, Abraham Talbott and Peter Bohon went to Hannahsville and brought away the dead body of McChesney. They went in a sled, in order that they might not be heard, since a wagon would be so noisy. No one disturbed them, and with the object of their mission,

they reached Mr. Ewin's before day, and the burial took place, as is described in Mrs. See's letter. The Rebels then left the county, going back to the main body of soldiers in Barbour and Randolph counties. As they went they took prisoner Judge S. E. Parsons and William Hebb, and tying them together, carried them off.

The site of the battle of Hannahsville is about eight miles below St. George on the Rowlesburg road, and may still be pointed out. The thicket of brush where the Yankees lay hidden, has since been cut down, and a few other changes have taken place; but the whole is yet an object of interest as it is the site of the first blood-shed in Tucker County in war since the close of the old trouble with the Indians. The Union forces amounted to six hundred men. McChesney had about ten. The loss in killed was one on each side. The Yankee was shot in the back of his head as he was running.

Lieutenant Robert McChesney was born in Rockbridge County, Virginia, June 30, 1832, and died June 29, 1861, aged twenty-nine, wanting one day. He had a good education and was by occupation a farmer. He possessed the finest business qualifications. In politics he was a Whig, as that branch of the Republican party was then called, and of such integrity was he that he was the leader of the party in the community where he resided. From early life he manifested a strong predilection for military pursuits, and while yet quite young was elected Lieutenant of a company of cavalry. He had been for several years, and was at the breaking out of the war, Adjutant of the regiment of militia to which his company belonged. His voice was loud, clear and distinct. His commands could be plainly heard from one end of his regiment to the other.

Descending from a long line of ancestry distinguished for their patriotic devotion to their country and a love of liberty, Lieutenant McChesney was among the first to offer his services when the Governor of Virginia called for troops to repel invasion. None of the Mother of Presidents' heroic sons were prompter than he to respond to the call for aid.

McChesney was a man whose personal appearance would claim for him notice anywhere.* His frame was wiry and well knit, capable of enduring great fatigue; he was tall in stature and of a commanding mein, and was one among the finest riders in the Rebel army, where every cavalryman was a splendid horseman.† He was quick of perception, and had the eye of an eagle. He was generous to a fault and fearless in danger, possessing all the qualities that go to make a dashing cavalier, and had he not been so suddenly cut off he would undoubtedly have written his name beside those of Ashby and Stuart, high on the scroll of fame. It is said by one who knew whereof he spoke that Lieutenant McChesney was the only cavalry officer who attempted to rally his men or bring order out of confusion and chaos on the day of the Philippi rout and retreat. He possessed the confidence and respect of his superior officers, and the love and admiration of his subordinates and equals.‡

* I once met a lady on the Pacific Coast, who had seen McChesney on the morning of his death, as he went to the battle, and she spoke repeatedly of the splendid appearance of the young Lieutenant on horseback, and how dignified, gallant and heroic he looked as he led his men to the battle. She said that his horse seemed conscious of the worth of its rider, and bore itself as proudly as a Saxon war horse, carrying a knight in armor.

† Impartial judges state that, as a whole, the Rebel cavalry, during the War, possessed the finest riders of any cavalry in the world. They rode nearly equal to the wild horsemen of Texas and California.

‡ Col. Irvine, by whose regiment McChesney was killed, afterwards said that the young Lieutenant was the bravest man he ever saw; and, as he charged down so gallantly upon the Federals, he hoped to see him escape the hail of bullets that were showered upon him. Even his enemies in war expressed sorrow that so heroic a man should meet so untimely fate, and so young.

But, all the promise of renown were cut off and destroyed when he fell on that bright summer morning.

On the bosom of his Mother State Lieutenant McChesney offered up his life a martyr to liberty and State Rights. He was the idol of his widowed mother, who, though doubly widowed by his tragic death, sent forth her two remaining sons to battle for her beloved Southland. Brave son of a Spartan mother! the sunny Clime of Ancient Greece never produced two nobler or more heroic spirits. Some may accuse him of rashness; but, during three years in the saddle in time of war I have seen quite as daring feats as he attempted, successfully executed.*

Had his men followed him when he gave the command to charge, it is not improbable that they would have succeeded in cutting through that serried phalanx of glittering steel, and added fresh laurels to Virginia power and glory. He was respected, honored and loved by all who knew him in life. By his brave and heroic death he compelled and won the respect even of his enemies. He filled all the stations of life nobly and faithfully. He gave his life for his country.

Whether or not his cause was a just one has nothing to do in the consideration whether or not he was a hero. A belief is right when a man will die for it. No vicious passion should assail a man who is willing to offer up his life to a cause which he advocates. With him and between him and the eternal tribunal of truth and justice it is right. When other men and other times shall come to judge us as we were, the jealousy and prejudice that surrounded us in life will have passed away, and what of good there was in us will then be seen, not through a glass darkly, but clearly and truly. Generations that shall come centuries hence, and who perchance shall ask of us, will not inquire who wore the blue and who wore the gray. It is little we care

* An extract from a letter written by a Confederate officer.

who wore the Red Rose and who the White, in the wars of York and Lancaster. Less still—for times are changing—will those who come after us care who wore the blue and who the gray. Men and results will be all that will be asked for ; and, then, all passion gone, as a man will be named Lieutenant Robert McChesney.

The war in West Virginia was now fairly begun. The Confederates held strong positions in Barbour and Randolph, and McClellan with thirty thousand men was advancing upon them. Garnett, the Confederate General, had between four thousand and five thousand men. The odds were seven to one against him. On July 8, 1861, was fought the battle of Laurel Hill or Belington. The Confederates fell back. On July 11, the battle of Rich Mountain was fought, and the Confederates were again defeated. In these fights very few men were killed, and Garnett did not fall back on account of the destruction that had been done his army. But he knew how much strength his enemy had, and he suspected that the design was to cut him off from the roads leading south, and then, in case of defeat, to compel him to surrender.

A mistake on the part of some of his scouts strengthened the belief, and brought on disasters which might have been avoided. His scouts reported that they had seen Union troops in Beverly, and that the road beyond was blockaded. The road was blockaded, and they had seen troops in Beverly ; but, the troops were Confederates, and the road had been blockaded by Confederates. Not knowing the truth of the matter, and believing that he was being rapidly surrounded by thirty thousand men, Garnett deemed it best to retreat while he could, by the only road yet open, that to St. George, thence to the North-western Turnpike, and by

it to Mount Storm, the summit of the Alleghanies, and from there through Greenland Gap, back to Virginia. Almost immediately after forming this plan, he found part of it frustrated. The direct road to St. George, that down Clover Run, was so open to attack from overwhelming numbers of the Federals, if indeed, it was not already in their hands, that it was decided unwise to retreat by that route.

The only way still open for the artillery and wagons was that across Laurel Hill at the head of Pleasant Run, down that stream to Shafer's Fork, down it and the river to the Horse Shoe, and thence up either Mill Run or Horse Shoe Run to the North-western Road. This was a hard line of retreat for an army heavily encumbered with baggage and stores; but there was no other, except Dry Fork, and that way was utterly impassable for wagons and artillery.

Misfortunes were thickening around the Confederates. The two brothers, William and Ezekiel Harper, had been sent off as scouts to see if the way was open at all. The former had been scouting in Barbour for several days, and had twice approached within a mile and a half of Philippi while the Union forces were there. E. Harper had been watching the movements of the Federals who were pushing eastward along the North-western Pike from Grafton, and had fortified themselves on Buffalo and at West Union (Aurora), and seemed to be concentrating their forces so as to strike either the Mill Run or the Horse Shoe Run road, whichever one the Confederates should attempt to escape by. Garnett was, indeed, in a critical situation, and a delay of a few days would prove fatal. He, therefore, decided to retreat at once. In a short time his army was in motion, the cavalry in front, and then the long train of ponderous wagons and infantry. The Union General soon learned

that the retreat had commenced, and General Morris went in pursuit with about five thousand men.

The Confederates encamped the first night on Pleasant Run. The next morning, as their rear was leaving camp, the Federals came up and fired on them. A slight skirmish ensued, and the Confederates escaped for the moment.

Meanwhile, E. Harper, who had gained all the information he could concerning the position of the Union forces, was on his way to Rich Mountain to report. When he reached Ward Parsons', on Shafer's Fork, he learned that the Confederate army was retreating. He knew that the road along the hill near there was impassable for an army with wagons, and he hurriedly collected a score of men with axes and commenced cutting a road through the bottom land. He left the men to complete this work, and he pushed on to meet the army. He met the advance near the mouth of Pleasant, and the officers, when they learned that the Horse Shoe Run road was the only one open, requested him to pilot the army through by the shortest and safest route. Harper insisted on turning back to fight, saying that he could kill more Yankees than any thirty Rebels. He was reprimanded for his rashness, and was told that the object was not to kill Yankees but to get that army out of its present situation. The firing in the rear had already begun, and the intention of all was to escape as soon as possible. He accepted the position of pilot, and moved forward with the van. About forty of the Spottsylvania cavalry were sent over the mountain under the guidance of J. M. Corrick, to see if the Federals held the Clover Run road; for it was feared that they would cross from Philippi to St. George, and cut off the retreat there. Corrick guided the detachment through mountain paths, down Clover to St. George.

He found the way clear, and passed up the river to Maxwell's and there re-joined the main army, and was then released from further service.*

Meanwhile, the fight at Corrick's Ford was in progress. Below the mouth of Pleasant Run it was seen that opposition must be offered to the pursuing Federals. Two companies of Georgians were placed in ambush to fall upon the flank of the Union army, while the main body of the Confederates were to attack from the front. At Corrick's Ford the Rebels planted their cannon, and, as the front of the Union army came down to the water's edge, opened on them with a volley of grape-shot. The two regiments of Georgia troops did not fire, although they were ready, and waited only for the command. They were cut off from the main army and escaped up the mountain. They fell in with James Parsons who piloted them to Otter Fork, where they camped that night, and the next day crossed to Dry Fork, and by that route, after great suffering and hardships, they at last reached the Confederate lines.

The front of the Confederate army had crossed Job's Ford, four miles below Corrick's Ford, when the firing commenced. It was expected that the decisive battle would be fought there; for the stand at Corrick's Ford was meant only to check the enemy momentarily. Accordingly, cannon were wheeled into position along the river bank, opposite Callihan's store, and the brush were cleared from the bluff above, ready to make of it an artillery field.

At the moment the Rebels fired at Corrick's Ford, the road on the other side of the river was full of Yankees, who did not know of the presence of Rebels, except a few

*J. M. Corrick was a son of William Corrick, after whom the Battle of Corrick's Ford was named.

stragglers whom they did not think worth firing upon.*

The Confederate cannon had been concealed, and when they fired, the Federals fell as one man. The officer in front had seen the guns just in time to call: "Flat to the ground!" and his men threw themselves flat in the road, and thus escaped the first volley. From the marks on the trees it is supposed that the first fire of the Rebels was fifteen feet above the Yankees. But the other volleys that followed in rapid succession were not too high, for, a log that lay in the midst of the Yankees had in it 144 bullet holes when the battle was over. The firing across the river was rapid for a few minutes, and until the Union forces fell back. The Rebels then resumed their retreat. Garnett, at this juncture, came back with his staff officers, McClung and others, and attempted to rally his men. They were sitting on their horses by the river bank, leaning forward in order to see under grapevines and limbs that grew thick there. Firing had again commenced, and as they leant forward on their horses' necks, a bullet shaved the mane from Garnett's horse, close to the rider's face. McClung advised him to get out of range of the bullets. The General replied that they might get away if they liked, leaving it to be understood that he would not get away. The next moment a ball struck him, and he fell from his horse mortally wounded. His army was now in full retreat, and he was left on the field. The Federals found him and carried him into the house of William Corrick, where Morris came to visit him. He and Morris had been class-mates at West Point. The hatred that existed between the North and South was forgotten by

* A drummer boy, who had mounted a horse behind a sick soldier, was thrown from his horse into the water when firing commenced. He lay under water, except his face, during the battle, and then escaped unseen and made his way back to the army of Virginia.

them, and after Morris had done all that could be done for the wounded officer, Garnett died in the Union General's arms. The generous and magnanimous Morris showed every respect and kindness in his power to Garnett, and when he was dead, he dressed him in his own blue uniform and sent him to his people in the South.

The battle field was now clear of Confederates. Those who could had fled, and the wounded and dead had been carried off. Corrick's house was made a hospital and a prison. The captured Confederates were confined in the kitchen.

The number of killed and wounded at Corrick's Ford is not and probably never can be known. No official reports can be found; and other reports are as various as the persons are who make them. The entire loss on both sides is placed all the way from fifteen to three hundred. It was certainly more than fifteen and certainly less than three hundred. Of the Rebels, more than fifteen are known to have been killed. The Yankees would not acknowledge that they lost any; but the evidence against this is too strong to admit of its belief. The trees and brush where the soldiers stood thick were torn and splintered by grape-shot and bullets, and it would have been a miracle if no soldier was struck. Besides, many persons claim to have seen numbers of dead Union men. It is claimed that they hauled several large wagon-loads of dead bodies to Randolph, and buried them in the entrenchments. One trustworthy man says that he counted one hundred and fourteen dead Union soldiers. The Rebels had a great advantage of ground, and made good use of it, and it would be a curious freak of chance if no Union soldier was killed.

Be this as it may, the Rebels failed to check and hold in

check the Federals, and again started upon a retreat, which now became a rout in every sense of the word. The cannon and baggage were gotten from the field, and the rout began in earnest.

The position that had been taken at Job's Ford was abandoned, and the road was given to the retreating soldiery. The rain fell in torrents, and the road was almost impassable on account of mud. The footmen struggled along as well as they could, and the tired horses tugged heavily at the ponderous wagons.

When the van of the army reached White Oak, at Jesse Parsons', it met William Harper, who had come that morning from West Union (Aurora). A consultation was at once had with him. He did not think it possible to get the wagons and cannon up Horse Shoe Run, and, therefore, advised the retreat to be made up Mill Run, at St. George. He did not think that the Union forces at West Union would offer material resistance to the army. But, E. Harper, who was better acquainted with the position of the Union army on Buffalo and along the North-western Pike, and also fearing that forces sent from Barbour would reach St. George in time to cut the army in two, still urged that the Horse Shoe Run road be taken, and it was taken. William Harper passed on to the rear of the army, and was at the mouth of the Alum Hill Pass when the front of the Union army came in view. He fired upon them, and they halted, probably thinking that he was a picket and that the whole Rebel army was still at Job's Ford, a mile beyond. This one man checked the Federal army longer than Garnett's four thousand had been able to do; for they fell back behind Alum Hill and remained there till the next day.

The story of the retreat of that Rebel army is a sad one

to relate. It resulted partly from blunders, but is hard to say to whom the blunders were due. However, the Rebels at Rich Mountain must have been defeated sooner or later anyway, for four thousand men could offer but little resistance to thirty thousand.

A portion of the Confederate infantry passed round Slip Hill; but the wagons, cannon and the main body of the army crossed the river at Neville's Ford, where they came near drowning some of their men. They passed through the Horse Shoe to Nick's Ford where they recrossed and took the road leading up Horse Shoe Run. The army was halted at Low Gap, and the officers consulted whether it would not be better to fight a battle there. Some of the artillery was wheeled into position on Holbert Hill. The pursuing army failed to put in an appearance. It was intended to open fire on them as soon as they came within range.

While halting there, word came that the Union forces were fortifying at the Red House with the intention of cutting off retreat by that route. This caused a change in the plans. It now became the object to escape the pursuing army by flight, and cut through the forces at the Red House. The artillery was brought up from the rear, and was sent to the front. Except the cavalry and artillery, there was no longer any warlike spirit in the army. Every man seemed to think only of saving himself. The stores and goods were thrown from the wagons. Mud holes were bridged with tents and blankets. Trunks were broken open and the contents scattered in every direction. Barrels of flour and sugar and rice and molasses were rolled from the wagons to be left or broken into by the excited and famishing soldiery. Guns were thrown into the woods, and cartridge boxes were

flung after them. Clothing was scattered on every side. Boxes of medicine were kicked out of the wagons to be trampled under foot. The soldiers were starving, while stores of provisions were being destroyed. Boxes of crackers and biscuits were broken open, and he who could helped himself.

The exposure and the hunger since breaking camp at Rich Mountain had made many of the soldiers sick, and when they could no longer travel they were left to fall into the hands of whomsoever they might or die without attention. There was no room in the wagons for the sick. A boy with his foot shot off got on a cannon and rode there. An officer dismounted and walked in order to let a sick soldier ride. The spirit of Southern generosity was not dead—it never dies—but, in that shameful panic, who could attend to anything but himself? There was plenty to keep the soldiers from starving, but no time was taken to deal it out to them. If the retreat had been two years later in the war, when experience in such unpleasant performances was more mature, there probably would not have been a man or a wagon lost. But, it came when it did, and it leaves nothing for the historian to do but to record it as it was.

The horses suffered no less than the men. They toiled at the heavy wagons until they could move them no more... When the men had thrown out the loads, the tired horses could again draw the empty wagons. But they could not long remain empty. The exhausted soldiers, who had fallen by the wayside, struggled to their feet and climbed into the wagons, or, perchance were helped in by comrades, and the wagons were soon overloaded. It was useless to try to get them along. The teamsters cut the harness from the horses, and mounting them, fled. Then the axle-trees were sawed

in two and the spokes cut from the wheels, and the road was thus blockaded to prevent pursuit. But it also blockaded it against the following Confederates who came up, and being unable to get their wagons by, had to cut them to pieces and leave them.

Every mile the panic became more deplorable. Soldiers without shoes went hobbling and limping along, their feet cut by the stones, and their tracks marked with blood. William E. Talbott was along, as was M. P. Helmick and many others still living in the county. Few pretended to carry arms. In the front some order was kept, but in the rear the sight beggars description. Some flung themselves by the roadside, and refused to be assisted forward by such of their comrades as were willing and able to assist them. The sick, who could, crawled to houses and lay there till the pursuing cavalry came up and took them prisoner. Some attempted to hide in the woods; but, when the pursuit came, it was useless to attempt concealment. Some thought to pass themselves off as citizens and thus escape the Yankees. But their woeful looks and haggard faces told the tale on them.

The rabble extended ten miles. Every mile and every rod was marked with plunder and ruin. When night came on, the scene was worse, if it could have been seen. It was dark and rainy, and the remnants of the once splendid army struggled along the narrow road, not knowing when the guns of the pursuers would roar out on the night. The front, too, began to be demoralized. Reports came that the road at the Red House was held by five thousand Federals which was just ten times the actual number there. The cavalry (partly excusable from the excitement of that awful night) thought that the army was beset both in front and

in the rear, and that destruction awaited either an advance or a retreat. From Wotring's, the head of Horse Shoe Run, there was an obscure and rugged path leading across the Backbone Mountain and the head waters of the North Branch and Stony River. This, to the cavalry, seemed the only possible avenue of escape, and it was barely possible. Samuel Porter knew the path and acted as guide. The cavalry thus left the road, unknown to the main army and the artillery, and crossed the mountain by this path. It is a mystery how that cavalry ever made that march. It was a narrow foot-path, traveled by mountaineers, and led over bluffs, mountains and ravines, and logs and rocks filled it in every part. Besides, the darkness of the night, and the descending torrents of rain lent additional difficulty to the undertaking. Many of the horses were unshod, their shoes having been pulled off in the clefts and crevices of the rocks. The path was a rough one for horses shod with steel and in full strength and spirit; and it was far worse for these that were hungry, lame and exhausted.

When they got into the wild region about Stony River, they were met by an old woodsman who mistook them for Yankees. He seemed anxious both to gain and to impart information. They saw that he was mistaken and told him such news as they thought he would like to hear. And he in turn told them that he was captain of the Home Guards in that quarter, and that his one hundred men could "bush-whack Rebels to beat the nation."* When they had drawn from him all the information they wanted, they informed him he was in the hands of Rebels. The old fellow's countenance fell; but, seeing that he was a prisoner, he went

*This is on the authority of McClung of Greenbrier County, who was an officer and was present.

quietly along. Toward morning they came to a tributary of the North Branch, and the horses refused to leave it. They had unshod feet, which were broken and feverish, and they preferred to bathe them in the cool water. But at length they got the horses from the water, and at daylight came into the North-western Pike.

The artillery and the infantry did not know that the cavalry had left the road, but supposed them still in front and that they would give notice of any danger. Thus deluded, the army, if it can be called an army, advanced, and the artillery was in the very front. S. E. Parsons and William Hebb, who had been taken prisoner during McChesney's raid, were still prisoners in Garnett's army. Near Wotring's, Parsons determined to attempt an escape. He sprang from the guards, and leaped down a bank. A dozen guns were fired at him, but he escaped unhurt, hatless, and the next morning found himself beyond the Rebel lines. On the evening of the fourteenth of July, five hundred Federals had arrived at the Red House, ready to dispute the road with Garnett's army. They, too, had heard rumors, in common with the Rebels. They heard that Garnett's army, although badly shattered, still had fifteen thousand fighting men. However, they held their ground until the front of the army could be heard advancing, when they started in full retreat toward West Union. The Rebels were near enough to hear them going.

This was after midnight, probably two o'clock in the morning. The North-western Pike was reached at last. But a new danger was threatening them. It was said that a body of Union troops were stationed on the summit of Backbone mountain, ready to hem the Confederates in. A consultation was held, while the soldiers, as fast as they came up,

flung themselves upon the ground to sleep. There was no other means visible by which the army could be gotten out. It was known that armies were in Oakland, West Union, on Buffalo, and in the rear, and the road across Backbone and the Alleghanies was all that remained open, if it, indeed, was open. It was thought best to send scouts to the top of the mountain, about four miles distant, to see if an enemy was there. In an army of four thousand, only five were found willing to go. They were E. Harper, Garrett Johnson, Dr. William Bland, of Weston, and two cavalymen. They left the Red House about three o'clock in the morning and rode to the top of the mountain. Harper said that he felt more fear while going up that mountain than he ever felt before or since. But no enemy was found, and they returned to the Red House and reported that the way was open. This was just at daylight, July 15. The army at once resumed its retreat, and before noon had passed the North Branch bridge, which it burned. From that point it was not pursued. The wrecked army made its way back to the South and was recruited and again placed in service. The Union army made no pursuit after Alum Hill was reached. The troops remained about the country, and detachments went foraging on the trail of the Rebels to pick up stragglers and plunder; but no attempt was made to overtake the Rebels. The Union army went to St. George, and thence to Philippi and Belington. Some of those left to take charge of the wagons and plunder were set upon and shot as they were going up Clover Run. This was the largest military movement that ever took place in Tucker County. The others were only raids.

After Garnett's army retreated from the county, the Confederates had little hold in it. The Unionists kept forces in

the county, and kept down any manifestation which Rebel citizens might have made. On Dry Fork the guerrilla warfare between the Home Guards of each side went on unabated.

In September, 1862, the Federals had squads of men in Tucker. One squad was stationed at Abraham Parsons'. John Imboden had heard of it, and determined to drive them out. With William Harper as guide he struck across the mountains, intending to fall on the Yankees unawares. But Jane Snyder, then a young lady, now the wife of Mart Bennett, saw the Rebels, and, mounting her horse, she galloped off down Dry Fork to give the alarm. She reached the Yankee camp just in time to save them; for, scarcely had she gotten away when the Rebels came up. The Yankees made no stop or stay until they had quit the country. Imboden then returned to the South, and the Yankees returned to the occupation of Tucker.

Capt. William Hall then came to St. George with twenty-nine men, and took up his headquarters in the Court-house. This was in November. Some of the Union citizens of the county sent insulting words to Imboden, taunting him. He at once set out for St. George with some small cannon lashed to the backs of mules. He came down Dry Fork, where there was then only a small path. William Harper was guide. The way was rough, and the progress could not be but slow. One of his mules that carried a cannon slipped over the bank and tumbled a hundred feet, almost into the river. The men followed, and when they took the cannon off, the mule got up and was ready for traveling.

Imboden was aiming for St. George, and was expecting to fall upon the Yankees by surprise. In this he was successful. He approached the town just after daylight, and had

the Union forces surrounded before they knew of the presence of a Rebel. Then a flag of truce was sent in to make a demand for the surrender of the forces. The man who bore the flag was fired upon and wounded in the foot by a sentinel, who then ran to the Court-house and gave the alarm. Immediately there was much excitement among the Yankees. When Hall learned that he was surrounded, he cried: "Boys, take care of your Captain!"

The Rebels who had passed down the river fired a few times in the direction of the Court-house, but without effect. They found Enoch Minear feeding cattle just below town, and took him prisoner and detained him an hour or two.

Meanwhile, negotiations for the surrender of the town were going on. Imboden offered honorable terms and Hall accepted. The Yankees were to be parolled and allowed to depart in peace from the country. On these terms, St. George was surrendered. James Swisher was the only one who escaped. Finding himself some distance from the Court-house when the alarm was given, he took to his heels and got off. He carried the intelligence to Rowlesburg, where it created no small stir among the soldiers.

Captain Hall's headquarters were in the Clerk's office. He was just sitting down to breakfast when the alarm was given. When the surrender was made, Imboden and his men sat themselves down around the table, and, with characteristic Southern hospitality, invited Hall and his fellow-officers to join them at the board and help eat the smoking breakfast. All sectional and national hatred was now forgotten, and Yankee and Rebel, vanquished and victor, sat side by side and eat to their full satisfaction. Imboden's soldiers joined in with Hall's and all in common sat joking around the camp fires, and cooked and ate breakfast, forget-

ting that a war of death had so lately raged between them.

When breakfast was done, Hall and his men filed sullenly out of their comfortable quarters in the Court-house, and set forward for Rowlesburg. There came near being a difficulty regarding the shooting at the man who carried the flag of truce. The Rebels demanded that he be given up to be dealt with according to the rules of war. But the Yankees would not do this, and in their turn charged the Rebels with violating the rules of war by advancing with their army under cover of the flag of truce. For, as was claimed, Imboden was moving his men down the bank of the river while his truce-flag was being carried into the Yankee camp. Both sides seemed to be in the wrong, and they knew it; and after much parleying and contention, it was agreed that nothing further should be done in the matter, and thus it was hushed. James Myers is now known to be the picket who fired on the flag.

Hall surrendered twenty-nine men. The remainder of his company was not in St. George at the time. The Rebels numbered several hundred. Hall claimed that he had no ammunition, or he would have fought; but his men had forty rounds of cartridges each.

As Imboden approached town Dr. Solomon Parsons, who lived half mile from town, and who was extreme in his sympathy with the North, was down in the field feeding his cattle. He saw the Confederates go by, and suspicioned that they were after him. He fled toward the river, which he waded at the lower end of Wamsley's Island, and climbed the mountain beyond. In a little while he grew uneasy; and, re-crossing the river, he ascended Dry Run, wading along its bed, for the snow was deep, and aimed his course

for Cranberry Summit. The Rebels carried away some goods from his store.

When the Rebels had cleared St. George of Union soldiers, they immediately retreated back the way they came, passing up Dry Fork, and over into Highland County, Virginia. The raid was a dashing one, and was in every way successful to those who planned and executed it. But in the end it worked great harm to the Rebel citizens of Tucker, and to those who were suspected of being in sympathy with the South.

When news of the surrender reached Rowlesburg, it produced great commotion there. It was supposed that Imboden meant to establish himself at St. George, and arrangements were at once made to expel him. A large body of troops was sent up to make an attack. When St. George was reached it was found that the Rebels were gone. The Yankees followed up to Abraham Parsons', and planting their cannon there, bombarded the woods, trying to scare the Rebels out, for they affected to believe that Imboden was hidden among the neighboring mountains. But, really, at that time, Imboden was on the other side of the Alleghanies.

While the Yankees remained at Abraham Parsons' they were wicked in their depredations, stealing and destroying almost everything they could find. They made raids into the surrounding country, and stole plunder. It was the most thieving band of soldiers ever in Tucker County. One stripping soldier from Ohio stole a saddle and bridle on Dry Fork, but had failed to get a horse. He came back, lugging his pilfered plunder, and stopped at Parsons'. There was a fine horse in the field, and he concluded that it was good enough for him, and accordingly caught it and was

going off when he was seen from the house. Parsons was not at home. His daughter Ninn and Job Parsons' daughter Rebecca concluded to capture the horse. They tried to coax the fellow to give it up, and he would not, and they proceeded to take it by force. One of them took the scoundrel by the neck and hurled him heels over head twenty feet among the sawlogs that lay in the mill yard. His wrath was terrible. The other Yankees raised a great laugh at him and cheered the girls, and that made him madder than ever. He swore fearfully, and vowed that he would have the horse or die on the spot. But the girls led the horse into the yard, and when the determined young Yankee followed, they caught him and thrashed him. This satisfied him for a while; but at length he returned to get the horse, and they pounded him again and chased him out of the yard. By this time the Yankees were getting ready to go, and he stood at the gate as though trying to decide whether to make another venture or to give up. He decided to try again, and came up with the grim determination that he would have the horse. They seized him again and gave him an unmerciful wolloping, and he got out of the yard in a hurry. He was whipped, and picking up his saddle, he sneaked off and appeared no more on the arena.

About this time Kellogg came into command of the Union forces in Tucker, and instituted a kind of inquisition, known as the "Assessment." He levied a tax upon all sympathizers with the South, and applied the money to pay Dr. Parsons, Enoch Minear and others who had lost property at the hands of the Rebels. The Assessment was a most wicked and shameful affair. The world's history can hardly show tyranny more disgraceful. It is not just to charge it

to the Union men in general; for, they were far above anything of the kind, and had nothing to do with it.

An order was issued to tax Rebel citizens to pay back what Union citizens had lost. The tax was not levied in proportion to the amount of property owned by the party so much as by the intensity of their Southern sympathy. Although, of course, some consideration was taken of the wealth of the individual and the amount which he was able to pay. Thus, W. D. Losh was assessed \$8, and had to sell his pants to raise the money. Rufus Maxwell was assessed \$80; Nick Parsons, \$500; W. R. Parsons, \$700; Abraham Parsons, \$800, and others in proportion. The order read thus:*

You are hereby notified that, upon an Assessment, you are assessed — dollars, to make good the losses of Union men. If you fail to pay in three days, your property will all be confiscated, your house burned and yourself shot.

By order of Brig. Gen. Milroy.

CAPT. KELLOGG, Comg. 123d Ohio.

Nearly all the money was collected and paid over to those who claimed it. When it became known what Kellogg was doing, his superior officers set about undoing his work; for the Union men were too honorable to allow such work to be left alone.

Joseph A. Faris was sent to St. George to stop the collection of the Assessment and to pay back the money where it could be done. He found the Union cause here in a bad condition. The tyrannous proceedings of the past few days had raised a storm of indignation, not only among the Southern men who were made to pay the Assessment, but

* This is from a copy, and it is possible that it contains errors; but it is believed to be correct in every particular. The copy is furnished by Job W. Parsons, of Rich Mountain.

also among nearly all the Union men, who had any feelings of manhood and freedom about them. For, be it repeated that the Union party in Tucker County were in no measure, or in a very small measure, guilty of aiding, abetting or countenancing the Assessment business. They hated it as intensely as they hated anything that was bad, and they showed no favors to those who assisted in the matter.

So, when Faris came and it became known that he proposed to conduct his proceeding in accordance with the code of honor and not with that of revenge and rancorous hatred, he at once received the sympathy and support of the best and of nearly all of our citizens. In him they recognized a man not to be influenced and led about by bitter animosities. He had a high sense of justice and right ; and no mutterings among his own party or threats or attempts among his enemies could influence him to depart from what was just. In the time of war, and when passion ran at fever heat, he made friends among Unionists and won the respect of the sympathizers of the Confederacy. No one doubted his honor. No one feared that he would take a mean advantage. No one believed that he would indorse any of the infamous proceedings of the past few weeks. Those whose conscience was guilty on account of deeds done, received little comfort from him.

Our people remember him as a man, and not as a war-time leader. If all the military men who came into our county had been such as he, the war would be a forgotten thing with us. He undid what wrong he could, and showed his willingness to undo more. The confidence of our people underwent a change for the better, as regarded man and man. For, while the Assessment was in progress, only a spark would have sufficed to kindle the flame of war among

our mountains and valleys, in which citizen would have fought citizen and the rage of revenge would almost have depopulated our country. Had the work gone on a little longer, it is hard to tell at what hour the torch would have been applied to dwellings, and the rifle would have been the arbiter between neighbors. But, the storm passed just in time to prevent the final catastrophe.*

He was sent to St. George from Rowlesburg on December 27, 1862. On the fifth of January he was ordered to fall back to Rowlesburg. John Mosby was penetrating the country, and it was thought that he was aiming to pick up detached squads of men wherever he could find them. Faris reached Rowlesburg safely.

In 1863, a fight occurred in St. George between a detachment of Jones' cavalry and Snyder's Home Guards. No one was hurt, and Snyder retreated after one round.†

* Joseph A. Faris is now a citizen of Wheeling, and has established himself a wide reputation as a portrait painter. He has, however, painted historical scenes, and landscapes. His historical painting, "The Last Battle of the Revolution," or the last siege of Fort Henry, is one of the finest in the country. His painting of Hon. A. W. Campbell in the Chicago Convention, in 1860, is probably his best. It surely is a master effort. His pictures are numerous, and show a fine artistic touch, which can be traced to a mental appreciation of the beautiful in nature and art. The poetical coloring of a scene are depicted by his brush as truly as by Byron's pen. As an artist of a fine order West Virginia has not his superior.

† A fuller account of the war would be given in this chapter, but in the Brief Biographies it would be repeated, and it has not been deemed necessary to have it in both chapters. Those who wish to see accounts of a personal nature are referred to *Brief Biographies*.

BRIEF BIOGRAPHIES.

A.

NELSON D. ADAMS was born April 9, 1859, on Cheat River, near the old "Pleasant Valley Church," in Preston County, W. Va. His father, G. W. Adams, removed to Limestone about the commencement of the Civil War. N. D.'s only recollections of the war were seeing his uncle, Samuel Martin, return from prison, and of seeing soldiers at his father's house. The first school attended was at Limestone Church, taught by Eli Adams. The next winter he was sent to his grandfather, Philip Martin's, near Kingwood, and attended school there. After that, he attended several schools at Limestone Church, and two terms at White's, on the head of Mill Run. Then he attended four terms at Jacob Dumire, Esq.'s, the last of which was taught by L. S. Auvil, and the subject of this sketch commenced the study of algebra. He was very studious, and devoted every minute of his spare time to his books. He lived on a farm, and a Tucker County farmer boy has none too good opportunities to become well acquainted with books. But Adams was ambitious, and surmounted difficulties and removed obstacles, and when the Teachers' Board of Examination met at St. George in the fall of 1877, he was an applicant for a teacher's certificate. As he said: "Entering with fear and trembling and coming out all right, I began to think that I stood high on the ladder of knowledge."

He taught the school at Limestone Church that winter, and in the spring felt encouraged by the cash in his pocket. He worked that summer on the farm, and began to compose

poems, which betrayed a poetical inclination, not dangerous, but perceptible.

The next fall, 1878, he thought to strike a higher level, and went to Preston to get a school. He passed successfully the examination at Newburg, and shortly afterwards set out to hunt himself a school. His success was about like Simon Kenton's, who was trying to find Kentucky and came to the conclusion that he had passed it in the night. He could find no school. Clad in his best jeans coat and mounted on a mule, like the Mexican at El Paso Del Mar, or Don Quixote in his glory, young Adams wound his way over the hills and vales of Preston for a week, taking every road but the right one, missing all roads and getting lost, and meeting with but cold encouragement. At the end of the week he was turning back, somewhat disheartened, but still determined, and was planning an attempt in some new field, when he had the good fortune to light down on a school at New Salem, Union District, Preston County. He taught the school successfully, and in the spring, 1879, he attended the Portland (Terra Alta) school, taught by Professor Fike. He attended this school two terms, and in the winter of 1879-80 he taught the Freeland school, near Terra Alta. During the summer of 1880 he again attended Professor Fike's school and graduated. The winter of 1880-81 he taught the Fish Creek school in Preston. In the spring of 1881 he was appointed a cadet in the West Virginia University, and soon afterwards entered that school. He remained there that year. In the winter of 1882-83 he taught at Eighty Cut, in Preston County. He spent the vacation of 1881 in Ohio, canvassing for books. He went again to Ohio in 1882 for the same purpose, and

visited Lancaster, the scene of M'Clelland and White's adventure with the Indians.

Returning from Ohio after two weeks he devoted himself to farm work until school opened at the University, when he again returned to his books. The year 1884 was also spent at the University.

During his leisure hours he still indulged in verse-making, and contributed to the newspapers, the principal of which were *The Wheeling Intelligencer* and *The Preston County Journal*. He is deeply read in the classics, ancient and modern. The Greek, Latin and French he reads in the original language. Homer, Herodotus and Cicero are his favorites among the ancients; and among the English he shows a preference for Shakespeare, Pope and Byron. Following are selections from the poetry of Mr. Adams:

THE DREAMS OF LIFE.*

We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.—*Shakespeare*.

From the dawning of life to its last faint gleams,
Where'er be the soul it will bask in dreams—
Sweet dreams of the memory,
Dreams of futurity,
Visions ideal to gently veil
The grim and the real that oft assail.
They soften the saddest of care and of strife—
Let Heaven be praised for the dreams of life!

'Neath the light of the stars in the silent night
There muses a youth with a glad delight,
Who fain would in reverie
Fathom Infinity.
Never a cloud nor a shadow dark
His hopes can enshroud or his joys can mark.

*Written for *The Preston County Journal*.

How well that the future is hidden away ?
That the dreamer may dream of a better day !

On the banks of a stream in a morn of spring
A lad and a maiden are wandering
And dreaming in harmony
Dreams of felicity
Glowing and gleaming with love divine—
A halo beaming from heaven's shrine.
Oh ! ever are angels more happy above
Than those who are dreaming sweet dreams of love ?

In the autumn of life 'neath the noonday heat,
All weary and sad with a life's defeat,
A man in humility
Tolls with severity.
Sad is the real, but aye anon
A beauteous ideal he looks upon—
He dreams of a land far away where the soul
Shall rest while the ages eternally roll.

With a faltering step and with silver hair,
While listening at eve to an old-time air,
A man reads in memory
Lifelong history.
Dwelling and dreaming on days gone by,
His spirit is beaming in ecstasy—
The friends of his boyhood in phantasy come
To cheer as of yore in the threshold of home !

By the banks of a river—by Death's cold stream—
There lingers a man in whose visions gleam
In grandest sublimity
Dreams of Eternity.
Music is ringing a welcome free
And angels are singing sweet melody.
He wakes from the dreams that have cheered him so long—
A real is gained with th' eternal throng !

GRAFTON NATIONAL CEMETERY.*

Along the clear Valley so silently flowing
Its crystal-bright waters 'mid beauty aglow,
Upon its green bank there are cypresses growing
And patriots fallen are slumbering low.
The Stars and the Stripes still above them are flying
As proudly as o'er them they waved in the fray,
While softly around them the willows are sighing
And gently the breezes in symphony play.

They're silently sleeping ! nor ever to glory
Shall bugle tones call them from this their last rest ;
Their conflicts are over ; on battle fields gory
They fell for that banner so dear to each breast.
The lightnings may flash and the thunder may rattle,
They heed them not—resting so free from all pain ;
The cannon may roar in the storm of the battle,
But never can wake them to glory again !

And over the graves of the silently sleeping,
While winter and summer incessantly fly ;
The grave-stones of marble a vigil are keeping
And marking each spot where the patriots lie.
There often around them do silently wander
Those blooming with youth and those drooping with age
While thoughtfully over the sleepers they ponder,
Recalling some thought upon memory's page.

The deeds of *some* brave are by monuments spoken—
The battles they fought and the victories won,
Their titles and ranks and their triumphs unbroken
And bravery shown 'mid the charge of the gun.
These monuments crumble, but lasting forever
Are those that are built by the slumbering brave—
While cycles are gliding no conflict can sever
The deeds of those dying their country to save.

Of *others* are epitaphs only revealing
The *names* of the warriors now silent and cold.

* Written for *The Wheeling Intelligencer*.

Their homes and their regiments in memory sealing;
Their names from the North and the South were enrolled.
Though laurels of glory may never have crowned them,
Yet garlands are woven more lasting and bright
By those that were clinging so tenderly round them
When bidding farewell as they passed from their sight.

But many are resting with marble above them
That tells of no name nor the deeds that were done;
No record is shown of the dear ones that loved them,
But humbly is written the silent "unknown."
Their names are forgotten! yet loved ones at parting
So tenderly clung in their final embrace
While tears in their sorrow and sadness were starting—
What changes of time can such parting efface!

All lonely they're sleeping! but glad was the waking
Of bondmen from chains and from slavery's night
When brightly the morning of Freedom was breaking
Resplendent with Liberty's glorious light.
And long shall the freedmen, relating the story,
In thankfulness tell of these patriot dead,
And long shall they cherish the honor and glory
That hallow the laurels encircling each head.

Their battles are over! their country in gladness
Beholds yet her banner in splendor unfurled,
Unsullied by conflicts, disaster and sadness
And beaming with radiance over the world.
They died for that banner! and long shall the Nation
Enshrine them as victors for truth and for right,
And long shall she reverence the sacred relation
She bears her preservers of honor and might.

Then sleep on, ye warriors, so free from all sorrow;
Your battles are ended, you've entered your rest:
Your country shall live through each fleeting to-morrow
Enjoying the peace which your dying has blest.
May light from the heavens in beauty descending
Make hallowed your tombs while the ages shall flee,

And Liberty's rays like the sunlight still blending
Illumine each heart in this land of the free.

Then scatter your flowers o'er the graves of the sleeping,
And tears to these heroes in thankfulness shed ;
Remember the pledges they gave to your keeping
And cherish the freedom for which they have bled.
Blow onward, ye breezes ; as years are advancing
Play softly through willows that droop o'er their graves ;
And sweetly, ye birds, with your notes so entrancing
Keep warbling your songs o'er the slumbering braves.

Continue, loved banner, in grandeur still flying,
While breezes thy folds shall unceasingly wave,
To honor the warrior in cheerfulness dying
Thy stars and thy stripes so unsullied to save.
Flow onward, bright river, your clear waters laving,
Long murmur so gladly your clear crystal steam ;
And over, ye forests, in majesty waving,
Make gentle your music while sweetly they dream.

THE WINDING RIVER CHEAT.

Fed by crystal flowing fountains
Rising 'mong the rugged mountains
 Towering first the sun to greet,
Flows a rushing winding river
On whose stream the moonbeams quiver—
 'Tis the winding River Cheat.

Hastening toward the mighty ocean
Ever onward is its motion,
 Sweeping like the Stream of Time ;
And the music of its murmur
Wafted by the breeze of summer
 Floats o'er many scenes sublime.

'Neath the winter snows descending
Massive pines and oaks are bending
 Down to kiss its waters sweet ;
'Neath the golden sunlight shining

Mirrored landscapes are reclining
On the winding River Cheat.

Listening to its music swelling
Peace, Content and Love are dwelling
In this grand old mountain home ;
To the exile wand'ring, driven,
Highest earthly boon is given
Should he here but cease to roam.

While the spring sweet flowers is bringing,
Pictures on its waves are clinging—
Will it show them evermore ?
And though men are changing ever
And oft time and distance sever,
Cheat is flowing as before.

As along its banks I wander,
On the checkered scenes I ponder
Acted in the play of life,
When the Red Man proud in story
Sang his songs of war and glory—
Victor brave in many a strife ;

When the Pale Face nothing daunted
First beheld its shores enchanted
Like the fairy lands of old—
Men whose daring deeds should ever
Roll still onward as this river
To the ages yet untold.

Other streams may flow more proudly,
Other scenes be praised more loudly,
But there's none so dear to me ;
And the recollections clinging
Round it, pleasures will be bringing
Ever to my memory.

Be yet in poetic numbers
Praised its heroes when the slumbers
Of oblivion veil the fame

That, enwreathed in ivy tender,
Crowned in days of ancient splendor
Ajax' and Achilles' name.

When the grandeur all is perished
Isis and Osiris cherished
On the sacred River Nile;
When the old Euphrates sweeping
Midst its ruins as if weeping
Long forgotten splendor's smile,

And the yellow Tiber, flowing
O'er its fields with crimson glowing—
Stained with War's destructive feet—
See their legends fast declining,—
Still, mid scene's o'er memory twining
Proudly roll thou winding Cheat.

Oh, bright crystal murmuring river,
These historic streams can never
Play in measures half so sweet!
Other streams in beauteous seeming
Fade beneath the sunlight beaming
On the winding River Cheat!

A FRAGMENT FROM THE "SONG OF THE STUDENT."

TRANSLATED FROM HOMER.

With pantaloons threadbare and torn
And eyelids heavy and red,
A student sat in unstudently mien
Cramming his obstinate head.
Cram! cram! cram!
In misery, anger and hate,
But he wrathfully closed his book with a slam
And mentioned the town of old Yuba Dam
As he thought of his ill-omened fate.

THOMAS C. ADAMS, son of Daniel C. Adams, was born in 1842, and married in 1863 to Harriet E., daughter of A. H. Bowman, of Rowlesburg. He is a farmer, owning 400

acres, with 140 improved. He lives on the Rowlesburg road 8 miles from St. George. Lieutenant McChesney was killed within a few rods of his house, and on his farm, and the election of June 29, 1861, was held at his house. He was not in the army. His children are, Charles U., Hannah S., Sida M., Adam D., Nora B., Edna E., and Cranmer Adams.

W. H. AULT, born in Randolph County, in 1864, the son of William Ault, is a farmer and school teacher. He has taught in Canaan and at Sapling Ridge, on a No. 2 certificate. He lives twenty-five miles from St. George, and has been in Tucker since 1866.

SAMUEL McCLELLAN ADAMS, born 1862, son of G. W. and brother of N. D. Adams, lives four miles from St. George. He attended the district schools, and in 1883 attended in Kingwood. He has taught the following schools: White's, in Licking district, Sugar Lands, St. George district, Fairview, same, Macadonia, Licking district and No. 15, Union district, Preston County.

M. C. ATHERTON was born 1824 in New York, married in 1859 to Elizabeth Holden. Children: Byron G., Grant S. and Laura S. He lives 7 miles from St. George, in Licking District. He is a farmer.

THOMAS B. ASHBY, was born in Preston County, in 1846, son of W. F. Ashby, of Irish, French and German descent. Married in 1880 to Martha E., daughter of Levi Lipscomb. He is a farmer, owning 220 acres, with 60 acres improved. He has been in the county since 1870, and lives two miles below St. George. Children: Agnes Ann, Warner E., and Stella Hester.

GEORGE W. ADAMS, son of Daniel C. Adams, and father of N. D. Adams, was born in 1836, and is of English, Irish and German descent. He was married July 4, 1858, to Susan, daughter of Philip Martin, of Preston. In 1874 his wife died, and in 1875 he married, Lettie, daughter of David Swisher, of Hampshire County, and sister of S. N. Swisher, of Tucker County. He farms 150 acres of improved land, and has 250 acres of wild land, near Limestone, 4 miles from St. George. He has frequently been road surveyor and member of the board of education. His children are, Nelson D., Samuel M., Melvina J., Philip B., Stella F., and Ernest.

GEORGE L. ASHBY, of Irish, French and German descent, born in 1856 in Preston, is the son of W. F. Ashby: married in 1880 to Charlotte J., daughter of Hilory Griffith. He lives in St. George. Children: Harry Kirk and Maud S. G.

CHARLES W. ASHBY, brother to T. B., and G. L. Ashby, was born in Preston, in 1852, and came to Tucker in 1870. In 1881 he married Virginia C., daughter of D. K. Dumire. His child's name is Rozella. He lives 2 miles below St. George, and has 120 acres of land, with 35 acres improved. He has been carrying the U. S. mail several years, principally on the route from St. George to Philippi.

GEORGE B. AUVIL, son of John Auvil, of English and German descent, was born in 1851, and was married, in 1875, to Malissa, daughter of Margaret White. He is a farmer living 2 miles from St. George, on Mill Run. His farm of 150 acres is one-fifth improved. Children: Harvey W., Margaret C., Charles T., Carrie V., and Thomas J.

WILLIAM C. AUVIL, son of John Auvil, was born in 1848: married, in 1870, to Louetta E., daughter of John White.

Children: Emma Catharine, George W., Anna Margaret, Frances Melvina, and Pearl W. He is a farmer, but has worked some at the stone mason trade. He lives 4 miles from St. George, on Mill Run, and his farm of 75 acres has 30 acres improved. He is a teacher of vocal music, and has had some successful schools.

J. W. ALLENDER, born in 1838, in Hampshire County, is is a son of George Allender, now of Randolph County. He is of German and English descent. In 1874 he married Rebecca Ann, daughter of John R. Goff. Children: Ida Catharine, Paden Wade and Mary Eunice. He lives on Shafer's Fork, 14 miles from St. George where he owns a farm of 96 acres, of which 45 acres is under tillage. He has been a resident of Tucker since 1864.

WILLIAM F. ASHBY, of English and Welsh descent, was born 1821, in Preston County. He is a son of Thomas Ashby, and great grandson of a Revolutionary soldier, who came to America to fight the Colonies, but deserted to them and fought the British. After the war was over, he settled near Baltimore, and soon after, moved to the Youghiogheny River, where he fought Indians and wild animals until the country became settled about him. His son Nathan, grandfather of William F., was a Colonel in the war of 1812. The Ashby who figured so prominently as a dashing leader during the civil war, belonged to this family.

William F. Ashby was married in 1843 to Mary C. Wilhelm, of German descent. Children: Mary E., Thomas B., Winfield S., Stephen L., Charles W., Susana E., Samuel L. and George. He lives two miles below St. George.

JOHN J. ADAMS, son of Daniel C. Adams, of English and Irish descent, was born May 30, 1837, at Limestone. In

1858 he married Elegan, daughter of James J. Goff, of Preston County. His wife died in 1863, of spotted fever. From the 1st to the 19th of April, he saw laid in the grave his wife, two children, one sister, his mother, two of his wife's sisters and one brother, all having died of the same disease, except his mother. At sunset they would be as well as ever, and before midnight were no more.

In his early life, J. J. Adams was a farmer. During the war he was a McClellan Democrat. He kept store in St. George, and was elected Recorder (County Clerk), and held the office two years; and at the end of that time was re-elected and was also elected clerk of the Circuit Court; both of which offices he has held up to the present time. He came to St. George in 1864. September 11, 1865, he married Angelica, daughter of William Ewin. Children: Savillia, Carrie, Addie, Anna Tilden, Angelica Ewin and Dove.

T. M. AUSTIN, M. D., born April 26, 1852, in Monongalia County, near Laurel Iron Works. His mother was of Irish descent, and his father of English. In his younger days, at home, he showed an inclination for books, and devoted his spare moments to study. Gradually, he fell into the channel of medicine and commenced acquainting himself with the general principles of the science. He attended the schools of his neighborhood, and made progress that was more gratifying to other people than to himself; for, he thought himself getting along slow, because he was not studying what he most wanted to study. When he was old enough—after he was twenty-one years of age—he entered the Physio-Medical College of Cincinnati, and in 1877 he graduated. He practiced two years, and also studied under Dr. J. B. Scott, of New Salem, Pa. Since then he has

practiced nine years in St. George. In 1883 he retired from the profession in order to get a year or two of rest. His practice was harder than he could endure, and his physical powers required recreation. In 1878 he was married to Mollie S. Auvil, daughter of John Auvil. Strandie is his child's name.

L. S. AUVIL,* son of John Auvil, was born, in 1853, on Pifer Mountain, and lived there eleven years. In 1876 he married Anna, daughter of Jacob Dumire, of Limestone. His wife died in 1877, and in 1879 he married Minnie Comp-ton, of Barbour County. His children's names are, Burton W. and Boyd M. He attended only country schools. The teachers to whom he went were Margaret See, Rachel Kallar, William Hull, Dr. Sawyer, Clark Bowman and Josephine Trippett. He has taught eight terms of school, and been county superintendent of schools three terms. He has been a member of the board of examiners several times. When the *Tucker Democrat* was called into existence, he took stock in it. He commenced the study of law in 1881 and was admitted to the bar in 1883. He resides in St. George.

PETER K. ADAMS, son of William Adams, was born in 1862, and married, in 1884, to Sarah, daughter of Jackson Roy. By occupation he is a farmer, and lives 10 miles from St. George, on the head of Mill Run.

SAMUEL M. ADAMS, born in 1848, is a son of Daniel C. Adams, and was married, in 1868, to Ann Amelia, daughter of Daniel Wotring, of Preston. Children: Savillia, John, Dora, Elihu, Etta and baby. Farmer by occupation, and lives at Limestone, 8 miles from St. George. He owns 130 acres of land, with 20 acres improved.

* See history of the St. George Bar, in this book, for further account of L. S. AUVIL.

DANIEL C. ADAMS, son of Thomas Adams, of Irish and English descent, was born 1814. He was born and raised and died on the same farm, which is on Limestone, ten miles from St. George. In 1835 he married Ruth, daughter of Abel Kelly, of Randolph. She died in 1863. While she was lying very low, and expected to die every hour, Eli Adams arrived from Camp Chase, and brought with him the spotted fever. His sister took it and died in a few hours. John J. and George W. Adams were at the bedside of their mother at the time, expecting her to die any hour. John Adams' wife and two children took the fever and died. Two of his sisters and one of his brothers also died. George Adams and his wife took the fever, but recovered.

Daniel C. Adams was assessor 8 years. A premium of \$25 had been offered by the State to the assessor who would send in the neatest and best kept books. The money was to be deducted from the salary of the one who sent in the worst books. Adams got the premium and the Randolph assessor had to pay it.

Adams was married a second time, in 1863, to Mary A., daughter of Philip Martin, of Preston County. She died in 1866, and in 1867 he married Dorcas A. Bonnifield, daughter of Dr. A. Bonnifield. Children: George W., John J., Thomas C., Samuel M., Margaret, Jemima and Maxwell.

Adams was an influential member of the M. E. Church. He died in 1880.

WILLIAM M. ADAMS, born in 1833, is a son of George R. Adams, of Irish descent, and was married, in 1854, to Mary M. Wotring. He owns 787 acres of land, with 235 acres improved. He lives 10 miles from St. George, on the head

of Mill Run. Children : Peter K., Hannah, William F., Luther L., Sarah J., Daniel J., and Lewis H.

B

JOHN BURNS, son of William Burns, was born on July 4, 1849. His ancestry were German and Irish. In 1868, he married Sarah A., daughter of Frederick Davis. He lives 8 miles from St. George, in Licking district, on a farm of 259 acres, 30 of which is improved. He was constable for 6 years. His children are, James A., Mary V., Charles W., William H., John P., Noah A., and Eliza Agnes.

ELI BILER, a German, was born in 1822, and was married 1845 to Lyda Susing. He is a farmer of 100 acres, with 40 acres improved, 9 miles from St. George, on Clover Run. Children : Alpheus, Ephriam, Robert and Jefferson.

ALPHEUS BILER, born 1848, was married 1876 to Mrs. E. Clark, daughter of Isaac Phillips. He is a farmer, lives 9 miles from St. George, has 51 acres of land, 5 acres improved, and his children are, John E., Charles W., James C. and Walter.

EPHRIAM BILER was born 1853, married Angeline Limbers and lives on Clover Run, where he owns 2 acres of cleared land and has 8 acres still sleeping in the shades of primeval forests, 9 miles from the County-seat : children : Mary A., Rosa R., Baily N. C. and Johnson M.

ROBERT BILER owns 50 acres of land, but does not work it : on Clover, 9 miles from St. George.

JEFFERSON BILER, born 1863, has no land or trade ; he lives on Clover. They are all Eli's boys.

SEYMOUR BONER, Solomon B's son, was born in 1846, and was married, in 1867, to Sophia, daughter of Andrew Fans-

ler. His wife dying in 1868, he married two years later to Mahala, daughter of Samuel H. Cosner. He lives 25 miles from St. George; he taught school in Randolph with a No. 5 certificate, and in Tucker with a No. 3; he has killed six bears, and is a wonderful bee hunter; he follows them to their trees by taking the course of their flight and pursuing it. His children are, Stephen A., Oliver H., Sophia B., Hattie E., Mary, Antony W. and baby.

W. E. BONER, son of William Boner, was born in 1855, of English descent; married in 1878 to Mary, daughter of Marion Hedrick. Children: John and Effie C. A farmer, 25 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork; farm contains 75 acres, 20 acres improved.

JOHN W. BONNIFIELD, was born in 1845 in Preston county, son of Thornton Bonnifield. Married in 1877 to Sarah A. Baker, daughter of Joseph Baker. He is in the mercantile business at Thomas. His child's name is Earl G.

ALPHEUS BLANCHARD, was born in Maine in 1847. Lives 5 miles from St. George, on a farm of 8 acres, $\frac{1}{2}$ acre improved.

SOLOMON BONER, was born in Grant County, July 4, 1824, and was a son of William Boner, of German and Irish descent. In 1846 he married Jane, daughter of Thomas Bright, of Randolph County. His wife died in 1878, and the next year he married Sarah J. Vanmeter. Children: Seymour, Rebecca. Archibald, Mary, James, Martha, Ann Jemima, Virginia M., Sulpitius G., and Solomon P. He is a farmer and civil engineer, living on Dry Fork, 30 miles from St. George, where he owns 500 acres of land, one-fifth improved. He was county surveyor 18 years, and was the principal man in locating all the roads above Black Fork. The main Dry Fork road was commenced in 1863 and has just

been completed. The first settlers on Dry Fork were William Boner,* Rudolph Shobe, Daniel Poffinbarger, John Carr, Thomas White, Ebenezer Flanagan,† John Wolford.‡ Henry Fansler was the first man to move his family into Canaan. He made a small improvement, and left. This was about the commencement of the present century; but the exact date cannot be determined. Some think it to have been as long ago as 1780. There is current a story that the first settler of Dry Fork went there during the Revolutionary War, to escape service in the army. But this is not sufficiently well authenticated to be accepted as history. However, it is certain that Dry Fork was settled at a very early day. Solomon Boner assisted in running the line between Tucker and Randolph. He has been a great hunter, and has killed, as he estimates, 50 bears and 500 deer. He killed a bear on Otter Fork that, when dressed, weighed 250 pounds, and Archibald Boner and James Davis caught one in Abel Long's corn field that weighed, neat, 325 pounds.

JAMES BUCKBEE was born 1832 in Randolph, married Minerva Teter, of Pendleton. Children: Martin K., George W., Cora E. and Samuel C.: farmer, living in Canaan, 25 miles from St. George.

D. J. BEVER was born 1829, in Maryland, of German descent. Married 1852 to Esther A. Turner. Children: Naomi, Zula, Sarah A., Clarissa, Ida, William S., Isabel and Edna Alice D. He is a foreman on the West Virginia and Pittsburgh Railway. He was in the Union Army during the war, and took part in many of the hottest battles. At

*Grandfather of Solomon Boner.

†Great-grandfather of Jacob G. Flanagan.

‡Grandfather of Deputy Sheriff Wolford.

Fair Oaks he went into the fight with 700 men and came out with less than one-tenth of that number. He was in the battle of the Wilderness, and at Appamattox Court-house.

MARTIN V. BONER, born 1863, son of W. J. Boner, of German and Irish descent, lives on Dry Fork, 23 miles from St. George.

J. B. BARR, of Monongalia, was born 1846, of German parentage, married 1867 Mary, daughter of Leonard Metz. In 1872 his wife died and he married Susan Raber. Children: Brice L., Mary E., Charles L. and Jennie. He has been in Tucker since 1881, and lives two miles below St. George, near the spot where Jonathan Minear was killed by the Indians.

BASCOM BAKER, M. D., was born in Marion County, 1852. In his younger days he attended the country schools in his neighborhood, and made some progress. When he became a young man, he concluded to go west, which he did. His fortune there was, as nearly every young man's is, not as good as was hoped. However, he succeeded reasonably well. He got to Iowa, and there spent some time, meanwhile attending the Normal Institute at Indianola, that State. He soon became satisfied that the West was not the best place for him, and accordingly, he returned home and taught school for some time, and commenced the study of medicine under Dr. Trayhern. When he had become acquainted with the rudiments of the science, he entered the Baltimore College of Physicians and Surgeons, and graduated in March, 1882, when he returned to his practice at St. George and the surrounding country. His practice is extensive and he possesses the confidence of his customers. He was married, in 1883, to Isabel Parsons, of Holly Meadows.

As a scholar, he stands high in the profession of West Virginia. His readings have been extensive, and he has ready words to tell what he knows. He takes Huxley and Darwin as authority in their departments; and he has become well acquainted with the works of Tyndall, Stahr, Koch and others.

GEORGE F. BISHOFF was born at Cranberry Summit, Preston County, of German descent; married, in 1879, to Anna E., daughter of John Auvil. Children: Monnie and Aloin C. By trade he is a blacksmith, and came to St. George in 1878.

JACOB W. BAUGHMAN was born in 1853, in Hardy County; married, in 1876, at Harper's Ferry, to Analiza F. Stalnaker, of Barbour County; is of German descent; children: Mary E., Marvin, Claudius T. and Ernest. He is in the hardware business at St. George.

PETER BOHON was born in 1839, in Preston County; is a son of William Bohon, of German descent, and was married, in 1868, to Emily E., daughter of Van Goff. By occupation he is a farmer, and lives 7 miles below St. George. He was in the Union army three years, and lost the use of his hand in the service. He was one of the three citizens who carried McChesney's body from Hannahsville the night after he was killed. Bohon was at St. George at the time of Hall's surrender, and in parol was sent to Camp Chase. His children are Charles B., Florence B., James, Lonzo T., Harry, Hayes, John D., Rosy, and Georgia D.

MATHIAS BOHON, son of William Bohon, was born 1834, married, 1860, Delia A. Dumire, and after her death he married Sarah J., daughter of Daniel Gower. Children: Sarah Jane, Susana C., Dona C., Daniel C. and Zora Wade.

By occupation he is a farmer, mechanic and mill-wright ; he lives 3 miles from St. George, on Location Ridge ; he has a farm of 172 acres, with one-third improved. For seven or eight years he was a member of the board of education, and also has held the office of constable : was in the Union army, operated along the Potomac, and was taken prisoner at Keyser by General Rosser, and remained a captive only a few days, when he was exchanged.

JAMES H. BOLIYARD, of German parentage, was born 1846 in Preston, was married 1868 to Harriet, daughter of Dr. John Miller, of Limestone. Children : Ida Rebecca, Anna Margaret, Mary Allen, Verlinda Susan and John M. : is a farmer of 250 acres, one-fifth improved. In the Union army he had a diversified experience : he was one of those Yankees whom Ben Wotring and Louis Shaffer captured in Cumberland and carried off as prisoners of war. It was a most wonderful feat on their part. Bolyard was also captured at Keyser by General Imboden ; lay 3 months in jail and was then parolled and after two months was exchanged. He was in prison in Richmond in 1864. After that he was sent to Nebraska to guard the mail route against the Indians, and had several fights ; was in Dakota, Wyoming, Kansas and several other western States. In June, 1866, he was discharged.

MONTIVILLE BRIGHT was born in 1850, in Randolph County, a son of John Bright, and was married, in 1876, to Millia, daughter of Robert Phillips. Children : Alice May, Lilie Belle, and Malissa Ann : lives on Pleasant Run, 13 miles from St. George, and has 50 acres of improved land and 110 acres of wild land. Formerly he was a teamster, and is of German and English descent.



DR. B. BAKER.



GEORGE A. MAYER.



DR. A. E. CALVERT

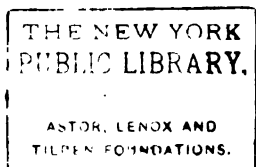


DR. T. M. AUSTIN.

PROTOTYPE

FOURTH

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HENSON R. BRIGHT was born 1847, in Randolph, son of Thomas Bright, of English descent; married 1871 to Abigail, daughter of Joab Carr. Children; Christina, John W., Thomas H. and James S.; lives 15 miles from St. George, near Shafer's Fork on a farm of 100 acres, one-fourth improved. He says that Solomon Townsend was the first settler on Pleasant Run.

JOHN BRIGHT, son of Thomas Bright, was born in Randolph County, 1816, of German descent, and was married, in 1838 to Lucinda Gainer. Children: Savina, Manda J., Harriet E., Montiville, J. Catharine, Alice and Margaret; is a farmer, owning 150 acres of land, one-fifth improved, 13 miles above St. George; has been road surveyor, overseer of poor and constable. At 19 years of age he was made lieutenant of militia and held the office seven years. Of many a bear fight he has been the hero, and his adventures as such approach very nearly those of John Losh. The first snow of the season had fallen, and the dogs treed a bear in the thicket on the hillside. The men ran out to see what it was, and passed the tree without seeing the beast. No sooner had they passed than it thought to slip away, and so came sliding down the tree. The dog, that knew better than the men did where the bear was, hid under the brush and when the brute reached the ground ran up and grabbed it. The bear was scared and bawled, but the dog held on, and a terrible fight ensued. The men heard the uproar and ran back. They found that the fight was under an old tree top and that the bear had the dog down. John Bright ran in and pulled the bear out by the hind legs, while Thomas Bright stabbed it. It had bit the dog's nose off, but he got well.

O. C. BECKNER, born 1837 in Virginia, of Irish descent,

was married 1870 to Margaret E., daughter of John B. Goff of Black Fork. Children : Kile P., John H., Elnora and Dexter Lloyd : lives 4 miles from St. George, on Wolf Run, where he owns a farm of 66 acres, with 25 acres improved ; has been in Tucker since 1868 ; was in the Confederate army, commissary department, under N. H. Bell.

THOMAS J. BRIGHT, born 1820 in Randolph, brother of John Bright, of German and English descent, was married in 1824, to Sarah Schoonover ; is a farmer and lives on Pleasant Run, 15 miles from St. George ; has been in Tucker since 1849. Children : Henson R., Virginia M., and Mary J.

HENRY BONER, born in 1857, is a son of W. J. Boner, of Dry Fork, 25 miles from St. George : owns 37 acres of land with 20 acres improved.

JESSE L. BAUGHMAN was born 1860 in Hardy County, and worked on a farm until he was thirteen years old, and then clerked in a store. Again he engaged in farming, this time at Meadowville, Barbour County. In 1883 he came to St. George and is a partner with J. Roth & Co. in a dry goods establishment at Central Exchange.

SAMUEL BONER, brother of Henry Boner, of Dry Fork, was born in 1851, married, 1883, to Rebecca R., daughter of Perry Rains : child's name is Ida Belle. Owns a farm of 50 acre and one-half is improved : lives 20 miles from St. George.

JOHN W. BAKER was born in Marion County, of English descent. ; married in 1866 to Sarah A. E., daughter of Robert Johnson. Children : Robert J., Alice S., and Fannie B. : his farm of 80 acres is on Dry Fork, 12 miles from St. George.

JOHN BRIMBLE, born in 1857, of German descent, lives 12 miles from St. George, on Hog Back.

FRANK J. BLANCHARD was born in Maine, in 1835, of American descent: was raised a farmer, but he soon manifested a strong inclination for machinery, and he turned his attention to that channel, and soon became a first-class mechanic. When the war broke out, he was drafted, and was given ten days in which to appear. When the ten days were out, he appeared in Canada. He traveled to a considerable extent, and was in eleven states within 24 hours; was in the West as far as Iowa, Minnesota and Missouri: was married in 1860 to Elizabeth Harrold, of Ireland. His wife died and in 1876 he married Emma, daughter of Stephen Dumire. Children: John, James, Mary, Edward and William. He is a farmer, living five miles from St. George on Horse Shoe Run, where he owns 100 acres of land, of which 18 is improved. By him was manufactured the first sawed shingle ever made in Tucker County, and probably in the State. Since then he has sawed over 3,000,000 shingles in Tucker County; and has in his life sawed 4,000,000 feet of long lumber, of which 3,000,000 feet was cut on Macomber's mill.

JOHN BLANCHARD, son of Frank J. Blanchard, was born in 1863, and deserves a place in history more as a curiosity than anything else. He always was a venturesome boy. In his early life he lived in Maine. When he was a little older, he lived at Middletown, Conn., where he became the best swimmer in all the region. When a flood came down the Connecticut River, he swam out into the middle of the stream and attempted to take a ride on a floating hay stack. But it sank with his weight, and his feet sticking fast in the hay, he was pulled under the water. This came near end-

ing his adventures forever; but he wriggled loose, and got to the shore.

When he was ten or eleven years old, he came to Rowlesburg, and soon afterwards to Horse Shoe Run, where he became the leader of the boys in all manner of deviltry. When he was fourteen, he ran off from home, and went to work for S. N. Swisher, at \$3 a month. He remained at this and in the neighborhood until he was seventeen, when he made up his mind to go back to Maine and search out the home of his ancestors. He collected all the money left of his three years' wages, and had \$22.00. A ticket from Oakland to the point in Maine to which he was going cost over \$20, and with this small margin, he struck out, with a carpet-sack on his back, a pair of overalls on, held on by one suspender, and a hat that had years before gone to seed. In New York he paid \$1.00 for a lunch, and had no money left. However, he got to Maine, and chopped cord wood all winter, and in the spring of 1881 returned to West Virginia by the way of Boston, Fall River and Long Island. He again set to work to earn more money, for his was all gone. He worked here and there, every once in a while taking a wild goose chase through the southern or eastern part of the State, and as soon as he got money enough he went to Michigan, staid there a few days, returned to Tucker, and in two or three weeks went back to Michigan, and in a short time returned to Tucker, and as soon as he had earned enough money, he went back to Michigan. He staid there until in the fall of 1883, when he went to California; staid fifty-nine days, and started back. He got caught in the floods with which the country was deluged, and the cars ran off the track five times before he got through to Arizona. He passed through Texas, Indian

Territory, back to Michigan, and has never since been heard of.

DR. ARNOLD BONNIFIELD* was born in 1799, August 23 ; is a son of Samuel Bonnifield, a soldier of Dunmore's war, and the war of the Revolution. As nearly as can be ascertained, his origin is French, through England. In France, the name was spelled Bonnifant, or Bonnifelt, and has reached its present spelling through the English. Dr. Bonnifield's mother was of purely English descent, belonging to the James family. He was married to Elizabeth, daughter of David, sister to Enoch and granddaughter of John Minear, the founder of St. George. Their children are, Katharine, who married David Swisher, of Hampshire, Samuel, who died of consumption when a young man, Dorcas, who married Daniel C. Adams, of Limestone, Sarah J., who married Rufus Maxwell, Abe, the only one now unmarried, Lettie, the wife of S. H. Smith, sheriff of Grant County, David, who was drowned at Willow Point, in Cheat River, April 30, 1871, Allen H., the traveler, who married Jane, daughter of A. B. Parsons of California, and John, who died young.

Dr. Bonnifield has always been a farmer ; but, in addition, he has paid some attention to the practice of medicine. He was a slaveholder, but never sympathized with the institution of slavery. He was the first clerk of the Circuit and County courts of Tucker, and was Justice of the Peace for thirty years.

DAVID BONNIFIELD, a son of Dr. Bonnifield, was drowned in Cheat. He had married Margaret Hessler, of Germany. His children are, Mary, Anna M., Katharine F., John E., Samuel A. and Margaret. They live at Beloit, Kansas.

*As Dr. Bonnifield receives notice at length in another part of this book, it is not regarded necessary to give full biography here.

David B. was a farmer and dealer in cattle. Being a sympathizer with the South in the War, he was much harassed by the opposing side. A large drove of cattle were carried off, which embarrassed him financially. Soon after, he was arrested and taken to Fort Delaware for incarceration. His suffering there was little less than the worst specimens of Andersonville, Libby or Rock Island. When at last he made his escape, his health was wrecked, and his property was gone. From that time until his death, he lived on Horse Shoe Run, four miles from St. George.

ALLEN H. BONNIFIELD,* son of Dr. Bonnifield, was born 1845. Before he was of age, he left home and started overland for California. When he reached Iowa he learned that the Indians were hostile, and that it would be unsafe to venture out. Then he turned back to New York, took a steamer and reached San Francisco by the way of Panama. He remained four years on the Pacific Coast, and then returned home. Since then he has been a farmer on the old homestead of 700 acres—including wild lands—four miles from St. George, on Horse Shoe Run. In 1875 he married Jane, daughter of A. B. Parsons. His children are, Edna F., Bertie M., Jennie S., Anna D., and Luke G.

ABE BONNIFIELD†, son of Dr. Bonnifield, was born in 1837. He traveled extensively over the west and over British America. When the war came on he joined the Rebel army, and fought to the end of the war, never surrendering, but dodging when the troops to which he belonged were dispersed, and coming home with his sword strapped on his

* Notice to some length of A. H. Bonnifield having been given in a former part of this book, a full biography is not given here.

† The principal events in Abe Bonnifield's biography having been given elsewhere in this book, only a brief mention is here made.

side. His weight is seventy pounds, and his height three feet.

He was at Lynchburg when Jubal A. Early defeated Crook and Hunter; he was at McDowell when Jackson routed Milroy; he suffered defeat at New Hope, when Hunter scattered Breckenridge's troops; he was with Imboden in Hampshire, and saw him blow up the armored gondolas which the Federals sent down the railroad; was at the battle of Frederick City, Md., and witnessed the whole transaction; took part in Early's raid on Washington, and fought nearly all the time for three weeks. At Crab Bottom he was taken prisoner, but escaped in less than two hours.*

SAMUEL W. BOWMAN, son of Adam Bowmam, born in 1820, three miles below St. George; was a farmer in his earlier years, and worked hard on his father's land. In his twenty-third year he was married to Elizabeth Minear. Children: Virginia C., Lavina S., Charles L., and John C. For four years he was deputy sheriff and was sheriff four years, both of which positions he filled honorably and with ability. For many years he was postmaster at St. George, and was for twelve years a contractor for carrying the U. S. mails, principally from St. George to Rowlesburg and return. He was a merchant for fifteen years, and in the meantime built the Black Water House in St. George, the largest hotel in the county.

During the war, Mr. Bowman was a sympathizer with the South, although he saw best not to enter the army. Nevertheless he was considerably annoyed by the Union soldiers at different times, but was never seriously interfered

*Abe Bonnifield has in manuscript a biography of himself, partly written by himself and partly by Prof. G. E. Selby.

with: has always been a Democrat and an influential man in the politics of the county.

CHARLES L. BOWMAN, son of Samuel W. Bowman, was born at St. George, Aug. 12, 1847: is of English and German descent: lived in St. George until he was a man, and spent his time working some and clerking in his father's store. Finally he arrived at the conclusion that it was decreed that he should go to the West. He went, and had a bitter experience of it; got sick and received the treatment which sick people are apt to get on the frontiers unless they fall into unusual hands. Bowman had a long siege of the fever, and did not know and cared little whether he would get well or not. But finally he recovered, and came trooping back home, more contented to try his fortune in Tucker. He settled down to business, and in 1874 married Miss Susie D. Gray, of Lancaster, Ohio. Children: Jesse Clifton and baby.

Four years after marriage, he started the *Tucker County Pioneer*. Previous to that, he had run a job press to some extent. He remained in the newspaper business nearly six years, when he quit it and turned his attention to merchandizing. He now owns the store formerly owned by his father at St. George.

C

JOAB CARR, a German, son of John Carr, was born in 1823; married in 1846 to Lucretia, daughter of Thomas Bright. He farms 90 acres and has 110 acres of wild land, on Dry Fork, 24 miles from St. George. He taught one school and killed 12 bears, and belonged to the Home Guards. Children: Clorinda, Abbie, Enos G., Margaret, Daniel A. D., Joseph D., Joab, George B. McClellan, Phoebe E., Virginia and Archibald S.

JOSEPH A. CARR, son of Joab, was born in 1865; married Elizabeth Carr, and lives on Dry Fork, 25 miles from St. George. He has one child, Flora. He is a farmer, owning 90 acres of wild land and 10 acres of tilled.

JAMES B. CARR, son of Solomon Carr, born 1828 in Randolph. Married in 1853 to Jemima, daughter of Thomas Bright. Farmer, owning 175 acres of land on Dry Fork, 20 miles from St. George. He was in the Home Guards two years. Children: Adam H., Enoch, James W., Margaret, Phoebe C., Elizabeth and Alice.

ENOCH CARR, son of James B. Carr, was born in 1858, lives 20 miles from St. George, on a farm of 170 acres, 30 acres of which is improved.

MARION H. CARR, son of Solomon Carr, was born in 1840, in Randolph county. Married 1864 to Julia Carr. He is a farmer, living on Dry Fork, 20 miles from St. George. He was in the Home Guards one year. Children: Marion B., George and James H.

SOLOMON W. COSNER. One of the most widely known men of Tucker County is Solomon W. Cosner, the Pioneer of Canaan. He was born in 1826, in Hardy County, and is a son of Henry Cosner, and of German descent. In 1849 he married Catharine Shell, daughter of Philip Shell, of Hardy County. His Children are: H. Harrison, Armida J., C. Columbus, Elizabeth Ann, Emil, Freylinghuysen, Comodore Porter, U. S. Grant, Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass. He owns 850 acres of land in Canaan, 400 acres of which is cleared and in grass. He also owns 625 acres on Shafer's Fork. He has a grist mill on his Canaan property. He lives 25 miles from St. George, and has been in Canaan since 1864. He is extensively known as the first settler in

that region. His house has long been the stopping place of hunters, adventurers and idlers from the Eastern and Northern cities, who go into Canaan to spend the heated months of summer.

When he went into Canaan, in 1864, there was no one living in that region. But there was an ancient improvement, 80 or 90 years old, made by some one whose memory only remains, but who is supposed to have been an ancestor of S. C. Harness. Cosner left Grant County, then Hardy, and cut a path for 20 miles across the Alleghany Mountains, 14 miles from his present home. He carried all his goods and plunder on horseback. When he reached Canaan, he found it a wild country filled with cattle, horses and stock that had been run in there by thieves during the war. He commenced an improvement near one of the most beautiful springs in West Virginia. It was almost out of the world. The nearest stores were at St. George and Maysville, each 25 miles distant, and from one or the other of these places he had to carry his groceries.

It was five or six years before any other family moved into that region. The first man to move into Canaan after Cosner was John Nine, of Preston County. He settled on a farm adjoining Cosner's; and the next to come were James and Isaac Freeland, also from Preston. Much of the bread of Canaan's early settlers had to be lugged from settlements fifteen and twenty miles distant. The land produces average crops of grain, and does remarkably well with buckwheat. Potatoes and all vegetables that grow in the ground as potatoes, beets, radishes and onions, grow to perfection. The country, when covered with original forests, is swampy, but, as soon as the timber is removed, the water dries up. The soil is of a dense clay, and water

stands in horse tracks in the woods. Fern is a nuisance to deal with. Fire kills it, and the timber also, when it becomes dry enough to burn. Grass grows splendidly as soon as the timber is removed.

Cosner was in the war, but his record is not of special interest, inasmuch as he was not in any particular engagements of note. His principal record, aside from being the pioneer of Canaan, is that of a bear hunter. He and his boys have killed over half a thousand bears in Canaan, innumerable deer, two panthers and one wolf, according to their account. He has had many narrow escapes, which, if collected, would more than rival those of Finley. As a sample of his exploits, and also as a sample of his style of narrative, we append a story of his, taken down in writing as it was told, by a visitor who knew something of short hand writing. The story runneth thus :

I got up at midnight and went out in the woods with a dog, gun, and a big trap "hunkered" to my back. Soon the dog roared down the hill like the d—l breaking tan-bark, and I said to myself : "that's a bear." I ran after him, and soon came to where the dog had treed two bear-whelps. I was skirmishing around to shoot them, when an old bear, in a bunch of laurel, five or six feet away, "hooved" up on his hind feet, and made for me. I tried to shoot, but gun failed. I got out a cap to put on the gun. Just then the bear lunged at me, and I had to jump six or seven feet high to keep from getting grabbed. The bear kept snapping at my feet, and I ran behind a tree to hide. The bear followed me, and I kept running round and round until I got dizzy. The bear probably got dizzy too, and quit running and stopped to study how to get me. It popped its head round one side and then the other of the tree and tried to scare me so that I would jump out. But, I laughed at it and it seemed to get madder. All at once it slung its paws round and tore my pants off. This made me mad, and I leaped out and pounded the old beast with my gun, and had a fearful fight. I was getting tired and wanted to quit, and

just then my dog snapped the bear and it turned on the dog.

I thought to myself, "Now's my time to take a tree," and I ran to a burnt chestnut snag and tried to climb it; but it was too slick and I slipped back faster than I could climb. I saw that I could not climb that tree and was looking for another, when the bear came bulging through the brush after me, and I went up that slippery snag in a hurry. As I went up, the bear came after me with renewed energy and seized my foot, and tore my shoe off. I scrambled to the top of the snag and sat down on it. The bear was trying to climb too. It pawed and scraped and bawled and roared, and made the mountains ring. It was the ugliest bear I ever saw. It kept me up that tree until I got awful tired, and wished that I had staid at home. I nearly froze. The wind whistled against me, and I said to myself, "O, if I only had my pants!" The bear sat down and took times easy, and I tried to scare it off by hitting it with pieces of bark and rotten wood.

It got daylight, and the sun came up and got warm, and I felt better, but was tired and numb, and the bear seemed to know it. I sat there in despair all day. It was the longest day that ever I pulled through. About sundown one of the young bears commenced coming down. This was balm and Gilead to my weary back, for I knew that the old one would leave as soon as the young whelps would come down. I watched it patiently and kept as still as I could. It would slide down a foot or two, and then stop a while to study about it, and to look around to see if everything was all right. Then it would drop down a few inches further, and would go through the same maneuvers. It got dark and the moon came up, and that little whelp was not half way down. I was trying to be patient, Job might have been a patient old citizen, but he never sat on top of an old snag twenty-four hours with no pants on. Eternity could be no longer than it took that young bear to reach the ground. I wished that an earthquake would come and shake him off. But, at last he got to the ground, and the old beast started to go away, walking sidewise and looking up viciously at me. When I got down, I was so stiff I could hardly hobble home. I have had thousands of battles with bears, and have stabbed them to death and pounded them to death and kicked them to death; but this scrape made me feel the sneakingest that ever I felt.

Solomon Cosner is a man of giant frame, weighing about 200 pounds, and standing 6 feet tall. In his earlier days he was probably the most powerful man in Tucker County.

F. H. COSNER, son of Solomon Cosner, born 1861, in Hardy County, married, in 1882, to Elizabeth, daughter of John Sears. His only child is Olive E. His farm is in Canaan, 30 miles from St. George, contains 66 acres and has 10 acres under cultivation.

C. P. COSNER, brother to F. H., born 1863, in Hardy County, lives with his father in Canaan.

W. H. H. COSNER, another son of S. W. Cosner, born 1849, married 1875 to Melissa J., daughter of John Nine. His wife died in 1881 and he married her sister, Margaret E. Nine. Children are, Harness F., Ada Bell and Lyda Ann. He owns a farm of 100 acres, one-half improved, in Canaan, 30 miles from St. George. In his time, he says, he has killed 30 bears and 300 deer.

C. C. COSNER, born 1853, in Lewis County; married in 1880, to Mary J., daughter of John Sears, of Grant County. Children: Gilbert E., and Lilly Estella. He has been in Tucker since 1864; and he owns a farm of 90 acres, 30 acres improved, in Canaan, 30 miles from St. George.

EMIL COSNER, son of Solomon Cosner, born 1859; married in 1880 to Lydia A., daughter of Gustavus Muntzing, of Grant County. Farmer, 83 acres, 40 acres improved, 30 miles from St. George, in Canaan. Children: Ora G. and Ida Anice.

FELIX H. COLLINS, was born in 1852, lives on rented land, on Red Creek, 25 miles from St. George.

HENRY COOK, born in Maryland, in 1842, of German and Irish descent. Married Miss Lyda A. Spencer in 1864.

Children: Mary Kate, Emma, Ida G., Thomas W., Robert R., Harriet A., Clementine and Harry O. He lives at Thomas, and has been mining for 20 years.

SAMUEL COOPER, was born in 1826, in Grant County, married in 1849 to Elizabeth Wymer, of Pendleton County. He owns 413 acres of land on Red Creek, 25 miles from St. George; he has 180 acres of improved land; he has been in Tucker since 1874. Children: Mary, Martha, John W., Job, Mahala, Melvina, Daniel, Elizabeth, Melissa Jane, Adam, Rosetta and Abraham.

JOAB A. CARR, whose father's name was Abner, was born in 1844, in Randolph County, and was married in 1865 to Sarah C., daughter of Joseph White, and is of English and Irish descent. Children: Virginia C., Albert, Sylvester J., James B., Sarah E., Mary A., Alpheus, Arthur A. and Mollie. He lives on a farm of 93 acres, with one-third of it improved, on Red Creek, 30 miles from St. George; he was in the Confederate army a few months and in the Union Home Guards.

HENRY COOPER was born in 1833, in Frederick County, Va., of English and German descent; married in 1867 to Mary M., daughter of George Randolph, of Hampshire County. Children: Charles H., George F., Anna M., John Robert, Mary Catharine, William S., Frederick A., and Hattie May. He lives in Canaan, 33 miles from St. George. He owns 1,400 acres of land, of which 110 acres is improved; has been in Tucker County since 1882; He was a scout for Lee in the Confederate army.

THOMAS CARR was born in 1857, son of John Carr; married in 1877 to Elizabeth Pendleton; lives on Dry Fork, 23 miles

from St. George; a farmer and owns 60 acres of land, 6 acres improved. Children; Martin, Ursula and Ellen.

JAMES L. CORRICK was born in 1861; lives at Fairfax.

JAMES CLOSS, of Scotch descent, was born in 1851; married in 1873 to Margaret V., daughter of Thomas M. Mason; lives on the railroad, 14 miles from St. George. Children: Duncan McClure, Charley Ross and Anna Belle.

WILLIAM M. CAYTON, editor of the *Tucker Democrat*, was born in 1862, in Upshur County, came to St. George in 1881: is a printer by trade. For further sketch see the history of the *Pioneer* and *Democrat*, in this book.

W. E. CUPP, born in Virginia 1856; married, 1882, to Mary J., daughter of C. W. Mayer, of Terra Alta; attended school at New Haven, and commenced clerking when he was 16 years of age. He resides in St. George, and is in the mercantile business in the firm of Mayer & Cupp.

A. E. CALVERT, M. D., of Guysville, Ohio, a few miles west of Parkersburg, was born in 1862. In his earlier years he attended school near home, and put in his time to good advantage. When he was twenty years old, that is, in 1882, he entered P. M. College at Indianapolis, Ind. At college he was noted for his devotion to his books and to hard study. He was a ready writer, and generally had a book well nigh reproduced in notes by the time he was through with it. In 1884 he graduated with honors, after having devoted two years of intense application to his studies. From college he returned home, and after a short visit proceeded to St. George and took up the practice that Dr. Austin had resigned. As a doctor, he has been eminently successful, and his support is of that kind that will endure.

JOHN W. CASSADY, born 1856; married in 1876 to Elizabeth James, daughter of Ephraim James. Five acres of his 53 are improved, 3 miles from St. George, on the head of Dry Run. Children: George Harvey and Thomas Q.

D. M. CORRICK, son of William Corrick, was born in 1830, of German descent; married in 1855 to Louisa Turner, of Lewis County. Children: Psthena, James L., Mary, Georgiana and Virginia. In 1867 his wife died at Newburg, where he then lived, and he married Charlotte Stone. He lives 8 miles above St. George on the river, where he owns a farm of 99 acres, with 40 acres improved.

SEYMOUR CARR lives in Dry Fork.

MARSHALL CAMPFIELD was born 1841 in Randolph, and married in 1865 to Lucina J. Day. Their children are: Lyda Grant, Jesse Colfax, Albert Isaac, George A., John R., Hanning F., Martha Luvenia, and Noah P. He is a farmer living fifteen miles above St. George on a farm of 300 acres, one-fifth of which is improved. He was in the Union army three years and was wounded in the arm by a Minie-ball.

WILLIAM CORRICK, was born in 1800, in Randolph County, and died in 1882; son of John Corrick, of German descent, was married in 1825 to Daborah Martney, of Randolph County. Their children are: Washington, Jefferson M., Eunice, Daniel M., Martha Jane, John, Francis M., Jetson, Baxter, Elizabeth Ann, Mary Lucretia, Anzina, Eda, Adam, Dow, Joseph, David and Elias. His farm of 620 acres had 100 acres of improved land on it; he held several offices in the early history of the county. The battle of Corrick's Ford was named from him. The word is nearly always wrongly spelled. It should be Corrick not Carrick. His house was made a hospital for the sick and wounded.

The kitchen was a prison for the captured Confederates. Everything on the farm that could be eaten was gone, except a few potatoes in a barrel in the garret, and one old goose. It was Corrick's account that three Union and twelve Confederates were killed.

S. M. CALLIHAN was born in 1844, in Harrison County, of Irish descent; married in 1870 to Virginia, daughter of Jacob H. Long. Their children are, Cora M., Otho C., and Stanford J. S. M. Callihan came to Tucker County, in 1867, to build E. Harper's house, being a carpenter by trade and having the contract of building it. After that, he went into the merchant business at Holly Meadows, 6 miles from St. George, and subsequently bought 90 acres of improved land on the river bottom at the finest part of the Holly Meadows. He died in 1884. He was a man of strictest honesty, and people placed in him the most unbounded confidence. He had been Justice four years, county commissioner one term, and president of the county court one term. He was just fairly entering upon a life of usefulness, when, at the age of 40, he was suddenly taken off. His loss was felt throughout the county, and our neighboring counties joined together to extend to us their sympathy for our loss.

He was a man who never was neutral on anything. He had an opinion on every subject that claimed his attention. In the war, his sympathies and support were given to the South. He entered the army and was under Stonewall Jackson until the General's death. He was soon afterward taken prisoner in Highland County, Va., and was sent west. At Grafton he made his escape by jumping from the train. He went east and was soon retaken

G. L. CARDER, not a citizen of Tucker, but a preacher traveling here in 1884, was born in Harrison County, in 1850. In 1872 he married Martha Fitzhugh: his child's name is Howard. He has been preaching the doctrine of the Methodist Protestant Church four years.

ALEXANDER B. CLOSS, son of David Closs, born 1856, was married in 1882 to Catharine, daughter of Jacob Dumire, of Limestone; his children are, Lizzie Bell and James; he is a farmer, living on Horse Shoe Run, 7 miles from St. George, on the old Stephen Losh farm, one of the oldest plantations on the Run; he also is partner in a shingle-mill and saw-mill.

DAVID CLOSS was born 1823 at Ayrshire, Scotland, where he lived until he was a man. At the age of twenty-four he married Agnes Furguson, in the city of Glasgow. He was a miner by trade. Soon after his marriage he came to America, and worked three years in the Maryland mines about Lonaconing and New Creek. In September, 1850, he came to Horse Shoe Run, and moved into John Stephenson's loom house, near where J. H. Fansler now lives, and remained there about ten days until he could build himself a house. When it was done, he moved into it. It stood two or three hundred yards from the present Pine Grove School-house. He lived there about three years, and then moved up on the mountain, which from him is now called "Closs Mountain." His experience in farming was enough to discourage almost anybody else. He planted three acres of corn and got only six bushels of ears; sowed three acres of oats, and hauled it all home, straw and all, on a one-horse sled; went to the Glades and bought potatoes at 87½ cents a bushel, carried them home on horseback and planted them, but never dug them. The only thing raised that was

a good living, have plenty to eat and wear, and get along well in the world.

His children are: William, John, James, Margaret, Alexander, Sarah, Isabel and Duncan. John lives in Maryland, near Oakland.

David Closs is known the neighborhood over for his hospitality. No one in need was ever turned from his door uncared for. No one, really suffering, ever asked him in vain for a favor. He is a steadfast member of the M. P. Church.

BENJAMIN CLARK was born at Fort Pendleton, Md., (near Grant County, W. Va.) in 1853, son of John Clark, of Irish and German descent; came to Tucker in 1865. He lives at Leadmine, 10 miles from St. George; is a farmer and is a partner in 110 acres of land, partly improved.

MARTIN V. CANAN born 1844, in Hampshire County; married, 1865, to Catharine Martin, of Mineral County. Children: Fred, Lewis, William N., Augustus M., Elizabeth Ann, Mary T., Rosa E. and Thomas U. Garfield; is a farmer, living on the upper waters of Horse Shoe Run; he was in the Union army and was stationed at different places along the Potomac, but was not in much fighting. He came near freezing to death while in the army.

ENOS G. CARR, born 1850, son of Jacob Carr, married in 1872 to Angeline Carr. The children are, Mary Francis, Thomas H. M., James B., Henry S., Ella V. and Amos G. He owns 310 acres of land on Dry Fork, 21 miles from St. George, 125 acres of which is improved.

SYLVESTER CARR, born 1858, son of Sylvester Carr, married in 1876 to Martha E. Goldessen, of Grant County. Children: Henry and Sylvenas. By occupation he is a farmer and lives 30 miles from St. George.

FISHER CARR was born in 1864, brother of Sylvester Carr; married in 1883 to Alice Carr. They have one child, named Wilford C.

GEORGE W. CROSS, born 1855, in Barbour County. His children are Flavius B., Flora A. and Ida May; he lives on Clover Run.

HUGH P. COLLETT, born 1825, in Beverly; is of French and English descent; married in 1855, to Louisa, daughter of John R. Goff. By trade he is a carpenter, but owns 200 acres of land, one-fourth improved, on Black Fork, 10 miles from St. George. Children—Florence E., Pleasant O., John R., Jefferson D., Perry L., Sophronia, Lycurgus, Tazewell, Chesy Lyon, Homer, Lettie and Clinton M.

JOHN C. CLINE, born 1830, in Harrison County; is of Irish descent; he was married in 1855 to Margaret, daughter of Aaron Loughry. Children—Samuel N., Charles W., Minerva J., Serena and George. He owns 299 acres of land with 59 acres improved, 10 miles from St. George; was in the Union army 7 months, under Kelly.

D.

FREDERICK DAVIS, son of John Davis, born 1814, in Ohio; was married in 1861 to Mary A., daughter of John Robinson. He lives 8 miles from St. George, on rented land, in Licking District. His children are, Charles, Frank and Malissa.

CHARLES DAVIS, son of Frederick, was born in 1868. Farmer of 110 acres, 25 acres improved; lives on Licking, 8 miles from St. George.

WILLIAM A. DULING, born 1852, in Mineral County, of German descent, is doing business in the firm of Shillingburg & Duling, at Fairfax.

OLIVER DUMIRE, born 1855, is a son of Stephen Dumire, and was married, in 1880, to Sophia A. Lansberry. He is of German descent and follows farming principally. Children: Agretta, Elizabeth, and Abraham Orvis. He has lived awhile in Pennsylvania; but he now resides on Horse Shoe Run.

WILLIAM DUMIRE, born 1833, is a son of Charles Dumire, and was married, in 1863, to Rebecca, daughter of Jacob Pifer. In 1875 his wife died, and he married Mary Hibb. Children: James M., Lucinda R., Mary Ann, Ruth J., Virginia F., John L., and William E. He lives 6 miles from St. George, on Mill Run, and has a farm of 48 acres. He was in the Union army, under General Kelly, and had his ankle injured in the service.

JAMES E. DEMOSS, son of W. W. DeMoss, was born in 1849 in Gilmer County, W. Va., married in 1866, to Mary M. Norman, of Doddridge County, W. Va. Their children are Darul and Clarinda. He came to Tucker in 1882; he was in the Union army two years; part of the time under General Harris, and was in the battle of Cedar Creek, Cross Roads and Bull Town; owns a farm of 34 acres, 8 miles from St. George on Brushy Fork.

DANIEL K. DUMIRE was born in 1831; is of German descent, and the history of his ancestors is found in another chapter of this book; was raised on Mill Run, near St. George. When 21 years of age, he married Sarah Ann Sell. On his wedding day he cradled rye till noon, and then went to hunt a horse to ride to the appointed house. He had so much difficulty in finding a horse, that he was two hours behind time, and found the guests very impatient with so much waiting. However, he was married, and set

many offices in the county, among which are justice of the peace, school offices and deputy sheriff twice. During the war he was a strong supporter of the Union cause, and led many Yankee scouts through the county.

ALEXANDER DICE, born 1845, in Scotland, by trade a miner, came to America in 1866, mined 11 years in Hampshire, and came to Tucker in 1882; he is now a farmer, owning 116 acres of land, with improvements on twenty acres.

JOHN WILLIAM DUMIRE was born in 1836 and married 1857 to Margaret, daughter of John P. Gray; he has 90 acres of improved land and 100 acres unimproved, on Limestone, 9 miles from St. George. Nine months of his life were spent in the Union army, under Kelly, defending the B. & O. Railroad from Cumberland to Wheeling. His children are: Francis P., Adaline S., Harriet Susan, William S., Martha N., Priscilla and John D. He has been constable, township clerk, and secretary of the board of education.

FRANCIS DUMIRE, son of the above, was born in 1858, lives on Limestone, 9 miles from St. George, and is a farmer.

GEORGE D. DUMIRE, son of Daniel Dumire, was born 1857, married 1879 to Anamelia Shook; he is a farmer of 60 acres of land, one-half improved, and lives 8 miles from St. George, on Location. Children: William A., Henry H. W., and Clarinda Fanny.

HENRY W. DUMIRE, brother of George D., was born 1861, and married in 1880, to Mary E., daughter of David Harsh; his farm of 60 acres, 25 acres improved, is on the Location, 8 miles from St. George. His child's name is Lulu Virginia.

JOHN H. DEETS, of Preston County, was born 1844 and married 1866 Virginia, daughter of Samuel Bowman, of St.

old when he killed the first one; he tried to take it home, but it bloated before he got it there, and he stuck his knife in its side to let the air out, thinking that would help it.

CYRUS F. DUMIRE, son of B. F. Dumire, of Preston County, was born in 1858; is a young man of much enterprise, and has collected property to the amount of 775 acres of land, with 40 acres improved, and an interest in the "Domire Shingle Mill," besides other property, and has made it all himself. He is a farmer by occupation, but has superintended steam saw-mills to some extent.

RHINEHART DOMIRE, JR., son of Stephen Domire, was born in 1856; lives 10 miles from St. George, on Horse Shoe Run, where is his farm of 176 acres. In 1882 he was married to Anna, daughter of James Evans, of Ohio.

SAMUEL R. DUMIRE, born in 1840 on "Old Andra," is a son of Frederick Dumire, and lives on Horse Shoe Run, 6 miles from St. George; his farm of 200 acres is one-fourth cleared; has worked twelve years at the carpenter trade, and was one of the first to work in St. George. In 1866 he was married to Sarena Domire, who died in 1880, and he married Sarah A. O'Donnell, of Illinois. The names of his children are, Letta May and Anna Emma. In 1876 he killed two bears with a very small shot gun, and filled another's head full of shot. He came out of the fight with two bears.

FREDERICK DOMIRE, brother to Rhinehart Domire, Sr., was born in 1806, and married in 1829 to Mary Ann Loughry, of Holly Meadows. Of six children, two only are living, who are Daniel L., and Samuel R. Frederick Domire was also a great hunter in his younger days, as nearly all the Domires were. He has killed many a deer and bear

was the "St. George Inn," and built in 1859. The same year he helped build the M. E. Church South, in St. George. At that time Jesse Parsons was sheriff, and Dumire wrote all his tax receipts; he has several times been member of the board of education.

COL. H. J. DUMIRE, son of D. K. Dumire, of Mill Run, one mile above St. George, was born in 1860; he is a farmer and school teacher, having taught five schools, all on No. 1 certificates, except the first; was a member of the board of examiners in 1882, and has been a delegate to senatorial, congressional and State conventions.

FREDERICK R. DUMIRE, brother to Rhinehart Dumire, was born in 1863, and lives with his brother on HorseShoe Run.

SAMPSON DAY was born 1825, in Pendleton County, near the mouth of Seneca; his parents, who were of English and German descent, were noted for their honesty, and their eight children received a pious training. Sampson, the third child, went to school one month each year for eight years, and never went any more. In 1846 he married a Miss Harman, who died in 1866. Day staid at home during the war, and did what he could in the cause of peace. He was a Union man, and served as a justice-of the peace. In Pendleton County, strongly Southern, this is a good recommendation. He decided impartially for Union and Confederate. He was the man who held the election in Pendleton County, and had it go with the new State. He bought a farm at the mouth of Red Creek, and soon afterward married a Miss Waldren, and raised a family of nine children. He now lives on Dry Fork, in Tucker County.

E

ROBERT W. EASTHAM, a native Virginian, born in Rappahannock County, February 28, 1842, is the son of Capt. B.

or what course to pursue. His first ambition was to show himself a man in repelling assault upon principles which he believed to be right. The intensity of Southern passion reached perfection in him ; and, at nineteen years of age, when he knew that his native State was calling for protection, he hurried off to the front to offer his services in whichever department of the defense that they should be most needed.

He joined Green's company, and was at once mustered into service and was quartered at Winchester. His battles began soon after. He marched to Harper's Ferry, April 19, 1861 ; and from Harper's Ferry he went to Alexandria. The troops that were with him were the first and last and only Confederate troops that were stationed at Alexandria during the war. They remained there until they were shelled out by Pawnee.

He was attached to Field's brigade, and Ewell's division, and was soon back in Winchester. He was also with Jones and Wheat, and when Wheat died, Eastham was tendered his place, but saw fit not to accept. After this, he was principally on scouting duty up to the battle of Gettysburg, and was under Jones the greater part of the time.

His adventures and escapes were thrilling. Fifteen thousand dollars was offered for him, dead or alive. At one time in battle, he was taken prisoner, but escaped before an hour. He was hunted by the Yankees with a perseverance surpassed only by the perseverance with which he hunted them. They feared and hated him, yet respected him for daring. So determined were they upon taking him, that large numbers made that their special aim. He rode a good horse, and they had no show of overtaking him in a race. While they ransacked the country for him, he was raking

them in, as prisoners, every day. After the second battle of Bull Run, thirty miles from the field, Eastham and eleven companions took prisoner sixty-five Yankees, whom Jackson had demoralized and driven into a thicket of brush. In this skirmish, Eastham was wounded in the foot by a Minie-ball. He was not in the Bull Run fight, but was on the field next day. In another skirmish, a bullet passed through the horn of his saddle, one perforated his belt and one cut a button from his coat.

In battle, he never used a saber. It is told of him, by those who were eye witnesses, that, when going into a fight, he would throw down his sword and cut a stout club, and with it knock right and left every one who came in his reach. He and his companions, thirteen in all, took eighty-six men in an hour. The men were retreating, by a road on which was a partly destroyed bridge. The Yankees ran upon the bridge and could not get over, and Eastham made them surrender. At another time, he and two others captured thirty-six horses and twenty-three men in one day. He remained with Jones until the battle of Gettysburg, and Jones was sent south. He made a special request that Eastham be allowed to accompany him, but the request was not allowed, and the scout was left to scout for Yankees in Virginia. They also hunted for him and many a time he had to save himself by flight or concealment. When, on one occasion, he had been out all day hunting for them, and had not seen one, he was coming down the road at dusk of evening and met an old negro whom he knew. The old fellow exclaimed in wonder, at seeing him alive: "Good heavens! massa, de whole world am full of Yankees huntin' foh you." At that moment he heard galloping horses in the distance. He took a grain-cradle and a bas-

ket which the negro was carrying, and climbed the fence into the field, having put his horse out of sight. He threw down a sheaf of wheat and sat upon it. The soldiers came by and saw him; but in the dusk of evening they did not recognize him. He watched them go by, and then mounted his horse and struck after them. He followed them boldly into town, dismounted and entered into conversation with them. He went into a store and bought him some tobacco, and made free with all about him. None recognized him, until a little negro came along. The little scamp knew him and yelled out: "I do 'clah! tha's Bob Eastham!"

Immediately the whole town full of Yankees started up and rushed at him. He sprang on his horse and dashed through them, knocked them down and rode over them, and finally reached the edge of the town. By this time the whole body of the enemy had mounted, and horsemen were galloping in every direction to hunt him down and head him off. He dashed up the mountain and escaped. So daring was he that no Yankee could feel safe when he was in the country. He would cross the lines and ride through the camp, and probably carry off a prisoner. Once he went to a house and got dinner, when the house was full of Yankees, and at another time he went into a stable, where several Union soldiers were sleeping, and took away the officers' horses. This is why they so hated him. He was upon them before they were aware of it, and he always, or nearly always, came out best. But, sometimes he had to hide and slip about in the quietest manner to keep from being taken. He had to bury himself in a rail-pile, and lie flat in a potato patch and conceal himself under a stone fence, while they were all around him. But, he always escaped, and finally came to believe that it was impossible

for him to be hurt. With this belief and assurance he went to his father's house when he knew that Yankees were thick around and while the \$15,000 reward was on him. While he was in one room, two Yankee officers were in another. He heard them talking of him, and how much they would like to see him. But, they had little idea of seeing him so soon. For, he kept quiet until they had gone to supper, and then he concluded to give them an opportunity to take him, if they liked. While they were eating, and seemingly in full enjoyment of the substantial fare which Virginian hospitality had placed before them, he walked boldly into the dining room where they sat at the table. His father introduced him to them as "My son, Robert, the man you are looking for." They turned and looked at the tall figure before them, clad in full Confederate uniform, and armed from head to foot. His belt gleamed with the hilt of a saber and with the handles of pistols. The officers evidently would rather have been excused from making new acquaintances that evening; but, they had the presence of mind to make the best of the situation. They shook hands, and he sat down at the table with them, and talked two hours. They made no attempt or showed no disposition to capture him, and he was allowed to depart in peace.

He was with Mosby in his raids, and was all through the Valley of Virginia. He was in Jones' Raid in June, 1863, through Preston County, when Rowlesburg, Kingwood and Morgantown were taken, and when E. Harper piloted the Rebels that burnt the Fairmont bridge. He was in the 6th Virginia, which "locked sabers" with the 6th New York fourteen times during the war. In the battle of Fairfield the New York regiment was finally overthrown.

When the news was received that Lee had surrendered, Eastham was one of the many who refused to believe it, because he did not want to believe it. He remained in the field and refused to surrender. He fought two battles after Lee had laid down his arms. Eastham never surrendered. He escaped without that humiliation. He remained with Mosby until that guerrilla leader disbanded his men.

After the war was over, he returned to the farm and went to work. But after his four years of war he could not feel satisfied with the tame existence of a farmer ; so he sold out and went South. He visited North and South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, and finally grew tired of roaming. He returned to Virginia, and married Mary C., daughter of Dr. A. W. Reid, of Rappahannock County, Va. This was in 1869. In 1876, in May, he came to Tucker and bought land in the Canaan Valley, 30 miles from St. George. His farm of 276 acres has 40 improved and in grass. He built a farm house and other buildings, and was prospering well enough when a fire in the woods caught his house while he was absent, and burnt everything. He had not a dollar left, nor even a coat to wear. Everything that would burn was burnt, except two horses, a cow, a dog and a cat. His financial condition was not flourishing. However, he borrowed a coat, and went to Oakland and bought a suit on credit. He went on to Eastern Virginia where he had a little property. He came back to St. George, where the town authorities had some charge against him, and attempted to arrest him. In the scuffle, Frank and Dock Pifer tore his coat off of him, and some one else got his hat, and he had to go home coatless and hatless.

When he went to Canaan there were only three families there, Solomon Cosner, John Nines and James Freeland.

Eastham lived there till 1883, and farmed and raised stock with various succes. By that time the W. Va. C. & P. R. W. was coming into the country, and was no longer a subject of speculation. It was confidently expected that it would greatly enhance the prosperity of Canaan.

At the mouth of Bever the site was selected for the terminus of the road. The contract for clearing away the timber for the city was given Eastham, and soon after he moved there with his family, and built him a residence. This was the first house built in a city which is to be called Davis. As yet, there is no city there. The floating population amounts to twenty or more. But a town must be there in the near future, and Robert Eastham will be regarded as the founder of it. Under his supervision all the work so far has been done. In consideration of this, it would be no more than justice to name the city EASTHAM. It is a genuine English name, and is a suitable name for a town, and such ought to be its name:

In 1882, Eastham was a candidate for the Legislature, to be elected by Tucker and Randolph Counties. Although not elected, he ran a heavy poll, and carried his own district by an overwhelming majority.

JOHN H. EVANS was born in Hardy County, in 1841; married in 1874 to Maria Michael, of Grant County. Children: Cora Anna, Mary E., Charles W. and Mary J.; farmer, lives in Canaan.

SAMUEL H. EWIN, a merchant of St. George, and a son of William Ewin, was born in 1836 in Baltimore, and was married in 1864 to Sarah A. Kuhn, of the same city. He is of Irish descent. He lived in Baltimore from 1852 to 1862, when he went into the Union army and remained in the

service nearly three years. He was commissary sergeant. He was at the battles of Antietam, Bolivar Heights, Cedar Mountain and several others. He is a painter by trade. He came to St. George in 1882. *

WILLIAM EVANS was born in 1818, died in 1874, on Horse Shoe Run, 11 miles from St. George. He married Lyda Kitzmiller. Children: James I., Solomon A., John Alexander, William Lewis, George A., Warner B., David C., Perry J., Mary A. and Lucy Ellen. He came to Tucker in 1860, and purchased a farm of 455 acres and had 140 acres under improvement, and had 100 fruit trees in bearing condition.

DAVID C. EVANS was born in 1857 in Hardy County; married in 1876 to Ollie Calhoun; of German descent. His children are: Elliot F. and Abraham, named after Abraham Bonnifield. He is a farmer of 246 acres, with sixty acres improved and a good orchard of 100 trees.

SOLOMON H. EVANS, brother to David C. and son of William Evans, was born in 1843; English and German descent; married in 1871 to Catharine Shaffer, of Preston County. Children: Ama, Stella, Lewis. Mollie, Harry, John and Dollie. He is a farmer, living on Horse Shoe Run, ten miles from St. George. He owns 270 acres of land, of which 40 acres are improved and the rest is well timbered. He has a good orchard. He followed the shoe-making trade 12 years, but gave it up for farming.

JAMES I. EVANS, brother of Solomon Evans, was born in 1842, in Hampshire County; married in 1874, to Emma C. Whitehair, of Preston County. Children: Florence May, Jennie Belle, Cora Etna and Ida. He is a farmer and miller, living at the Lead Mine Post-office, 10 miles from St.

fore it was fairly light, and was halted by six men, whom he mistook for Rebels, and whom he told that he was no Yankee. They said that they knew it, and demanded his surrender. He said that he had surrendered, and when they put down their guns, he sprang behind a house and ran off.

JOHN E. M. FITZWATER, son of William Fitzwater, was born in the year 1859. In 1879 he married Salina, daughter of Elihu Phillips. Farmer of 51 acres, 15 improved, 6 miles from St. George, on Clover Run. Children: Elihu M. and Russel I.

WILLIAM FITZWATER, father of John E. M., and son of John, of German descent, was born 1833, and married in 1852, to M. M., daughter of Jacob Shafer. He is a farmer, owning 176 acres, 50 of which is farming land, 8 miles from St. George, on Texas Mountain. Children: Almeda, Silas J., Manda C., Barbara A., John E. M., Sarah V., Jacob F., Judah, Etta May, Ida Olive and Savina J.

BERNARD W. FISHER, from Augusta County, Va., of German descent, was born in 1841, and married in 1865 to Mary L. Hill, of Cumberland, Md. Children: Lilly S., May Belle, Carl C., Edmund H., Della V., Zora M., Ward H., Otto and Nora. By occupation he is a farmer and carpenter; lives on a farm 2 miles from St. George, on Clover Run; has been in the county since 1879. He was in the Union army, in Hancock's corps at Gettysburg; he was also in the battles of Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Bull Run, Wilderness, Spottsylvania, Cold Harbor and about Richmond. At Cold Harbor he was wounded in the leg by a Minie-ball, which broke one bone; he cut the bullet out and has it yet.

JACOB W. FLANAGAN, son of Jacob Flanagan, born in 1848;

on Black Fork, 11 miles from St. George ; is a man of influence, and stands high in the estimation of all who know him. His ancestors were the first settlers of that region. Henry Fansler settled in Canaan in 1802, it is supposed.

H. M. FERGUSON was born in 1854, in Randolph County; son of R. M. Ferguson, and of Irish descent; married in 1880 to Margaret S. Kalar. Their child's name is Laird D.; lives near Fairfax.

GEORGE W. FANSLER, son of Andrew Fansler, was born in 1842, and married in 1877 to Mary A. R. Domire, daughter of Washington Domire; is a farmer of 210 acres, with 55 acres improved, and lives 14 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork; has been road surveyor 15 years. Children: Anna Tilden and Stark Andrew.

ALFRED FLANAGAN, son of Ebenezer Flanagan, was born in 1840; married in 1860, to Hannah S., daughter of J. H. Lambert. Children: Nathaniel H., James H., Hannah E., Alfred K. and William Hess; is a farmer of 126 acres, with 20 acres improved, on Dry Fork, 26 miles from St. George; was a Home Guard during the war.

J. F. FUNK was born in 1839, in Preston County, son of Jonathan Funk; married in 1870 to Maggie Elliot; is a farmer of 134 acres, 60 acres improved, nine miles below St. George. Children: James John William Alonzo, Susan Alberta and Cora Analiza.

JOHN H. FANSLER was born in 1840 at Black Fork, son of Jacob Fansler; married in 1861 to Jemima E., daughter of Job Parsons. Children: Rufus M., Althea M., William T., Stephen T., Clarence S., Sarah Ann., Job P. and Ira B. He lives on Horse Shoe Run, 8 miles from St. George; has lived there since 1863. When he first commenced work on

in Licking District; his farm of 165 acres, is one-fourth improved.

BENJAMIN P. GOWER was born in 1857, son of Daniel Gower, of German descent. In 1879, he married A. S., daughter of John U. Chambers. Children: John W. and Rosa Lee; is a farmer and miller, living 4 miles from St. George, on Mill Run.

JOSEPH GREY was born in 1854, son of John P. Grey, was married in 1880 to Mary C., daughter of Aaron J. Loughry. Children: Savilla M. and Anna M. He lives 3 miles from St. George.

ISAAC A. GILMORE, son of David Gilmore, of Scotch and German descent, was born in 1824 in the Horse Shoe; was married in 1843 to Margaret Skidmore. In 1862 his wife died, and he married Electa C., daughter of William Miller, of Licking District. Again in 1866 his wife died, and he married M. J., daughter of John S. Hart, of Randolph; is a farmer, lives 14 miles from St. George, and has been several times a member of the board of education.

NELSON A. GILMORE was born in 1860, son of D. H. Gilmore, lives 14 miles from St. George on Shafer's Fork.

ISAAC B. GODWIN was born in 1817, in Preston County, of Irish and German descent. In 1838 he married Mary Coffman, of Barbour. He lives at Limestone, 7 miles from St. George. Children: Lyda, Robert, Jacob, Sarah, Barbara E., Mary E. and Andrew.

GEORGE F. GRIFFITH, brother of James Griffith, was born in 1856. In 1876 he married Sarah Caroline Harper. His wife died in 1882. For a second wife he married Laura Wolf, of Barbour. He is by trade a carpenter, and follows the business at St. George. For 4 years he was town

GEORGE M. HOVATTER, brother to Isaac, was born 1846, married 1868 to Mary J., daughter of Jacob Nester. His farm contains 768 acres, 35 acres of which is improved. He lives 6 miles from St. George, on Texas Mountain. He belonged to the Union Home Guard, in Barbour County, during the war. Children: William W., Milla M., Salon B., Harriet M. and Wade H.

DAVID HOVATTER, from Barbour County, is the son of David Hovatter, and was born in 1853; in 1877 he married Tena L., daughter of George Shahan; is a farmer, owning 72 acres, 10 of which are improved; lives 5 miles from St. George, on Bull Run. Children: Charles, Lillie C. and Wilbert.

JOHN W. HELMICK, born 1860, in Pendleton County; of English descent; married in 1882, to Phebe J. Waybright; is a farmer, living in the Sugar Lands, five miles from St. George. They have one child, named Sloma C.

LLOYD HANSFORD, son of W. W. Hansford, of Black Fork, was born March 16, 1857. In his younger school years he attended school under S. R. Dumire, Miss Jane Parsons, V. N. Gribble, A. B. Parsons and P. Lipscomb. This was at the Mount Pleasant School. Lloyd entered the Fairmont Normal School in September, 1876, and graduated in 1879, being the first graduate in Tucker from any of the Normal Schools of the State. While in the Normal School, he served awhile as instructor in the mathematical department. Afterward he came home and taught a select school at Alum Hill, and from his school sent fourteen applicants before the Board of Examiners, and they were all granted certificates. The school of ten weeks closed in September, 1880, and he entered into a stock company whose object

was to foster the *Tucker Democrat*, which, at that time, was not self-sustaining. The company numbered among its members Senator Ewin, A. B. Parsons, L. S. Auvil and others. Hansford was elected Editor; for, it seems that the paper was conducted on the plan of those religious denominations that elect their preacher instead of selecting him, or allowing him to select himself. Hansford, with almost no experience in the business, was elected to manage the paper the first year.

On the 19th of Sept., 1880, he was appointed principal of the Fetterman school, with two assistants. The newspaper business had furnished him plenty of hardwork; but the pay had not been as good as he wished. He had meanwhile, been studying the law, under Caleb Boggess, of Clarksburg.*

In 1881 he was appointed first assistant in the Piedmont Graded School, which he accepted. He then took contracts on the W. Va. C. & P. R. W. and worked just one year, at various kinds of work and with different crews of men. He belonged to the engineer corps that located the railroad from Fairfax to Bever. In 1883 he was appointed teacher of the St. George school. At the convention of June 7, 1884, he received the nomination for prosecuting attorney of Tucker County. He is a young man of steady habits, and has a good education.

ALBERT HOVATTER was born in 1864, son of Elton Hovatter, lives on a rented farm four miles from St. George.

STEPHEN HARSH, son of Andrew Harsh, of German descent, was born in 1851, and married in 1874 to Dortha E. Goff; lives 6 miles from St. George, on the Limestone

* For a sketch of Hansford as a lawyer see "History of the St. George Bar," in this book.

road; farm of 95 acres with 40 acres improved. Children: Cora Ann, Walter McClure, Josephine Gertrude, Samuel S., Dora May and Nora Lee. He belongs to a family of great physical strength and power of endurance.

REUBEN W. HEBB, son of John Hebb, was born in 1847, in Preston County; married in 1874, to Margaret James. Children: Jasper L., Sarah O., Harvey D. and George H.; is a farmer and lives on Location, four miles from St. George.

T. F. HEBB, of English descent, son of Thomas Hebb, was born in 1823*; married in 1842 to Catharine, daughter of Hiram Sanders; his wife died in 1853, and he married Mary Ann, daughter of Levi Lipscomb. Children: Sarah A., Thomas F., John C., Joseph H. and Martha E.; lives 5 miles below St. George on a farm of 175 acres, of which 75 acres are improved; has been in Tucker since 1876; has held several offices in the county; he was on the board of supervisors in 1866, and held office until the constitution went out of force; held the position of president of the board of education for 12 years. In 1861, he entered the Union army, and remained in it until 1865; was at Rowlesburg when Jones made his raid into that quarter; was in several skirmishes and in one of them had his knee thrown out of place, from the effect of which his right side has ever since been almost helpless.

JOHN HEBB, son of T. F. Hebb, born 1847, married 1871, to Marcilla, daughter of David H. Lipscomb. Children: Maud C., Charles W., Albert T., Augusta Lee, Solomon E.,

*T. F. Hebb's grandfather was sent to America during the Revolutionary war, as a British soldier. After he landed he deserted and joined the Americans. He was discharged from service before the close of the war, but when Cornwallis raided into Virginia, he again took the field in common with the Virginia troops and was present at the battle of Yorktown, which resulted in the defeat of the British.

Ira C., and baby. He is a farmer, and lives five miles below St. George.

DAVID B. HANSFORD, born 1863, son of Wesley Hansford ; lives 12 miles above St. George, on a farm of 70 acres, one-third improved.

JOHN HANSFORD, of English descent, born 1832, son of Acra Hansford ; married, 1858, to Savana, daughter of John Bright. Children : Benjamin F., Anzalina, Florence O., Cornelius P., Jeremiah A., Montiville M. G., Margaret and Columbia C. He owns one-half acre of land on Pleasant Run ; was John Losh's partner in hunting during one winter ; lives 12 miles above St. George.

JOSEPH H. HEBB, son of T. F. Hebb, was born in 1849 ; lives on Limestone, 4 miles from St. George ; married in 1879 to Mary E. Goff. Children : Eddy May, Lyda M. C. and Bertha E.

PHILLIP M. HELMICK, son of Miles Helmick, of Pendleton County, was born in 1856, and married in 1877 to Nancy R. daughter of Isaac Parsons, of Cheat River. When he married he was 21 years of age, and his wife was 66. In 1883, his wife died, and the same year he married Elizabeth, daughter of Mathias Helmick ; is a farmer, owning 62 acres of land, 35 acres improved.

ABRAHAM L. HELMICK was born in 1864, son of A. B. Helmick, of English descent, lives 7 miles from St. George in the Sugar Lands ; been in Tucker since 1872.

GEORGE W. HELMICK, brother of Philip, born in 1860. In 1878 he married Alice Simmons. Children : Nettie V., Wilson and Laura ; lives on a farm of 7 acres with 2 acres partly improved, 6 miles from St. George, on the road leading to the Sugar Lands.

M. P. HELMICK, born 1838, was a son of Miles Helmick ; was married in 1858, to Elizabeth, daughter of George Helmick. She died, and he married Susana Davis, of Pendleton County. Children: John W., James B., Martha L., Floyd V., Hendron McClure, Alfred Hampton, Becca and Arthur; is a farmer of 160 acres in the Sugar Lands ; was in the Confederate army at Garnett's defeat at Corrick's Ford. Afterwards he joined the Union army, and was honorably discharged at the close of the war.

ABRAHAM HELMICK, born 1842, in Pendleton County, son of Miles Helmick ; married, 1861, to Catharine Mullennax. She died in 1877, and he married Prudence, daughter of William Ware, of Randolph County. Children: Abraham L., Georgiana, Albert, Martin Howard and Effie Huldry ; is a farmer of 116 acres, with 50 acres improved, almost every foot of which he has cleared himself ; has a large part of his farm sown down in grass, and cuts a considerable amount of hay, which he feeds to stock ; is a prosperous farmer, and lives in the Sugar Lands, seven miles from St. George. He joined the Confederate army at the commencement of the war. At Alleghany he was shot through the shoulder by a Minie-ball, and at Laurel Hill he was knocked down by a shell ; was in Garnett's retreat. In Virginia, soon after, he left the Confederate army and joined the Union. He was in several battles, Gettysburg among them, and was also in several skirmishes along the B. & O. R. R., notably that of Paw Paw Tunnel ; he fought through the entire war, and has since lived on a farm. Once he came near being killed by a bear which he had caught in a trap. It tore loose and tried to catch him, and he could only spring up a tree, taking his gun with him. Finally, he shot the bear.

MATHIAS HELMICK, born 1828, son of George Helmick, of Randolph County, married Melvina Vandevanter. Children: Sarah C., George E., Robert, Charles D., Sansom D., Phoebe, Phillip M., Mordicaai P., Mary J., Martha E. and Simon. Mathias was one of the Dry Fork Home Guards, and had many skirmishes.

ROBERT HELMICK, born in 1855, son of Mathias Helmick; married Martha Boner, of Dry Fork, daughter of Arch. Boner. Children: Walter F. and Simon S.; farmer, 7 miles from St. George, in Sugar Lands.

WILLIAM HULL, of English and Irish descent, was born in Hampshire County, in 1822; married Jemima Tucker and lives on a farm on Horse Shoe Run, five miles from St. George. Children: Mary E., James F., Thomas M., Gibson T., John O., Upton Seymour, William W., Virginia I. and Harriet Isabel.

G. T. HULL, son of William Hull, born 1852; married in 1875, to Margaret, daughter of George Spesert, of Horse Shoe Run. Children: William H., Mary J., Alberta and Lizzie Della; he lives in St. George.

DAVID HANSFORD, son of Acra Hansford, was born in 1837, and married in 1865, to Susan, daughter of Joshua Vanscoy. Children: Hamon L., Perry J., Columbus B., Laverna J., George Harmon, Margaret C. and Delphia May.

ERASMUS A. HAMMON, born in 1846, in Virginia; married, 1871, to Sarah A., daughter of Abraham Inlow; owns 92 acres of land, with 25 acres of improvement. Children: Ephriam F. and Daisy Ellen.

E. HARPER. A full history of E. Harper is given in other parts of this book, therefore it is not given here. He lives

four miles from St. George, on Clover Run, and is a farmer and doctor, and owns 4,500 acres of land.

WILLIAM P. HEBB, son of John Hebb, was born in 1832, and was married to Margaret Lipscomb in 1853. Children : Jemima C., Mary E., James A., Berlinda J., Delia V., Melvina M., William H., Reuben T., Daniel K., Ida M., Arthur Levi, George W. and Margaret G. His farm of 100 acres is half improved ; 4 miles from St. George, on Location. He was taken prisoner by the men who came into Tucker with McChesney, and was carried to Rich Mountain ; was a prisoner, tied to S. E. Parsons in Garnett's retreat. Parsons escaped on Hog Back, but Hebb was carried to Petersburg, tried and liberated. After this he joined the Union army, and was taken prisoner by Jones at the time of his raid on Rowlesburg, but was kept only one day.

JAMES B. HELMICK, son of P. M. Helmick, born in 1864 ; is a laborer by occupation.

B. F. HANSFORD, son of J. M. Hansford, was born in 1859, and married in 1877, to Barbara M., daughter of Moses Phillips. Children : Ida J., Harriet D. and Lamiria ; farms 7 acres of improved land, and owns 40 acres of wild land on Clover Run.

J. S. HART, born 1853, in Pennsylvania ; married Alice Stone in 1875. Children : Ida P. and Walter L. ; is a farmer of 33 acres, with 20 acres of tilled land, on Location, 5 miles from St. George.

GEORGE HOPKINS, of English and German descent, was born in Preston County ; married Mary E. Spesert in 1859, and has since lived in Tucker County, and been a farmer. Children : Ida Ellen and Levi Wesley ; owns 68 acres of land, ten miles from St. George, on the waters of Horse Shoe Run.

cultivation. Children: Ezekiel H., Harper J., Jacob C. and Birdie C. He lives on Dry Fork, 12 miles from St. George; was in the Confederate army 18 months, and was with Imboden on his first raid into Tucker. In his life he has killed 20 bears.

SAMPSON O. JOHNSON, son of R. P. Johnson, was born in Randolph in 1852, and in 1869 married Alice, daughter of Jesse Davis, of Pendleton County. Children: Stephen, Archibald and Benjamin; lives on rented land, 22 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork; was married at 17 years of age.

J. M. JENKINS was born in 1831, in Preston County. In 1855 he was married to Ann C. Houston, of Pennsylvania; of Welch and Irish descent. Children: William B., Sadie, Silas, Frank, Ella, Della, Alverda, Dessie and Delton. Stone and brick mason; been in Tucker since 1874; at present lives in St. George. In 1882 he was a candidate for the Legislature, but was not elected. In stone-work he has done some large contracts on the Pennsylvania railroads.

R. P. JOHNSON was born in 1821, in Pendleton County, of English and Irish descent. Married in 1846 to S. A. White, of Randolph. In 1861 his wife died, and he married Provy Watts; he lives 25 miles from St. George on Dry Fork. He is constable. Children: Sampson, Sarah E., Elizabeth, Susan and Anna.

SAMUEL H. JAMES, son of Isaac James, was born in 1854, of English descent. Married in 1877 to Delia V. Hebb, daughter of William Hebb; he lives at Limestone, 10 miles from St. George, on a farm. Children: Berlinda, Charles W., Bertie B. and Stella F.

married Mrs. Ruth Lipscomb. Children: Sarah Jane, Elizabeth, Catharine, George W., S. Loman, Jacob M. and Ulysses G.

SAMUEL L. JAMES, born 1849, son of E. James; married in 1874, to Jemima, daughter of William Hebb; lives four miles from St. George, on the Location, where he owns a farm of 152 acres, with 70 improved; is a road surveyor; has five children dead, and one, John F., living.

JOHN JONES, born in Maryland, 1821. His parents were of German and French descent, from Rockingham County, Va. In 1840, he married Unice DeMoss, of Monongalia County. Children: George W., Hannah J., Martha A., Thomas J., Henry C. and John E. He is a farmer and has lived within a few miles of St. George ever since he was 16 years old. He was the first justice of the peace of Tucker County after its formation. In 1865, he held the office of supervisor, and in 1882 was elected county commissioner. In the war he leaned toward the South. Latham took him prisoner and carried him to Belington, and held him a few days. He was carried to Philippi by Capt Holler, and was again released. He was a captain of the Confederate Home Guards. He lost a son, James W., in the Confederate service, who was taken sick of a fever brought about by overwork as a carrier of dispatches, and died near Monterey, on the Huttonsville road. His farm of 150 acres is six miles west of St. George, in Clover District.

K.

J. M. KNAPP was born in 1859, in Upshur County, W. Va., of Irish and German descent. Carpenter, owns 100 acres of land on Haddix; been in the county since 1880.

JOHN W. KEISER, whose father's baptismal name was

Resin, was born in 1858, in Barbour County, of German descent; married in 1880, to Tobitha C. Phillips; Farmer of 113 acres, 30 acres improved, 7 miles from St. George on Clover.

WILLIAM A. KNOTTS, son of Robert Knotts, was born in 1856. Married Clara B., daughter of S. R. Fansler. He lives on Horse Shoe Run, 5 miles from St. George, and is a farmer. Their child's name is Albert C.

ROBERT K. KNOTTS, of English descent, son of Robert Kotts, born in Marion County, W. Va., in 1818. Married in 1840, to Fanny, daughter of Frederick Harsh, of Preston County. Children: Martin Luther, Ellen, John A., James, Stephen A. and William A. He has 110 acres of improved land on a farm of 180 acres. He has been in Tucker since 1852, and "has held no office, except the plow handles."

Mr. Knotts began for himself with but little on which to go, except health and industry. He commenced in the woods, and the first year raised 40 bushels of sound corn, and since that time has been selling corn every year. The first year he killed 21 deer within one mile of the house; he generally killed from 10 to 20 a year for 20 years. He never hunted except in the morning before breakfast. Often he would kill two and three and get home in time for breakfast; he sometimes carried venison to West Union and sold it. Bear skins were worth from \$1.50 to \$7 each. He probably had the most remarkable adventure with panthers that was ever in the county or State. One Sunday morning he went hunting as was his custom, and met three panthers, and he shot one dead where it stood. The largest of the remaining sat down and watched him until he had reloaded. He shot it, but it ran yelling into the woods and the other followed it; he reloaded his gun, and presently

the unhurt beast came galloping back to look for its partner. He shot it dead. The one that was wounded also died, making three panthers that he killed without moving from his tracks. This was his last hunting on the Sabbath day.

M. L. KNOTTS, son of R. K. Knotts, was born in 1837, in Preston County. In 1859 he married Margaret E., daughter of Enos Sell, of Preston County; he lives 10 miles from St. George on Maxwell's Run, where he owns a farm of 168 acres, 75 of which is under cultivation. He has been a hunter, but not so great a one as his father; he has killed 8 bears and 1 panther, 11 feet long. Children: John J., Enos. E., Fanny E., Mary E., Susan Adaline, Jennie R., Laura Belle, and Stella Maud.

J. Z. T. KEENER was born 1847 in Taylor County; married in 1878 to M. A., daughter of James Miller. He came from Ireland, where his father was drowned when the son was small. He keeps a boarding house at Dobbin's old hotel, in Canada, and lost a leg by a wagon's upsetting, at Mingo Flats.

JOSEPH KEPNER, a shoemaker of St. George, was born in Maryland, 1852. In his younger days he lived principally at Oakland. In 1876 he married Hellen M. Jones. The next year, 1877, he came to St. George. Before that time he had worked at his trade in New York and Maryland. Their children are: Margaret Jane, Franklin P., Harry G., George M., Carrie Adams and Enos Duncan.

JASPER KALAR, born 1852, son of Jacob Kalar, of German descent, lives on Shafer's Fork, 12 miles from St. George; married 1872 to Mary Jane, daughter of Jonathan Channel, of Taylor County. He owns 201 acres of land, one-fifth of

it being improved. Children: Howard D., Olive Blanche, Stark F. and Harriet.

WILLIAM A. KALAR, born 1849, brother of Jasper Kalar; married 1873 to Martha, daughter of Daniel Hart, of Randolph. Children: Carrie A., Delphia A. and Albert Blaine. He is a farmer, living on Shafer's Fork, 12 miles from St. George, and owns 75 acres of land with 40 acres improved.

JOHN KNOTTS, son of R. K. Knotts, was born in 1841; married 1862 to Lettie, daughter of George Spesert. Children: Mary I., George William, Sarah Laverna, Dora Ann and Lavina Alice. He is a farmer of 197 acres, with 25 acres improved, and with an orchard of thirty-five apple trees, on Hog Back, 12 miles from St. George. He has been and still is a successful hunter, having killed many deer and bears.

R. W. KNAPP, of Pocahontas County, was born in 1831 and married 1851 to Mary Woodhull. Children: Delilah Margaret, George B., John M., Elmira F., Ida E. C., Olive C., Marietta V., Lorenzo D. He is a farmer of 152 acres, with 10 acres improved, six miles from St. George, and was in the Union army.

WILLIAM E. KIGHT, born 1856, in Maryland; married, in 1880, to Harriet M. Welsh. Children: Elsie Elizabeth, Edward Garfield and a baby; is a farmer, and lives on Lead Mine.

STEPHEN KNOTTS lives on Closs Mountain; born 1851; married 1870, to Christina Spesert; is a farmer of 118 acres, with 12 acres improved.

ISAAC LIPSCOMB, son of Theodore B., was born 1858. He is a farmer, owning 53 acres, and lives 9 miles from St. George, on Licking.

JAMES KISNER, born 1849, in Maryland; married Elizabeth White, who, dying, he married Columbia White, in 1867; has 110 acres of wild land, and 70 acres of improved land; lives 6 miles from St. George, on Limestone; has been in Tucker since 1872.

JAMES KNOTTS, born 1845, son of R. K. Knotts; married in 1866, to Teena M., daughter of Christian Willis. Children: William Arnold, Amos and Mary E. He farms 40 acres of improved land and has 85 acres of woodland on Twelve Mile Creek, 13 miles from St. George. He has killed four bears, and has had some remarkable fights with them.

L.

STUART S. LAMBERT, son of James B. Lambert, born 1843, in Pendleton County; German descent; married, 1862, Emily Nelson, widow of William Nelson, and daughter of Catharine Bower. Their children are, Henry C., Susan, Emily C., U. S. G., James B., Riley and Etta. He is a farmer, owning 25 acres, with 15 acres improved, on Dry Fork, 24 miles from St. George; has been in Tucker since 1850. He taught one school on a No. 5 certificate; was enumerator of the census in 1880. He was a Union man during the war, and was in the troops called the R. R. Guards, under General Kelly. He is a minister of the Gospel in the Christian Church.

JAMES B. LAMBERT, born 1854, son of James H. Lambert; married in 1876, to Alice J., daughter of Solomon Boner. Children: Laura M., Verna Olive and Walter W. He owns 402 acres, 100 acres improved, 24 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork. He taught two schools on No. 2 certificates, and was constable two years.

JAMES H. LAMBERT, born 1828, in Pendleton County,

brother to Stuart S., married, 1852, to America A., daughter of Catharine Boner. Children: James B., Christopher C., Lorenzo D., Nathaniel, Edward, Prosy Ellen, Annie May and Floda V. He is a farmer of extensive means; owns 952 acres of land, of which 100 is improved; has been in Tucker since 1876; taught several terms of school in Randolph County; was a captain in the Union army, and spent three years in the service, mostly in Tucker County.

SAMUEL H. LEWIS, of Pennsylvania, born 1861; came to Tucker with C. R. Macomber; married Ida Harding, daughter of Joseph Harding, for whose murder a negro was hanged at Oakland, Md., in 1883. Children: Edna May and Stella Pearl; is a laborer at Thomas.

MOSES LIPSCOMB, son of James Lipscomb, born 1848, in Preston County; of English descent; married Mary, daughter of Price Montgomery, in 1874. Children: James R., Summers M., George P. and Zora E. C. He lives 8 miles from St. George, on a farm of 172 acres, with 3 acres improved; is said to be the strongest man in Tucker County.

DAVID P. LONG, son of Jacob H. Long, of English descent, born 1856, married in 1878 to Ruth, daughter of W. W. Hansford. Children: Gertie Lestie and Claudius Wilson. He lives at Fairfax, where he is employed on the railroad.

L. T. LAMBERT, son of James H. Lambert, was born in 1863, is a farmer and lives 24 miles from St. George on Dry Fork.

H. C. LAMBERT, born 1852, son of Stewart S. Lambert, lives 20 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork; he has taught two schools with No. 2 certificates.

A. Y. LAMBERT, son of James H. Lambert, born 1853;

married 1875 to Perie, daughter of Jackson Shoonover, of Randolph County. He is a farmer, living on Dry Fork, 23 miles from St. George; he has taught three schools on No. 2 certificates, as may be seen by referring to another chapter of this book. Children: Carrie E., Flora A. and Denver.

JEFF LIPSCOMB, son of P. Lipscomb, prosecuting attorney for Tucker County, was born October 8, 1862, at Aurora, Preston County, and is of German and English descent. He has lived in St. George for ten years. Soon after the founding of *The Tucker County Pioneer*, he entered that office as a devil, and remained at it through storm and calm, and rain and shine, for four years. He then went into the Clerk's office as a copyist for John J. Adams, and remained at that business, though not so steadily, for a year. He attended school at odd times all his life; he went to Fairmont with the intention of entering the normal school, but he did not like the looks of the building, and returned to St. George and went to work in the clerk's office. This was his business until January, 1884, when he entered into partnership with H. and C. H. Maxwell, and bought the *Pioneer*, and acted as editor and business manager until May, 1884, when he sold his interest in the paper to Hu Maxwell and retired from the business. He then entered business with Van Dusen & Co., of New York, as agent for their nurseries, and in that work has since been employed.

EMANUEL C. LIPSCOMB, born 1858, son of G. W. Lipscomb, of English and German descent; married 1884 to Martha A., daughter of William Weaver, of Barbour County. He is a farmer, living on Location, 7 miles from St. George, with a farm of 143 acres, 30 acres in tillage.

WILLIAM LUZIER, of Pennsylvania, born 1840, and mar-

ried 1865, to Mary A. Wimer; came to Tucker in 1880, and has a farm of 150 acres, with 5 acres improved, six miles from St. George, on Location Ridge. He spent one year in the Union army, was wounded at Winchester and discharged from the service. Children: Alvin V., James E., Theodore H., William R., Anna E., Tabithia O., Hestala, Charles R., Sarenas B. and Justice.

PETER W. LIPSCOMB, son of W. H. Lipscomb, was born in 1860, and was married in 1882 to Florence, daughter of Jacob Dumire, of Limestone. Their child's name is William J.; his farm of 117 acres has 90 acres improved, 10 miles below St. George, on the river. He has taught three schools: Macadonia, No. 2, Licking District, and the White school.

PHILETUS LIPSCOMB,* son of Fieldon Lipscomb, was born in Preston County, September 3, 1868. He is of Saxon descent. The Lipscombs were among the early settlers of Virginia. He attended nothing but common schools, never graduated at any school.† He has taught twenty-one schools in Maryland and West Virginia, nearly all under No. 1 certificates. In 1862 he married Anamelia, daughter of John Gower, of Garrett County, Md. Children: Jeff, Camden, Howard, Florence M. and Lawrence.

P. Lipscomb commenced the study of the law in 1871, and the next year was granted license to practice, having been examined by Judges Dille and Berkshire. He never studied under or recited a lesson to a lawyer in his life. As a lawyer he has been successful, having practice not only in the Circuit and Supreme Courts of W. Va., but also in

* See History of the St. George Bar in this book.

† The Lipscombs came from Europe to Virginia, thence to Monongalia County, W. Va., and thence to Tucker.

Maryland; his cases have been numerous in the Circuit Courts of Tucker and the adjoining counties. His ability sets rather toward criminal practice; and, his influence over juries is plain to be seen.

He has been an officer of one kind and another nearly ever since he came to Tucker County; he was county superintendent four years, prosecuting attorney four years, commissioner to settle with the sheriff four years, besides several minor positions, such as town and corporation offices and member of the county board of examiners for teachers. His war history is not of special importance; he was eighteen days a prisoner having been taken by Reed. He owns tracts of land in different parts of the county.

WILLIAM H. LIPSCOMB is of English and German descent, born 1829 in Preston County, and married in 1857, to Hannah B., daughter of George R. Adams. Children: Peter W., William F., Arthur G., Archibald J., George K., Alice E., Sarah E., and Amy May. William H. Lipscomb and Thomas F. Hebb are the two best lumbermen and raftsmen on the river. They have made it their business for a number of years. Lipscomb has been logging for 25 years, but has farmed some in the meantime. Some years he rafted to the railroad at Rowlesburg over a million feet. He came to St. George in 1884, living in property bought from H. C. Rosenberger. In the war he had many narrow escapes, although he was not a regular soldier, being a militiaman. He was shot at by a whole regiment, because he had reported some of their thievery; was an associate in the county court, and has been a member of the board of education two terms; is still following his occupation of lumbering on the river.

GARRETT J. LONG, born in 1834, and died of a cancer, after terrible suffering, in 1874. He was the son of James Long, and of English descent. He was married in 1856, to Edith Corrick, daughter of William Corrick. His children are, Mary Alice, Sarah Samantha, Rebecca, Nora, Sophronia Ann, James, Harriet and Joseph Johnson. His account of the war in Tucker County, and particularly that relating to the battle of Corrick's Ford, is full and authentic. From the first, he took an active part in the war; was an officer of the Confederate Home Guards, until he was taken prisoner by Hooton, of Rowlesburg, on a charge of treason against the United States. The authorities were several times petitioned to liberate him; he lay in prison three months at Wheeling, and never recovered from the injury which his prison life did him. In 1870, a cancer made its appearance on his face, and four years after, he died.

His wife saw as much, perhaps, of the battle of Corrick's Ford as was seen by any one person; her father's house was made a hospital for the sick and wounded of both sides. After the fight, the Rebel prisoners, thirty or forty in all, were taken to the field of battle that they might identify the dead. The kitchen was the prison and the hospital for the Rebels and the main house for the Yankees. General Garnett was carried to the house and laid on a bed. He was visited by General Morris, the Union Commander. They had been schoolmates together at West Point. The Confederate General died in Morris' arms. One wounded Rebel tried to escape in woman's clothes; but, being detected, he went back to bed, and remained there, affecting to be on the point of death. After twelve days the Yankees left, and the wounded Rebel got up and went home. He was a Virginian. Another Rebel had been badly wounded,

and they had carried him to the house. He was so contrary that he would have nothing to do with anything that a Union man had touched. They brought him a Doctor; but, he being a Yankee, the sick Rebel would not take his medicine. They left the stubborn man, and he finally got well. He was from Georgia.

Garrett Long was a member of the M. E. Church, South, and was superintendent of the Alum Hill Sunday-school. He was much missed in this field. Since his death there has been no class-meeting or Sunday-school at Alum Hill.

J. R. LOUGHRY, son of Aaron Loughry, of German and Irish descent; was born in 1846, and married in 1867, to Nancy E., daughter of A. H. Bowman, of Rowlesburg. Children: James A., Alice V., Claudius A., Maud D., Walton H. and Agnes M. He is a farmer and merchant, and lives 8 miles below St. George; owns 140 acres of land, of which 40 acres are improved; has held several offices, such as township registrar, clerk, member of the board of education, justice of the peace and postmaster.

S. V. LOUGHRY, brother of J. R. Loughry, was born in 1834, and married in 1873, to Jane, daughter of W. L. Biggs. Children: J. W. J., Nancy, Mary, Susan, Olive, Joretta, Ruth, Hiram, Sarah, Leonora, Victoria, Samuel P. and George S. He is a farmer, living 6 miles below St. George; owns 244 acres of land, of which 40 are improved.

ADAM H. LONG, born 1818, the year that his father, John H. Long, came to Cheat River from Virginia; is of English and German descent, and was married in 1840, to Nancy Hart. She is a daughter of John S. Hart, whose father, John Hart, signed the Declaration of Independence. Children: John H., Margaret Jane, George B., Susan W.,

Cornelius, Carroll W. and Lacy L. He is a farmer, owning 131 acres of land, of which 87 acres are improved ; is president of the board of education. .

According to Adam Long's account there were 16 Confederates killed at Corrick's Ford. He thinks that the Union loss was more; he was arrested by General Kelly, but his property was not molested. He also says that the first settlers on the river were Capt. James Parsons, Sims, Benjamin Ruddle and Joseph Hardman. Parsons bought Sims to the country, and the Indians killed him. Israel Schaeffer, father of Israel Schaeffer, of Kingwood, first settled on Shafer's Fork, and from him it was named ; but, the spelling has changed. Haddix Creek was named after the first man who lived there. The Moores came to Tucker in 1820. Barney Kiearns, Fansler and Rush were the first settlers on Black Fork. Brannon Run, in Holly Meadows, was named after John Brannon (not Judge Brannon) who was the first man to live there.

JOHN H. LONG, born 1843, son of Adam H. Long, married 1877 to Sara F. Musto, of Randolph County. Children: Howard Clay, Wade and Joy Jane. He is a farmer, living 6 miles from St. George, on a farm containing 81 acres, one-fourth improved, and has traveled in the West.

STEPHEN M. LIPSCOMB, son of James Lipscomb, was born 1846, married 1875 to Margaret Lipscomb. Children: Alexander D., George Amos and Lyda Catharine ; he is a farmer of 70 acres, with 8 acres improved, on Drift Run, 5 miles from St. George.

WILLIAM D. LIPSCOMB (*Autobiography*): I was born 1819, in Preston County, am a son of James Lipscomb ; married 1861 to Eliza H. Biggs, of Garrett County, Md. I live on

the head of Hansford Run, and own the only grist-mill on it. I have killed fifteen bears. The biggest one I ever saw piled on me. I plugged it to it four times with my butcher knife. It scratched my shoulders, but did not do much further injury. A short time afterward I knocked an old bear down with a "sang" hoe and took a cub away from her. There were two others in a tree near by, but I could not get them. I killed a ferocious big panther on Laurel Hill. I went to watch a "lick" for a deer. I lay in a root hole and a log lay over me. The panther slipped along and got on the log over me, not five feet away. I curled my gun up and shot the whelp in the bosom. It jumped 90 feet, and came down so hard that its feet ran in the ground a foot deep, and it stuck fast until I went up and whipped it to death. I killed another panther that had slain 17 dogs, and the next day killed another with a little pistol. I killed a rattlesnake 9 feet long on Laurel Hill. It had swallowed 126 ground hogs. I killed 160 rattlesnakes, on Laurel Hill, in one day with a club 18 inches long. Another day I killed over 300 rattlesnakes with a club 10 inches long. One of them had 60 rattles on, and another had 187. I am a curious fellow. Whenever I tell a thing the truth has to come.

JACOB H. LONG, son of John Long, of Randolph, was born in 1827; is of English and German descent; married Lucinda Parsons, daughter of David Parsons, who was killed by a falling tree in 1853. Children: Virginia, David, Sarah D., Albert, Thomas, Tazell, Minnie, Grace, Emma, Maud, Blanche and Lulu. He is a farmer of 454 acres, with 150 acres improved; was a magistrate in this part of Tucker before the formation of the county, and has held that office two terms since; was four years president of the county court, and in 1875 was elected to the Legislature,

where he was when the capitol was removed from Wheeling to Charleston ; was again, in 1880, elected president of the county court by an overwhelming majority ; but the amendment to the constitution went into effect and did away with the office ; was several years commissioner to settle with the sheriff, and has been president of the board of education.

During the war he was taken prisoner and was carried to Wheeling, where he lay three months in jail. The charge against him was treason ; he was sent to Clarksburg for trial, and upon the petition of Captain Hall, got his liberty. Pierpont had already appointed him justice of the peace. His commission was, however, revoked in a week or two by a plot of his enemies. Mr. Long says that a man named Moore was the first settler in the Holly Meadows, and that he lived on the Callihan farm.

WILLIAM C. LIPSCOMB, son of Jacob Lipscomb, of English and German descent, was born 1863, and is a farmer. In 1875 he had his back broken by a colt which threw him ; he also had his arm broken by falling out of a peach tree, and had his throat hurt by a limb against which he rode.

AARON LOUGHRY, Sr., was born 1797 in Taylor County, of Irish and English descent, and married Nancy Loughry ; he was in the war of 1812 as a substitute ; he lives near Hannahsville, 6 miles from St. George, and has ten children, as follows : Hiram T., Sarah, Aaron, Elizabeth, Margaret, Samuel, Susan, Mary Ann, John and Nathan.

A. J. LOUGHRY, born 1831, married 1853 ; he is a farmer of 35 acres, with 20 acres improved, 11 miles below St. George. Children : William H., Mary C., John W., Nancy S., Melvina, Charles, Cora, May, Berta Fay.

GEORGE LONG, father of Abel Long, born 1796 in Pendleton County; he was raised in the town of Franklin, and his origin is Irish and French; married Winnie Nelson, who died 1844, or near that time. Their children are Abel, Absalom, William, Elizabeth and Martha. His father came to America with Lafayette, and was with him five years and seven months. George Long was in the war of 1812.

HIRAM T. LOUGHRY was born in 1830 in Harrison County, of Irish and German descent; he is a son of Aaron Loughry.

JOHN W. LUZIER was born in 1864, in Pennsylvania, and is of English descent; his occupation is farming and lumbering.

C. C. LAMBERT, son of James H. Lambert, was born in 1856; he lives on Dry Fork, 23 miles from St. George, and is a partner in the store of James H. Lambert & Co.

N. A. W. LOUGHRY, son of Aaron Loughry, was born in 1844. In 1867 he married Catharine, daughter of David Miller. His farm of 100 acres, 6 miles from St. George, has 16 acres of cleared land on it. He spent seven months in the Union army the last year of the war. Children: Nancy Ellen, Aaron D., Thomas A. and Charles R.

A. W. LOVE was born in 1839, in Upshur County. Married in 1866 to Sarah V. Bailes. Children: Cordona, Lunda and Dorsey. He is a farmer, living on the Mason Farm, five miles from St. George, on Location. He was formerly a minister of the M. P. Church, and spent one year on the St. George circuit. His farm contains 104 acres with 60 acres improved.

CHARLES E. LUZIER, son of A. B. Luzier, was born in 1856; married Anna B., daughter of C. R. Macomber, in

1880. Children: Agnes L., Ella B. and E. Burton. His farm of 240 acres is on Mill Run, 6 miles from St. George, with 40 acres improved.

GEORGE A. LONG, son of Abel Long, lives on Dry Fork, 18 miles from St. George; was born in 1849, and married in 1871, to Mary C. Cunningham, of Randolph County. Children: Cora, Rebice A., Thomas J. and Salie. He is a farmer.

JACOB S. LAMBERT, son of M. G. Lambert, was born in 1863; married Margaret E., daughter of Daniel L. Dumire, of Horse Shoe Run, in 1884. He is a farmer and lives on Maxwell's Run, six miles from St. George.

WILLIAM D. LOSH, son of William D. Losh, was born in 1840; married 1863, to Sarah C., daughter of Levi Hopkins. Children: John L., George S., Mary E., David W., Cora A., Dolly M. and M. Jennie. He is a farmer, owning 80 acres, 40 acres of which he cultivates, on Horse Shoe Run, 6 miles from St. George. He joined the Confederate army, and was at the second battle of Bull Run, where he was taken prisoner and carried to New York. In a few days he crawled by the guards and escaped to Philadelphia, where he worked a month, and then went to Pittsburgh; thence to Wheeling and home. In a little while he was taken by Kelly, and was carried to Grafton and kept there three weeks. A second time he escaped and came home. He is a brother to John Losh, the great hunter, and has himself killed a score of bears. He has made several journeys to the West.

GEORGE W. LEATHERMAN, of English and German descent, and son of John Lewis Leatherman, was born in Hampshire County, W. Va., in 1835. He is one of three surviving

children. A brother and sister live in Missouri. In 1851 his father died, and he, with his brother, was left to take care of the family. They worked hard, but did not prosper as they thought they ought, and they determined to move to the West. One of the boys went ahead to hunt a place and the others followed with wagons loaded with the household plunder. They were aiming for Missouri, and the journey was fraught with difficulties. It was in October, and it rained and the roads were nearly impassable. Some of the family took the ague, and the others had an additional amount of work to do. They passed through Ohio, Indiana into Illinois. It had rained nearly all the time; but when they reached Illinois, the weather became clear, and they got along better. Just before they reached the Mississippi River, their horses broke down, and one of them died. With the remaining they could advance but slowly; but finally they reached their destination.

After they reached Missouri, they had much sickness in the family. The subject of this sketch lay an invalid all winter, and nearly all the next summer. So, in the fall he decided to return to W. Va., and sell the home farm; he came back, but failed to sell it. He remained in the vicinity more than a year, and in that time came to the conclusion, since he could not sell the land, that he would get married and buy out the other heirs and live on the old homestead, which, after all, he considered good enough. Thus he did. In 1857 he married Mary S. Whip.

They worked hard and got along well enough. When the war came on, he was drafted for the Confederate army, but it did not suit his inclinations to fight for that side, so he went off in a hurry for Indiana, and his wife followed him. They did not like it in Indiana, and in the spring of 1862

determined to come back to W. Va., and risk the danger from the Rebels who might be mad at him; he came back to his farm and was not molested.

His wife died, and left him with six children to take care of; he kept them together, and continued house-keeping until 1877 when he married Catharine Thrush, and old school-mate of his.

His children are: Warren W., John W., Zedekiah A., Mary Elizabeth, George S. and Emma Margaret.

In 1880 he moved his family to Canaan. He had explored the country some time before, and had bought large land interests. It was the work of nineteen days to cut a road to get his wagons into the country.

Since then he has prospered in his undertakings, and is now near the W. Va. C. & P. R. W. He is a member of the German Baptist Church, and is the ordained minister for his neighborhood.

M.

JOSEPH MARTIN, son of John V. M. Martin, born 1821, in Preston County; married, 1845, Catharine, daughter of John Squires; farmer, renter, but owns 50 acres in Randolph County; lives 7 miles from St. George on Texas Mountain. Children: Mary A., Hiram, Sarah, Margaret C., John T., Asbury, Albert and Samuel.

MICHAEL MITCHELL born 1826, is of English descent, and was married in 1849 to Nancy Shaw. They had seven children to die within three weeks, of diptheria. Their remaining children are Simon S. and Harvey. He is a farmer owning 250 acres of land, 80 of which is improved; lives on Texas Mountain, 7 miles from St. George.

SIMON S. MITCHELL, son of Michael M., born 1853, married in 1883 to Mrs. E. C. Pitzer, daughter of William

Godwin. By occupation he is a farmer, owning 120 acres, 15 being improved; lives 7 miles from St. George, on Texas Mountain.

ROBERT F. MURPHY, son of Jonathan Murphy, was born in Barbour County. In 1879 he married Keturah, daughter of Andrew Pifer. Farmer, owns 40 acres, 15 improved, lives 4 miles from St. George on Texas Mountain. Children: Della, Ray and Boyd.

JOHN MOORE, son of S. P. Moore, of English descent, was born 1847, in Barbour County; married 1876, to Esther C., daughter of William Pitzer; he is a farmer of 22 acres, 6 acres improved, 6 miles from St. George, on Texas Mountain. Children: Daniel B., Riley, Godfrey, Samuel P. and Martha L.

MARTINA MYERS, son of Adam Myers, was born in Randolph County, 1847; married 1868 to Ruhama, daughter of John M. Cross; he is a farmer, 8 miles from St. George, on Clover, and owns 117 acres, with 30 acres improved.

MICHAEL MYERS, of German descent, son of Josiah Myers, was born 1838; married 1872 to Amelia, daughter of John Auvil. Children: Jehu W. and Annetta. His farm contains 900 acres, of which 100 is under cultivation; he lives three miles from St. George on Clover, and is road surveyor; he served three years in the Confederate army under Imboden, Wharton, Breckenridge and Early; he belonged to the 62d Va. Inf., but was mounted most of the time; he fought twice at Winchester, and was in the battles of Cold Harbor, New Market and others; he served principally in the Valley of Virginia, but was at Richmond. In the war his fortunes were varied, he being one of the soldiers that fought through the war, and shared in defeats and victories; he suffered de-

Nancy A., daughter of William Arnold, of Maryland. Their child's name is Icy R.; he is a laborer at Thomas.

ELIAS METZ, of German descent, son of Peter Metz, of Monongalia County, was born 1826 and married 1848 to Minerva J., daughter of John Brookhover. Children: William H., George L., Mary Jane, Lethia Ann, Jefferson D., Simon P., Acha Alice, Harriet, John, Leonora, and James Ezra. A farm of 294 acres, 150 improved, one and one-half miles below St. George, belongs to him. This is the old Marsh property, and is the farm owned by Jonathan Minear at the time he was killed by the Indians. Metz was in the Union service during the war, and has been in Tucker since 1880.

J. W. MYERS, son of Solomon Myers, born 1862, married 1884 to Loretta, daughter of Salathiel Phillips, lives 8 miles from St. George, on Clover, and is a farmer of 40 acres, with 8 acres improved.

DAVID S. MINEAR, son of Enoch Minear, of German descent, was born in St. George 1840, and has lived there all his life. All the others of the family manifested a strong passion for traveling and speculation; but he remained steadily at his work at home. In his life we have no stirring stories of adventure, or no narrow escapes from foes and storms and floods, as we have in the history of his brothers. But, as a citizen, he has done his share for the good of his county and State. His life has been that of a farmer, except seven years spent in the merchandise business at St. George. He has been an officer frequently. During the war he was clerk of the county court. In 1867 he married Mary Jane, daughter of William R. Parsons. Their children are: Creed W., Joseph P., John W., C. Bruce and Mary Catha-

rine. He owns a large and valuable farm at St. George, commencing at the town and extending down the river more than a mile. It is the land on which stood the fort at St. George in 1776, and with the exception of S. E. Parsons' farm, is the oldest improvement in the county, and is the site of the first permanent settlement in the county. Minnear was not in the regular army during the war, but had experience in the fortunes of hostilities, having been taken prisoner by the Rebels, and escaped, after being shot at several times. The surroundings of his dwelling are among the most desirable in the county. A fine grove of fruit trees and arbors of grapevines surround his house on every side, making it in summer a scene of quietness and beauty, that has all the advantages of town and the secludedness of the country.

WILLIAM H. MYERS, son of James Myers, was born in 1856 at Tunnelton; married in 1879 to Belle Dora Price, of Preston County. Children: Bessie Anna, Herbert Clay and Walter Henry; he is of German descent, and is by trade a blacksmith, and lives at St. George.

BENJAMIN MYERS was born in 1813, in Pennsylvania, lives $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles from St. George on Mill Run. He is a farmer. Children: John, Josiah, Martha, Ellen, Barbara, Andrew, Benjamin, Henry, Hester and Morgan.

JAMES MONTGOMERY, son of Price Montgomery, of Irish and German descent, was born in 1850. In 1878 he married Sarah F., daughter of George Moon of Hampshire County; he is a farmer, and lives 6 miles from St. George, on Lipscomb's Ridge. Children: Maud Elizabeth and George Wade.

C. B. MOORE, born 1851, son of James Moore, lives 10

miles from St. George, on Shafer's Fork, and is of Irish and English descent. His farm contains a certain number of acres of land of which $33\frac{1}{3}$ per cent. of $\frac{1}{2}$ more than one-half is improved, and the unimproved is to 5-12 of the improved as $\frac{1}{2}$ the difference between one-third of the unimproved and $\frac{1}{2}$ of $\frac{1}{2}$ of the improved is to 2 1-62 acres.

JOSHUA MESSENGER, born 1832, in Preston County, is of English descent, and was married, in 1857, to Rebecca Lewis, of Preston. Children: Mary J., James E., Sarah E., Nettie M. and Charles Albert; he came to Tucker in 1866, and is farming on Shafer's Fork, 9 miles from St. George, where he owns 319 acres of land, 60 acres improved. He was in the Union army, but was in no battle.

WILLIAM MARQUIS was born in 1839, in Preston, of Irish descent. In 1865 he was married to Sarah Mason, of Sandy Creek, Preston County. Children: Charles, and Zora May. He lives on Location 5 miles from St. George, where he has 281 acres of land, with 75 acres improved; he has been in Tucker since 1882.

JOHN G. MOORE, son of James Moore, was born in 1841, on Shafer's Fork, is of Irish and English descent; married, 1873, to Anzina, daughter of George W. Faris, of Randolph County. Children: George Harmon, Larkin, Anna Belle, Arcilla May, R. W. Eastham and Etta Arina. He is a farmer and stock man, living on Shafer's Fork, 11 miles from St. George, and owns 225 acres of land, with 150 improved.

STEPHEN MURPHY was born 1836, in Marion County, of Irish descent; married in 1857, to Charity Everit. Children: Cleophas, Harbert J., Jirah, Louisa, Eunice, Ellis and Randolph. He lives 7 miles from St. George.

J. D. METZ, son of Elias Metz, born in 1861, in Monongalia

first at William Fansler's in Preston, the second at Red Oak, Kingwood District, and the third in Kingwood, assisting Prof. Fike in the normal school. When he quit teaching, he went into the mercantile business in the firm of C. W. Mayer & Son, in 1879, and set up in St. George. In 1884 he dissolved partnership with his father, and went into business under the firm name of Mayer & Cupp, in which his brother-in-law was his partner. When he came to Tucker there was no mercantile business of note carried on in the county. Prices were high and uncertain, and the trade was very unsteady. He brought the prices down, and revolutionized the whole trade. In 1881 he built a large store and ware rooms on Main street. In 1884 he was nominated in the Democratic convention, at St. George, as a candidate for clerk of the circuit court. He is a young man of stirring business qualities.

RANDOLPH MYERS, son of Adam Myers, born 1849, was raised by Mathew Wamsley, who lived six miles above Beverly, but who was taken to Camp Chase, and there died. Myers was married, in 1873, to Vilena Wilt. He is a farmer living on the river, one mile from St. George. Children: Wilson, Eda Catharine, Lucy Ann and Edgar.

D. S. MILLER, son of William Miller, born 1842, married in 1868 to Abigail Wilt. His farm of 53 acres, with 25 improved, is $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles below St. George. Children, Truman C., Columbia A., Peter, Catharine, Llewella, William, Angeretta and Stella.

ANDREW J. MILLER, brother of D. S. Miller is eight years older, and married four years sooner, and married a sister of his brother's wife, Mary Wilt. He farms 40 acres and has 57 acres of wild land, on the river 4 miles below St.

work of mechanic, clerk, merchant, hotel keeper and justice of the peace.

G. T. MOTONY, of French and German descent, was born in 1842, in Pocahontas County. While quite young, he was carried by his parents into Pendleton County, and remained there till the commencement of the war. When the hostilities came on, he joined the Union army and fought in a large number of battles, among which were several in West Virginia. He remained in the army up to the close of the war, and was in fifteen pitched battles, besides all the hard fighting in front of Petersburg and Richmond. He was present when Lee surrendered at Appomattox Court House. After the close of the war, he returned to Pendleton, and in 1866 married a daughter of A. C. Nelson, of that county. Their children are, Maggie, Robert and Taliaferro. He came to Tucker in 1882, and lives on a farm in Canaan, thirty-two miles from St. George.

RUFUS MAXWELL, son of Levi Maxwell, of Lewis County, was born in October 19, 1828. His ancestors have been in America a long time; but originally were from England and Ireland. His father, Levi Maxwell, left Pennsylvania in 1803, that is, when he was fifteen years old, and settled in Harrison and subsequently removed to Lewis County, where he still resides, being now (1884) in his 97th year. His wife was a daughter of Col. John Haymond, of Braxton County, and grand-daughter of Col. Benjamin Wilson, the Indian fighter. Colonel Wilson was an ancestor of the present Benjamin Wilson, of Harrison County.

Rufus Maxwell worked on the farm in his boyhood, as did his two brothers, John, afterward a Civil Engineer in the location of the B. & O. R. R., and Edwin, now Judge



RUFUS MAXWELL.

der of citizens and the burning of property were of common occurrence in our neighboring counties; but, in Tucker it was not so, although no county, except Pendleton, had a fiercer guerrilla warfare than we had. So far as can be ascertained, not a drop of citizen blood was shed, or a shingle burned, except in honorable fight. For part of this good result, Maxwell claims the honor. He advocated that the safety of the community depended largely upon the conduct of the people. Those who disturbed no one were not apt to be disturbed. Yankees and Rebels lived as neighbors and fear and respect kept down the rifle and the fagot.

Rufus Maxwell's children are, Wilson B., Mary A., D. Angelica, Hu, Cyrus H., Thomas E., John F., Levi H., Charles J. and Robert R. He is a farmer living three miles east of St. George, with 60 acres of improved and 1200 acres of wild lands. He has been county surveyor, county superintendent of schools, and twice elected by Tucker and Randolph to the legislature. His election to the legislature was in October, 1865, and he represented the delegate district composed of Randolph and Tucker Counties. That legislature met in Wheeling, January, 1866, and was probably the most proscriptive legislature that ever met in West Virginia. But Mr. Maxwell steadily opposed the proscriptive measures, and spoke and voted against the Registration Act of that session. Only five members of the House voted with him. They were, McCurdy, of Jefferson, D. D. Johnson, of Tyler, John Kellar, of Barbour, Capt. Darnell, of Mason, and Mr. Cooper, of Hampshire. And later in the session Mr. Maxwell voted alone against "The Ninth Ju-

citizens bethought themselves to organize a "Home Guard." Not knowing exactly what it meant, they advised Mr. Maxwell on the subject, and asked what was the duty of a Home Guard. He replied: "Meet occasionally at some appointed place, muster up and down the road, boast that you can whip all the men the enemy can send against you, and when the enemy comes, run off and hide."

that men always vote their sentiments and convictions if left free to do so; and that an aggressive organization of the Democratic party at that time would have a tendency to drive the Let-up Republicans back whence they came. This plan of campaign was pretty generally carried out, and was to the effect that,

Where the Democrats were sure of electing a Senator or a member of the House of Delegates, they should quietly agree and unite upon and rally in support of the best available Democrat; but, where there existed any reasonable doubt of the success of a Democrat, they should withhold their candidate, and encourage public discussion as much as possible between the Let-up Republicans and the Radical Republicans, so that the split between them might be widened and deepened, and the antagonistic feelings be more intensified between the two wings of the Republican party; and finally, that the Democratic voters should, in such counties and districts, rally and concentrate their votes upon the Let-up candidate.

The result was that, when the legislature met in January, 1870, the Radical Republicans found themselves in a minority, in the House of Delegates, for the first time in the history of the State; but they still, for a time, confidently claimed the Senate. William M. Welch, a Let-up Republican, and delegate from Mineral County, was chosen speaker of the House.

After the meeting of the legislature, Mr. Maxwell went immediately to work to ascertain the views of the members of the House and Senate with respect to the repeal or modification of the various "Iron-clad Test Oaths," and the repeal or modification of the Registration Law, and to other reforms. In a few days he claimed to know the opinions of nearly all the typical members of both Houses. He ascertained that the Republicans did not intend to make a vigorous defense of their out-posts—the teachers,' attor-

shape. This unwritten and informal understanding on our part required great dilligence to restrain zealous members from getting ahead of their business, by taking the wind out of the Let-up sails. But the plan succeeded, at least with all the more important measures.

* * * * *

"Policy Democrat" was a sort of pet-name among us. We got the name thus: One evening Rufus Maxwell was conversing with John J. Davis and remarked that the true policy of the Democrats was to secure all the reforms possible, and not hazzard much grasping after things we could not reach. To this Davis replied, with sarcastic affability that he didn't go much on Policy Democrats! that Democracy was founded on eternal principles. When this little incident was narrated to Daniel Lamb he laughed most heartily and remarked, "Now is the time for Democrats to have a policy and pursue it." This remark was true then with regard to State politics and has ever since been a living truth with regard to National politics.

WILSON B. MAXWELL,* son of Rufus Maxwell, was born April 17, 1853. In his younger days he possessed a most prolific imagination. He could imagine anything. He never went into the woods, or the orchard or beyond the yard-fence without having wonders to relate of deer, lions, hyenas and gigantic frogs that he had seen while gone.

Just before McChesney's skirmish it was rumored that the war was to be one of extermination, and that sixty thousand Yankees had been scattered along the B. & O. R. with instructions to sweep south and destroy everything that should fall into their power. The country was much agitated, and young Maxwell, although only eight years old, seemed to enter into the general anxiety. So, when his mother sent him to the spring for a bucket of water he imagined that he saw Yankees. He ran to the house and re-

* See History of the St. George Bar in this book.

ported that three soldiers had run down from the hill, stopped to load their guns, and then advanced toward the house. His father was reading the newspaper; but when he heard this, he ran into the wheat field and lay hid all day. It is needless to say that there was probably not a soldier within twenty miles.

During the war, farmers in Tucker did not work much, because they did not know at what time their property might be destroyed. They aimed to raise only what they could use. This seemed to give young Maxwell a distrust of farm work ever afterward, and he did not like to buckle up fairly and squarely to agricultural drudgery, and, in fact, would not do it. Probably he thought that the war might flare up again at some unguarded moment and consume the work of the farmer, and, therefore, it would be as well to wait awhile longer till things should become more settled before expending much labor on the farm.

So, he waited, and along three or four years after the war, his two brothers, next younger than him, came to be large enough to do something. He assumed control of the farm work, and seemed to think that the cruel war was indeed over, and there would be no risk to run now in raising a crop of corn. After a long siege of it, and not a little help, he got the fields plowed, and by the first of June, every hill of corn was planted. Now came the plowing and hoeing of the corn. A long series of experiments has proven that corn must be cultivated or it will throw up the sponge and quit growing. So, W. B. decided that his corn must be plowed and hoed. It had rained a good deal, and the fields were tolerably large, and the corn was soon hidden by the weeds. In such a case, three furrows should be run for every row, to tear out the weeds, and make less work

for those who had the hoeing to do. But, young Maxwell concluded that two furrows were plenty, and in short rows one was enough.

He plowed, and put his two younger brothers, one eight and the other six years old, to hoeing, and expected them to keep up with the plow. The little rascals didn't half work; but, if they had worked their best, they could not have kept up with the plow. The sun was hot, and the weeds were rank, and the corn was little, and the clods were hard, and, withal, the progress was slow. W. B. would get to the field with the old white horse about nine o'clock a. m., and by making the old horse bend to it he would get a couple dozen rows ahead of the boys by the time the hottest and laziest part of the afternoon came on. Then he would tie the old beast up in the fence corner to rest and chew weeds, and he would climb on the fence in the cool shade of the butter-nut trees and sit there like the lord of creation to watch the boys hoe corn.

The boys were little, and one was awfully freckled; but, in spite of this, they were full of energy and independence, and would not ask for help as long as there was any hope of pulling through without it: so, they would dig and hoe at the weed-infested corn rows until they saw that it was impossible to get them all done before dark. Then they would suggest to W. B., who had been resting for two hours, that it would not be altogether alien to their wishes if he would lay hands on a hoe and lend a little assistance. But, he would reply by encouraging them to persevere, telling them that that was the way he got his start. Thus, the sun would go down, leaving ten rows for them to hoe in the morning while he was taking his morning nap; for, he

profession of the law than for anything else, and accordingly, he commenced reading in 1873. In 1874 he was examined before Judges Lewis, Brannon and Huffman, and obtained license to practice. He located in St. George, and has since lived there, and has had a constantly growing practice. He is local counsel for the W. Va. C. & P. R. W. Co., the managers of which are Henry G. Davis, James G. Blaine, William Windom, and others. He has been county superintendent of Tucker.

In 1876 he was married to Miss Caroline Howell Lindsay, of Madison, Indiana. Their children are Claud, Bessie and Hu.

HU MAXWELL, (see Appendix).

CYRUS H. MAXWELL, son of Rufus Maxwell, was born in 1863. At the age of thirteen he went to Philadelphia to get his first rudiments of education regarding the world at large. After his return, the same year, he attended the country school at Low Gap, where he manifested a predisposition to take exceptions to every species of instruction that the teacher could devise or offer. His progress, however, was well enough, and in 1879, at sixteen, he entered the Weston Academy, and commenced the studies of the higher mathematics and Latin. In these his progress was only tolerably rapid. He found Cæsar and the Calculus much harder than Geography and Spelling; and, after a hard winter of study, and not many pages gone over to show for it, he left Weston and returned home to work on the farm. In the fall of 1880 he returned to Weston and again set toward his studies. But, the next fall, some little unpleasantness, for which, no doubt, he was mostly responsible, having arisen in the school, and also partly influenced

Pass, and Los Critas River, that flows sulphur water. The groves and gardens about Santa Barbara were the beautifullest they had seen in California, except about Los Angeles. But a spirit of adventure came near spoiling it all. Having hired a fishing-boat, "The Ocean King of San Diego," they resolved to have a sail, and in company with Bob Shelton, a young Kentuckian, two run-away boys from Iowa, one Spaniard, Chromo, and an Italian, Larco, they set sail from the Harbor of Santa Barbara, on the morning of August 4, 1883. It was a beautiful morning, and a gentle breeze was blowing, as they stood from the harbor. They passed the light-house some miles west of the city, and struck boldly off across the ocean toward Japan. About noon a storm came on and the boat was driven before it for six hours. The ocean was very rough, and the boat was almost helpless, and lay on its side. About six o'clock in the evening it was driven on the Santa Barbara Islands, one hundred and fifty miles from San Diego. The party reached the shore in a skiff that had been tied on the deck of the fishing boat.

Only a limited quantity of provisions had been gotten ashore, and the wild foxes ran down from the mountains and eat part of that, so the supply only lasted about one meal. Two fish were caught and eaten and some cactus-apples were picked along the cliffs. On the third day the Spaniard caught a wild sheep among the mountains, and the whole party feasted, except Hu Maxwell, who was too contrary to eat mutton, and went without anything to eat until a boat picked them up and carried them back to the California coast, on the third night. After this the three boys went up the coast three hundred miles to Monterey, and from thence passed up the Pajaro Rio and crossed the Coast Mountains to San Luis Rancho and were again in the

ried, in 1882, to Sevana J., daughter of William Fitzwater. By occupation he is a farmer, owns 30 acres of land, 10 acres improved, 4½ miles from St. George, on Bull Run. Children : Icy V. and Minnie O.

NATHANIEL NESTER, son of Samuel N., born 1833, was married, in 1861, to Melvina, daughter of J. W. S. Phillips. First wife died in 1875, and as a second wife he married Bede C., daughter of Moses Phillips. By occupation he is a farmer, owning 300 acres, 40 acres improved ; 4 miles west of St. George. His children are : Isaiah L., Albert E., Lemuel A. W., Buena Vista, Sampson F., Dorcas F., Saberna and Walter.

GEORGE M. NESTER, son of David Nester, was born in 1818 ; of German descent ; married in 1848 to Eliza, daughter of Oliver Shurtleff. His wife died in 1871, and he married Mrs. Lyda Hovatter, daughter of Isaac Godwin ; is a farmer, 4 miles from St. George, on Bull Run ; has 70 acres of improved land, on a farm of 142 acres. At the commencement of the war he was elected justice of the peace, but would not serve. He was twice arrested by the Yankees. John, Samuel and George Nester were the first settlers on Bull Run. They killed ten bears soon after they settled there. George Nester's children are Doctor L., Oliver D., Marcellus C., Mary M., Herschel M., Claudius B. M., Sarah L., Byron W. and Lloyd W.

GEORGE H. NESTER, of German descent, was born in 1846 ; is a son of John D. In 1871 he married Jane, daughter of Stephen E. Poling ; his wife died in 1874, and four years later he married Savilla V., daughter of Samuel Gainer, of Preston County. Farmer and shoemaker, owns 68 acres of land, 20 of which is improved ; lives 8 miles west from St.

having visited Nebraska, Kansas, Indian Territory, Texas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Dakota, Illinois, Iowa, Missouri, Indiana, Ohio, Arkansas, Tennessee, Kentucky, Michigan and Virginia. He practiced medicine in Missouri. He belongs to the Homeopathic school.

HERSCHEL M. NESTER, son of G. M. Nester, born 1858, and lived 4 miles below St. George. In 1882 he married Almeda Dumire, of Black Fork.

W. SCOTT NESTER, born in 1851, is of German descent; he married Mary, daughter of Levi Hill, and his children are: Jacob A., Ledora A., David W., Ida S., Martha A. and James W. He owns 700 acres of land on Hile Run, nine miles from St. George. He is a farmer, carpenter, blacksmith and surgeon.

O

JOHN O'DAY, born in Ireland, 1856, and raised in London; married Mary A. Healey, Texas, Md. Children: Andora Alice and Margaret Eliza. By trade he is a boiler-maker, but is keeping a boarding house on the West Virginia Central and Pittsburgh Railway.

J. S. ORES, living on the railroad near Thomas, was born 1859, and is of German and Irish descent. By trade he is a carpenter.

P

ANDREW S. PHILLIPS, born 1857, son of Elijah Phillips; was married in 1875, to Alice S. Nester. Their children are Prissilla, Sarah, Milla, Bedford and Dicy May; owns a farm of 96 acres, with 35 acres improved; lives 10 miles from St. George, on Indian Fork of Clover.

WILLIAM S. PHILLIPS, born 1852, son of J. W. S. Phillips; married in 1870 to Sarah M., daughter of Jacob J. Nester;

is their son. He is a farmer of 200 acres, with 70 acres improved; lives 7 miles from St. George, on Texas Mountain; was justice of the peace 4 years, sheriff 4 years, and has been a member of the board of education.

ELIHU PHILLIPS, born 1838, married in 1858 to Martha Yoakam; lives on a farm 7 miles west of St. George; was postmaster for 30 years, and held the office of secretary of the board of education. Children: Salina E., Mary A., Nancy E., Rachel A., Eliza O. and Sarah J.

ARNOLD PHILLIPS, son of J. W. S. Phillips, of English descent, was married to Emily A. Yoakam. His farm of 131 acres, 60 of which is improved, is 9 miles from St. George, on Brushy Fork. Children: John L., Virginia, Jehu, Irwin, Coleman B., Idela and Stella J.

JOHN L. PHILLIPS, son of Arnold Phillips, was born in 1863; owns 39 acres of land, 15 improved, 9 miles from St. George; is a school teacher, on a No. 2 certificate, having taught schools Nos. 4, 5 and 7, Clover District.

ISAAC POLING was born in 1860; married, 1883, to Rena M., daughter of H. W. Shahan; he is a farmer and lives on Licking, 8 miles from St. George.

J. M. PITZER, son of J. M. Pitzer, was born 1853 in Barbour County; married, in 1883, to Margaret C., daughter of Joseph Martin; lives 7 miles from St. George, on Licking. He has but one child, Lodema.

WILLIAM PLUM, born 1848 in Preston County, of English descent; married, in 1871, to Sarah A., daughter of Martin S. Stemple; he is a farmer, blacksmith and carpenter; his farm of 137 acres is one-fifth improved; lives 10 miles from St. George on Long Run. Children: Martha A., Tabitha E. and Harry M. He has been in Tucker since 1878.

MARION PHILLIPS, son of Moses Phillips, was born 1852, and married at the age of 20 to Martha A., daughter of John Jones. He lives 4 miles from St. George, on Clover, and has 25 acres of cleared land, and 50 acres of woods. He was constable 8 years. Children: Eunice L., Tasy C., Henrietta, Joy D. and Zalma.

ABSALOM PHILLIPS, Elijah's son, was born in 1844; married in 1868 to Louisa M., daughter of William Jefferies; farmer of 70 acres, 25 acres improved, on Clover, 10 miles from St. George; also in the mercantile business. Melissa is his only child.

ALBERT G. PHILLIPS was born in Barbour County in 1841; married in 1865 to Almarine, daughter of Elijah Phillips. Children: Elijah, Jerome, Celia, Dama and Martha J.; farmer of 102 acres, 30 acres improved, 7 miles from St. George, on Clover. He was in the Confederate army, and passed through a number of battles unhurt, although his clothes were cut seven times by bullets. He was with Garnett at Corrick's Ford, and was in the battle of Gettysburg and on James River.

HAMILTON POLING, son of Samuel Poling, was born in 1840; married Elizabeth, daughter of John Ramsey, of Barbour County, 7 miles from St. George; is a farmer of 100 acres, with 20 of it in shape for farming. He has been in the county since 1882. Children: Phillip, Martha, John W., Samuel E., Sarah F. and Margaret J.

SALATHIEL PHILLIPS, son of Jacob P., of Barbour County, was born in 1831, married in 1854, to Anice, daughter of Eli Phillips. In 1864 his wife died, and the next year he married Elizabeth J. Hewit. Ten acres of his farm of 73 acres is under cultivation, and is 7 miles from St. George,

scent. He came to Tucker in 1836, and was the first settler in Clover District. He was in the Corrick's Ford battle, and saw the whole affair. It was his opinion that many Union men were killed. He is one of the oldest citizens of the county, and one of the pioneers. His children are: Elijah, Enoch, Diana, Christina, Moses, Barbara, Aaron, George W., Samuel H., John and Eliza Jane.

P. J. PHILLIPS, son of Jackson Phillips, was born 1853, married 1875 to Malinda J., daughter of Robert Phillips. He is a farmer with 10 acres of cleared land on a farm of 62 acres, 10 miles from St. George, on Clover. His children are Nily M., Adaline F., Charles J., and Alba J.

LEONARD PHILLIPS, son of John W. S. Phillips, born 1845, in Barbour County; married 1865 to Hannah J., daughter of John Jones. Children: Lavina Ann, John Jones W. S., Mary E., Richard C., Martha A., James M. and Thomas W. H.; lives on Brushy Fork, 9 miles from St. George, on a farm of 54 acres, with 20 acres improved. He has been road surveyor, overseer of the poor and president of the board of education. He served two years in the Confederate army, under Imboden, Fitz Hugh Lee, Jackson and others. He was in the battle of Gettysburg and Williamsport. At Williamsport his regiment suffered terribly. Of 1100 who went into the fight, only 250 could be found able to bear arms when the battle was over. Phillips became separated from his men, and a company of cavalry charged on him. He flung himself in a fence corner and opened fire on the approaching enemy, who fired in return, knocking thousands of splinters from the rails all about him. He fired eight times, and held them in check until reinforcements came to his rescue. At Gettysburg he was in the hottest fight, and

SOLOMON J. PENNINGTON, brother to John, born 1856, married Phoebe C. Hartley, of Pendleton County, lives on a farm 19 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork. Children: Oliver, Zella, Mary and Martha.

HIRAM PHILLIPS was born in 1826, in Barbour, son of William Phillips; lives on a farm of 165 acres, with 60 acres improved, on Black Fork, 7 miles from St. George; been in the county since 1849, and has caught two bears. In 1849, he married Mary, daughter of Sarah Sargent, of Preston County. Children: Sarah M., Susan E., William L., Henry G., James A., Harriett, Draper C., Teretha, Anna F., Walter C., Ida J. and Haymond H.; he works in the cooper business to some extent.

SAMUEL L. PHILLIPS, son of Adonijah Phillips, was born 1852; married 1877 to Minerva Weese, of Randolph. He is a farmer, living on rented land, 5 miles from St. George, on Wolf Run. Children: Floyd, Plumber B., William Cayton *Democrat* and Olive B.

A. J. PASE was born in 1863, in Pennsylvania; been in Tucker since 1879; son of Jacob Pase, lives at Thomas, 15 miles from St. George; he is a laborer.

S. T. PURKEY was born in 1848 in Barbour County, son of L. A. Purkey, of German descent. Children: Frank, Charles, Samuel Tilden and Lulu B. In 1871 he married Sarah C. Ash; he was formerly a shoemaker, but is now a farmer, living 6 miles from St. George, on Location Ridge, where he owns 185 acres of land, of which 35 acres is under cultivation; lived ten years in St. George; was appointed and then elected constable, was member of the board of education, road surveyor and overseer of the poor, and deputy sheriff under A. C. Minear. In his

is one of the most extensive farmers in the county. He has 500 acres under improvement, and nearly that much unimproved; lives in the Horse Shoe, three miles from St. George. He attended the West Virginia University 8 months, was county superintendent one term and county surveyor two terms. During the war he was taken prisoner by Kelly and carried to Wheeling, but was soon liberated. He was a school teacher in his younger days.

I. C. POLING was born in 1850 in Barbour County, son of Israel Poling, of English, Irish and German descent; married in 1870 to Anna, daughter of Robert Phillips. Children: Fannie B., John W., Ida M. and Laura Etta; is a farmer, owning 63 acres, 7 acres improved, 6 miles from St. George, on Clover Run. He has been in Tucker since 1868.

HENRY G. PHILLIPS, son of Hiram Phillips, was born in 1855, married in 1881 to Winnie A. Somerfield, of Randolph County. Children: Granville T. and Hiram J. He lives 10 miles from St. George, on Black Fork.

WILLIAM R. PHARES, was born in 1854, son of J. W. Phares, of Randolph County, of Irish and German descent; married in 1878 to Phoebe F., daughter of Solomon Ferguson. Children: William H., John F. and Mary J.; farmer of 150 acres, 30 acres improved, on Clover Run, 8 miles from St. George. He has been in Tucker since 1881.

LEVI H. PASE, of Pennsylvania, was born in 1857, son of Jacob Pase, of German descent; married, 1883, to Lizzie, daughter of Joseph Miller; he has one child, William H., and lives at Thomas.

GEORGE W. PASE, son of Jacob Pase, of Pennsylvania, born 1856; married, 1881, to Margaret Mullenax; he lives

Parsons, the ancestor of one branch of the family, was married several times. The last marriage was when he was near 80 years of age. Dr. Solomon Parsons was a son of James Parsons by this last marriage. Dr. Solomon was the grandfather of S. E. Parsons.

S. E. Parsons was married 1864 to Adaline Parsons. His children are: Etta Irene, Edgar J., and James M. He is a farmer and stockman. His Horse Shoe farm is the oldest and one of the very finest in the county. Part of it has been under cultivation over one hundred years. It contains 174 acres, of which 150 acres is highly improved. His residence stands on an elevation overlooking the river bottoms on three sides, and on the fourth side, half mile away, rises the high ridge, called Sims' Mountain. The spot is one of great beauty. The Horse Shoe is seen in all its greenness in the summer time, and fine farms extend on every side. Besides his Horse Shoe farm, he has nearly 4000 acres of land, some wild and some improved, in different parts of the county. He has always been a man of influence in the county, having been justice 7 years, commissioner of schools several years, president of the county court four years, and held other offices of trust and profit. In the war he was a supporter of the Union cause. The men who came with McChesney, took him prisoner as they returned, after McChesney had been killed. They took him to Rich Mountain, and when Garnett retreated, he carried Parsons along, having tied him and William Hebb together. The night that the army passed up Hog Back, Parsons untied himself and leaped over a bank to escape. Several shots were discharged at him, but he escaped. He belonged to no military organization during the war. He lives three miles from St. George.

WARD PARSONS, born 1827, son of Solomon Parsons, was married 1848 to Sarah H., daughter of William R. Parsons. Children: Lloyd, Burnitte, Carrie, Elizabeth and Lemuel W. He is a farmer, living on Shafer's Fork, 8 miles from St. George. His farm of 1000 acres has 375 acres improved. His personal property was all destroyed by Yankees during the war, and 100 of Latham's men tried to capture him, shooting at him, and the balls throwing sand over him. He was elected sheriff in 1876.

GEORGE M. PARSONS, son of Isaac Parsons, was born in 1800. When he was 21 years of age he walked to Ohio with William Losh, Nicholas Parsons and Daniel Dumire.* He crossed the Ohio at Sistersville. He remained 6 months, got the ague and came back. He went again, on horseback, in 1844. He owns 1600 acres of land, with 400 acres improved. He lives at the mouth of Coburn Run, 5 miles from St. George. He and N. M. Parsons are in partnership.

JAMES D. PROPST, son of W. H. Propst, born 1852 in Greenbrier County, of English and German descent; married 1875 to Eliza A., daughter of Thomas J. Bright. He owns 50 acres of land, half improved, 14 miles above St. George. Children: Austin H., and Rosa Dell.

THOMAS PARSONS, born 1834, died 1873, son of James Parsons. His farm of 330 acres was in the Holly Meadows, 5 miles from St. George. Children: Signora D., Magarga, Isabel, Cyrus Haymond, Rufus Maxwell, Irona Jane and Rebecca E.

JAMES R. PARSONS, born 1814, 4 miles from St. George; married 1837 to Mahala, daughter of Joshua Mason. Chil-

* See another chapter of this book.

NICHOLAS M. PARSONS was born in 1812, at the mouth of Coburn Run, where he has ever since lived. His ancestry were the same family who first came from Moorefield to Tucker; he owns about 1600 acres of land. In 1882 he married Regana Teeter. Their child's name is George J.

LLOYD PARSONS, born 1848, at Alum Hill; married, 1872, to Anna C., daughter of William Hansford, of Black Fork; was constable at one time. His farm of 244 acres on Shaffer's Fork, has twenty acres improved.

A. S. PIFER, born, 1863, on Pifer Mountain, is a son of Andrew Pifer, of German descent, and is a farmer and mail carrier.

JACOB PENNIGNTON, born, 1849, in Randolph County, of German and Irish descent; married in 1869 to Mary J., daughter of John G. Johnson, of Lewis County. Children: George W., Jarrett H., Minnie, A. Bennett and Job Parsons. He worked at the silversmith trade in Weston, under Er. Ralston, and also under Lambrach, of Cincinnati. He came to Tucker in 1880, and now owns a farm of 418 acres on Red Creek, 28 miles from St. George.

JACOB PASE was born in Pennsylvania, and is of German descent; was married in Pennsylvania. Children: Geo. W., Levi H., Ames M.,* John H., Andrew J., Jacob O., Amanda M., Lavina J., Eliza J. and Sarah S.; he lives at Thomas, and his house was the first one there.

JOHN. I. PROPST, of German descent, was born 1824 in Highland County, Va., and was married in 1846 to Delila McClung, of Greenbrier County. He and his wife were di-

* Ames M. Pase died 1883 of lock jaw, caused by a severe cut on the foot, received with a broad-axe, while hewing logs for a house.



P. LIPSCOMB



JEFF LIPSCOMB



A. T. BONNIWELL



JOB PARSONS

PHOTOGRAPH

STUDIO

ALBANY

He was a remarkable man in more ways than one. He possessed a powerful constitution, and he seemed capable of enduring almost anything. His weight was 250 pounds, and there was not on him a pound of superfluous flesh. In the War of 1812 he was a soldier, and was sent to the North West to fight the Indians. He was at Fort Meigs and at other posts throughout that country; and when the war was over, he returned to his home in Tucker. His principal occupation was farming, although he engaged in stock-raising, merchandising and in running a grist-mill. He lived in the Holly Meadows, and Job's Ford is named from him. His farm was called the "Job Place," and is that now owned by the Swisher Brothers.

As a second wife, he married Sarah Losh, daughter of Stephen Losh, and raised a large family of respected children. His house was open with its hospitalities to all; and, the traveler whose good fortune brought him to that door at night, was always received with welcome, and in the morning, there was not a cent to pay. Parsons was a great lover of hunting, and always kept a large pack of hounds. It was his delight to hear them cross the distant mountains, deeply baying on the trail of a deer. Such sport was formerly much indulged in by the people along the river. Numerous hounds were trained to hunt down the deer and chase them to the river, where they were shot by hunters with long-ranged rifles. A deer-hunt was the occasion for the manifestation of the fullest spirit of sport. No sooner had

The deep-mouthed bloodhound's heavy bay
Resounded up the rocky way

Than the whole country along the river was in commotion,
horsemen mounting in hot haste and galloping off to inter-

thized with the South. As Job Parsons was well known to be southern in his proclivities, his property was not safe, and he knew it. When he learned that the Yankees were coming, he caught up some of the best of his horses and hurried them off to a hiding place, near the Yellow Rock, along the river between Job's Ford and Alum Hill. Scarcely had he reached the place of concealment when he was seen by Yankees, who peered through spy glasses to search out every nook and corner of the woods. They saw the horses and started for them. He was by his property, and had his old hunting rifle with him. When he heard the foot-falls of some one passing over the rocks, he was on the alert, and when the blue coats were seen filing up the path, he threw his rifle to his shoulder, and in a stentorian voice, called : "HALT!" The Yankees stopped and stood like cowards until he again spoke to them, when they mustered up courage to ask him who he was. He told them, and they at once took him prisoner and captured his horses. They disarmed him, and made him walk before, while they rode the horses. When they reached his home, they ordered dinner, and after they had eaten, they proceeded to St. George, still carrying away the horses and taking him as a prisoner.

He walked in front of the soldiers, until the indignities which they heaped upon him became greater than he could bear. Suddenly wheeling in the road, he poured upon them a tirade of invectives, telling them that he had fought the British to make this country free, and now that freedom was denied him. They were making light of his words, when he showed himself in earnest by snatching up a stone. They saw the movement, and leaped from their horses to avoid it. He advanced with deliberation and mounted one

man descent, born 1847; married 1872 to Margaret, daughter of David Closs; lives on a farm of 160 acres, of which 60 acres is improved, 10 miles from St. George on Closs Mountain. Children: John, George E., Duncan, William, David and Agnes. He has been in Tucker since 1872, and followed the blacksmith trade several years, but is now a farmer.

OWEN RIORDAN, whose name occurs in this book in the history of the W. Va. and Pittsburg R. R., was born in the County of Cork, in Ireland, 1826, and came to America in 1854. He has spent the greater portion of his time among the mines of Maryland, of which State he has been a resident until quite recently. He now lives in Tucker County. He commenced as a coal digger, and raised from one position to another until he became inspection of mines. He was elected justice of the peace, and served one year; but a change in the politics of Maryland required all officers to swear to support certain doctrine which Riordan refused to do, and resigned. He was afterwards appointed justice and served 12 years. In 1865, he was appointed Registrar of votes, and in 1867 was made mine manager of the Atlantic Company; had charge of the inside works of mines for 12 years. In 1868 he was appointed mine inspector of Maryland—a State office, and served two years. In 1880 he was employed by Senator H. G. Davis to prospect the various counties of West Virginia for minerals; has been engaged in this more or less since. In 1884 he was appointed Supt. of the mines of the W. Va. C. and P. R. R.

In 1854 he married Hannah Sheehan, of Ireland. Children: Mary, Michael, Ellen, Joseph, Eugene and Anna.

A. L. ROGERS, of English descent, from Rockbridge County, Va., was born in 1856. In 1877 he married Mattie

The object is to clear the timber from the whole ranch, and make of it a cattle farm.

C. R. Ruffin attended the Potomas Academy at Alexandria two years, and the University of Virginia one year.

G. W. RYAN was born in 1855, in Randolph County, is a son of John J. Ryan, of Irish and German descent. In 1880 he married Burnette, daughter of Ward Parsons. His regular business is house painter and paper hanger; formerly lived in St. George, where he held various corporation offices. At present he lives on a farm two miles from St. George in the Horse Shoe.

D. W. RYAN, brother of G. W., was born in Randolph, in 1858. In 1882 he married Tabitha, daughter of W. W. Parsons and sister of A. B. Parsons. Ryan lived in Randolph until his 16th year, when he came to Tucker; is a house painter.

AMBY RAINS was born in 1843, in Pendleton County, brother to William Rains. In 1868 he married Hannah, daughter of Ebenezer Flanagan; farmer, 25 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork, 130 acres, 50 improved. Children: Gabriel, Jacob, Martin L., Martha L., Ada E., Carrie and Harriet C.

ELIJAH ROY, son of Simon K. Roy, born 1859; married 1880, to Martha, daughter of William Flanagan; lives 28 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork. Children: J. Madison and baby.

SIMON K. ROY, father of Elijah Roy, of English descent, was born 1827; married 1849 to Sidney, daughter of John Pennington. Children: Melvina, Adam K., Simeon K., Elijah, Malissa and Laura; lives on a farm 28 miles from St. George, on Dry Fork. He killed five panthers at one

Fork. He belonged to the Home Guards during the war.

JOHN ROTH was born in Germany in 1819, and in 1833 sailed for America. After eight weeks on the ocean, he landed in Baltimore. He worked at various occupations the first years after he landed, until, in 1842, he married Maria Frederick, of Germany. Children: Margaret Ann, Martha Elizabeth, Louisa, Sophia, Sarah, Emma, Almeda and William; his wife died, 1879, and in 1880 he was married to Mrs. Elizabeth, widow of Andrew Pifer. He farmed twenty-three years in the Glades, and then came to St. George and opened a dry goods store.

8.

WILLIAM F. SHAHAN was born in 1852, in Preston County, and married in 1879, M. L., daughter of Samuel Nester; has been in Tucker since 1872, and lives on a rented farm in Licking District, 9 miles from St. George. Children: Louisa C. C. and Sarah E.

JOHN A. STULL, of German descent, and a son of James Stull, was born in 1851, and in 1873 he married Lyda, daughter of Samuel Nester; has 10 acres of cleared land on a farm of 123 acres, five miles from St. George, on Bull Run. He has been in Tucker since 1871, and is road surveyor. Children: Sarah E., Florence B., Winfield C., R. B., Sriver and Sabina J.

ANDREW SHAFER son of William Shafer, was born in 1853, and married in 1877 to Martha A. Bolyard, of Preston County. Children: Olive, Walter, Nora, Bertha and Tasker. Farmer, 81 acres, 50 acres improved, and lives 7 miles from St. George, on Brushy Fork.

JACOB P. SHAFER son of William P., was born in 1847, in Barbour County. In 1868 he married Catharine J.,

acres of woodland, 6 miles from St. George on Texas Mountain; has been in Tucker since 1846; was at one time captain in a company of militia; is a member of the M. P. Church, and is an exhorter. Children: John W., Mary C., Jacob R., Martha S., Annie E., James M. and Albert M.

JOHN M. SHAFER was born in 1856, son of Henry Shafer, and is of German descent. In 1884 he married Anzina E., daughter of Jonathan Murphy. He is a farmer and school teacher. A list of his certificates may be seen by consulting another chapter of this book.

In 1883 he was elected superintendent of schools of Tucker County; lives 6 miles from St George on Texas Mountain.

D. N. SHAFER, son of Daniel S., born 1860, married 1882 to Eliza Belle, daughter of Isaac Phillips. Mary E. is his only child. He owns 38 acres of land, 9 miles from St. George, on Clover.

C. J. SCHOONOVER, a farmer living on Cheat River, 14 miles above St. George, was born in Randolph County, 1839, being a son of Thomas Schoonover. In 1865 he married Susan, daughter of James R. Parsons, and she having died in 1870, he married, in 1879, Rachael E. Bowman, daughter of Henry V. Bowman, who was murdered by Yankees during the war. Children: Carl W., Harriet E., James T., Adaline C., A. Ward and Sansom C. Mr. Schoonover lived two years with Dr. Bonnifield during the war.

HENRY SNYDER, of German and Irish descent, son of John Snyder, born in Randolph County, 1849; married, 1870, Mary E., daughter of Solomon Boner; has been in Tucker since 1877, and owns a farm of 314 acres, 155 improved, on Dry Fork, 20 miles from St. George. He was in several skir-

George L.; has taught six schools in Tucker County, all on No. 1 certificates. His family live in Barbour.

GEORGE W. SHAHAN, of Irish descent, born in Preston, 1830, son of George Shahan. In 1851 he married Luisa Hoffman; owns 111 acres of land on Licking, and has 20 acres improved, 8 miles from St. George. He was in the Confederate army under Garnett. Children: William F., Minerva, Christiana, Mary C., George E., Richard J., Olive J. and Carolina.

HENRY J. SHRADER, son of Henry Shrader, of German descent, was born at Lead Mine, 1853. In 1881 he married Sarah S., daughter of Garrett Long, of Holly Meadows. Children: Addie Alma and Lillie Alberta; is the founder of Fairfax, as Eastham is the founder of Davis; moved to Fairfax March 28, 1883. He is a contractor, overseer and manager on the railroad.

WILLIAM F. SHAHAN, born, 1852, son of George Shahan; married to Mitchel Nester in 1880. Children: Louisa and Sarah M. His farm contains 111 acres, with 20 acres improved, 8 miles from St. George, on Licking.

W. F. STOUT, of Harrison County, born, 1859; married, 1883, to Harriet, daughter of Coleman Schoonover; lives two miles below St. George, and follows lumbering as a business.

JOHN A. SHAFFER, of Preston County, of German descent, was born in 1849; married in 1870 to Sophia, daughter of John Roth, of Garrett County, Maryland. Children: Howard C., Faith A., Ethiel H. and Lulu B. He has followed the occupation of farming and merchandising, and is by trade a carpenter and mechanic. He is now keeping hotel in St. George; he was in the Union army during the war,

erally working on a farm, but occasionally he follows some other business for the sake of change. He is an excellent worker and often gets much higher wages than other laborers. He seems to have been marked out for bad luck. When he was a boy he split his ankle bone with an ax and was helpless six months. Then, afterward, he had his leg broken by a saw-log. Later, another log rolled over him and mashed his head, cheek and jaw. It broke him of the habit of chewing tobacco, for his jaw won't crush it.

HENRY SHRADER, born in Germany 1809, died 1878. He came to America in 1838 and in 1848 was married in Cumberland to Tracy Headlough, of Germany. The next year he came to Lead Mine, a branch of Horse Shoe Run, and commenced opening up a farm. His land, 139 acres, was half under cultivation at the time of his death. His children are: Mary Jane, Henry, Crista, John, Lewis D., Teena Margaret, Mary Louisa, Tracy Carolina and Sophia Elizabeth.

WILLIAM SHAFER, born 1857, son of Samuel Shafer, of English and German descent, was married, 1882, to Lizzie, daughter of John C. Plum. Their child's name is Stranda. He is a farmer and lumberman, living three miles below St. George.

THOMAS P. SPENCER, born 1833, son of Joseph Spencer, married, 1858, to Catharine Lewis. He farms 30 acres of improved land, and has 95 acres of wild territory, on Location, 7 miles from St. George. Children: Sarah E., John Thomas McClellan, Mary L. and James O. He spent three years in the Union army, and took part in Hunter's raid; was in several battles, and was wounded at Cedar Creek by a Minie-ball which passed through his ankle. He was permanently disabled by the wound and now receives a pension.

daughter of Alexander Campbell. Their child's name is William A. By trade, he is a blacksmith, but of late he has turned his attention to farming, and lives on Miller Hill, 5 miles from St. George.

JOHN A. SWISHER, son of David Swisher, of Hampshire County, was born 1857; is of English and Swiss descent; was married in 1883 to Ella, daughter of E. W. McGill, of Hampshire County; is a farmer of 150 acres, one half under cultivation, on Horse Shoe Run, 5 miles from St. George; has also a half interest in the "Job Parsons" farm in Holly Meadows. He attended the public schools of Hampshire, and one term at Low Gap, in Tucker County, and attended the Fairmont Normal School one year—1878–1879; has taught five schools, one in Hampshire and four in Tucker. He holds four No. 1 certificates in Tucker; is a brother to S. N. Swisher, and like him is a model farmer. His plantation is tilled and kept in the best manner.

DAVID L. STEVENS, a native of Pennsylvania, came to Tucker with C. R. Macomber, and has since lived here. He is of distant German descent. His farm on Wolf Run is four miles from St. George. His children are Miles, Susan, David and Minta.

WILLIAM M. SPESERT, of English and German descent, was born 1844. He is a son of George Spesert and has lived all his life on Horse Shoe Run, except four years in St. George; is a farmer of 400 acres of land; lives on the farm that formerly belonged to William Losh, on Horse Shoe Run, six miles from St. George. In 1874 he was married to Mary Maxwell, daughter of Rufus Maxwell; his children are Jennie Miller, George Frances and Willis Maxwell.

T.

E. W. THOMAS, born 1844, married Virginia Nutter, 1867.

small hills that front toward the southern warmth.

It may have been from his observations that those fields that faced the south were the most sunny in springtime, when sunshine was genial and beautiful, that, from his earliest years he developed an admiration and sympathy for the land of the South, and regarded it as bourn of all that was noble and patriotic. Be this as it may, he admired the South, and in the arguments that came up when the county was dissevering into two parts, he never let an opportunity to speak and uphold his choice pass unused. The wise heads whose mental force shape, it may be, the course, if not the destiny, of nations, saw not sooner than the country boys where the storm of war would break. The elements of tumult were mingled in affinity all through the human composition of the United States, although more in some parts than in others, and statesmen could see no further with all their models of past empires and past destinies than the farmer lads knew by intuition, or by natural knowledge. The clash would be a war, and as such it would end as chance ends its works. The boys saw this, and took part as their fancy, principles or passions directed.

Such a boy was William E. Talbott; and such boys were his neighbors, Cornelius and Nelson Parsons, Dock Long and Robert See, who now sleeps in his rock-walled grave near the dreary shore of Owen's Lake, in the desert domains of the Sierra Nevadas, in California. When the war—which came slowly as a fire on a fuse, and flashed into myriads of simultaneous explosions, as magazines of warlike munitions ignited—had really come, Tucker County's young men caught up such arms as they had and started South—nearly all went South. Cornelius and Nelson Parsons and Robert See went in May, 1861, but Talbott did not go till

while Captain Harper and company were going to the top of Backbone Mountain to see if the enemy were there. The rest came good to the wretched Rebels, who were tired and starved nearly to death. The next day they reached Petersburg, in Grant County. The citizens brought in plenty of provisions, and the army rested two days, and then proceeded to Monterey, in Highland County, Va. From there it went into Greenbrier County.

The general fighting soon began. On October 3rd, Talbott was one of 120 who held in check for an hour and twenty minutes, Milroy's 5000 men. When the Confederate pickets could hold the Federals in check no longer, they fell back upon the Rebel camp and the Yankees followed within a short distance but did not attempt to cross the river. There was some cannonading. The Rebels were commanded by Col. Edward Johnson. In the September previous the Rebels had made an attack on the Yankees at Cheat Mountain, and got thrashed. In November they, the Rebels, went into winter quarters on the top of the Alleghany Mountains. The Yankees now thought it their time to attack the Rebels, which they did on December 13. The attack was made before daylight in the morning and lasted until 2 p. m. The result was that the Yankees got worse whipped than the Rebels had been at Cheat Mountain in September. This was a hard winter and the Rebels suffered very much. The snow fell deep, and they had only the merest shelter and some had none. Talbott often slept out in the snow, with only a blanket around him. No doubt the return of the spring was to them a welcome visitor. Whether the old strawberry fields came into Talbott's mind, it is hard now to say, but probably they did. But he had few spare moments to think of or remember such things, for the war was come

scent. He has been in the lumbering business ever since he could carry stove wood. He is partner in the firm of Minear & Toy. He is a pushing business man, and has friends wherever he goes. Mr. Toy married J. Almyra, daughter of Capt. William Elliott, of Kingwood, Preston County, on Tuesday, October 7, 1884.

V.

ISAAC N. VANSKOY, son of John Vanscoy, of Barbour, born 1854, married, 1879, to Margaret A., daughter of John Bright, and lives 14 miles above St. George. Children: Laura Dill and Bertha Ellen.

HENRY L. VANMETER, born, 1848, in Barbour County, son of Benjamin F. Vanmeter, of German and English descent; married, 1872, to Mary E., daughter of William Weaver, of Barbour County; is a farmer, living 7 miles above St. George, with 24 acres of improved land and 42 acres of wild land. Children: Alice Only, S. J. Tilden, Benjamin F., and Wesley B. He came to Tucker in 1882.

JOSHUA VANSKOY, born, 1827, in Randolph County, son of Aaron Vanscoy, of German descent; married in Randolph to Margaret Hayes, 1848. Children: Susan Columbia and Rebecca Jane. In 1875 his wife died, and two years later he married Lavina C. Wilson; is a farmer of 86 acres, with 40 acres improved, 15 miles from St. George.

JONATHAN VARNER was born in 1831 in Pendleton County, of German descent. In 1850 he married Margaret Whistleman; she died in 1861, and he married Mary Puffinbarger. Children: Elizabeth J., John, Henry H., William, James, Madison, Emiline, Martin, Teena, Hawley and Sarah Ann.; is a farmer and miller, living on Red Creek, 27 miles from St. George.

A. I. WILSON was born in 1859 in Garrett County, Md., of German descent, and son of J. H. Wilson. He is doing business for the firm of Feely & Wilson, at Fairfax.

AARON WOLFORD, son of John Wolford, was born 1856. In 1875 he married Elizabeth, daughter of Robert Flanagan. He owns 25 acres, and has 60 per cent. of it under cultivation, 24 miles from St. George on Dry Fork. Children: James W., Phoebe J., Minnie Ann, Lottie Ellen, Fanny and Mollie.

ABRAHAM WOLFORD, brother to the above, was born in 1845; married, 1873, to Jennie Day; lives 24 miles from St. George, on Red Creek. Children: Cora E., John and Sallie; is a laborer.

COLUMBUS WOLFORD, son of John Wolford, was born in 1834. In 1855 he married Mary, daughter of William Flanagan. Children: Christina, Edna, Malan, Columbia E., Claudius, Amelius, Mary, Alice and Florence J.; owned 250 acres of land on Red Creek, 30 miles from St. George, and had 100 acres improved. He died in 1878.

MALAN WOLFORD, son of Columbus Wolford, lives 30 miles from St. George, on Red Creek; was born in 1862, and is a farmer.

JOHN T. WOLFORD, son of John Wolford, was born in 1840; married Narissa, daughter of Gabriel Rains, in 1859. His wife died in 1862, and he married Susanna, daughter of Ebenezer Flanagan. He lives in Canaan. Children: Frances, J. B. Floyd, Hannah, Anderson, Narissa and Susanna.

JACOB J. WHITE, son of Allen White, of Grant County, was born in 1852; married Sarah C., daughter of Elizabeth Thompson, in 1876. He is a farmer and lives on Red

JOHN T. WHITE, son of William T. White, was born 1849; married 1868, to Eliza J., daughter of Thomas M. Mason. He is a farmer of 90 acres, with 70 acres improved, on Mill Run, 10 miles from St. George. He was constable four years. Children: Virginia F., Arthur M., Elizabeth Anna, Earl M., Maud L. and Clyde.

THOMAS E. WHITE, son of William T. White, was born in 1853; married 1878 to Susan, daughter of Thomas M. Mason. He is a farmer of 100 acres of land, with 30 acres improved, on Mill Run, 10 miles from St. George, Children: Florena M., Maggie L., Edgar M. and Anna J.

THOMAS W. WILMOTH, son of James M. Wilmoth, of Randolph County, was born in 1849. In 1875 he married Clorinda C., daughter of John I. Propst. Children: Oscar J. and Leon J. He has a farm of 40 acres nearly all improved, on Haddix Run, 10 miles from St. George.

SAMUEL B. WAMSLEY was born in 1840, son of A. M. Wamsley, of Scotch and Irish descent, was married in 1869 to Martha Crouch, of Randolph. His wife died in 1875 and the next year he was married to Elizabeth W., daughter of Ward Parsons. Children: Berdie, Cletus Branch, Stark and Ward. His farm in the Horse Shoe, two miles from town, of 353 acres, has 140 acres improved.

PETER WILT was born in 1819, in Maryland, of German descent. In 1839 he married Catharine Wilson. He lives on Clover two miles from St. George, and follows farming and saloon keeping, the only saloon in Tucker County. Children: John H., Mary M., Abogail, George K., Sarah, J., Vilena, Thomas, Anzina and Wilson.

JACOB B. WOTRING,* born, 1834, son of Peter Wotring, was married in 1863 to Ellen, daughter of Robert K. Knotts,

* This name is often written "Woodring."

APPENDIX.

*BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR.**

HU MAXWELL was born in Tucker County, Western Virginia, September 22, 1860, of educated and respectable parentage,—of English, German and Irish descent. He is a son of the Hon. Rufus Maxwell, of St. George, one of the well-known and influential citizens of Virginia.

In looking for facts concerning the early life of young Maxwell, we find in him but few traits not noticeable in the average intelligent representative of Young America.

He was reared on a farm. As a general rule, farmers' boys have to work, and especially has this always been the case in Tucker County. But young Maxwell was not partial to manual labor, and many were the deep schemes he laid to avoid it. One of his favorite plans to escape work—then an absolute torture to him—was, to get very sick and go without dinner, and then after the others of the family had gone to their work, for him to pillage the pantry, and then stroll off to build toy mills and construct mud mill-races. After having tired himself at such work he would lie down and go

* This sketch of Hu Maxwell was written by Henry Clay Hyde, Esq., a prominent lawyer of the Kingwood Bar, and a man of rare literary merits. He and Maxwell are exactly the same height and weight, and nearly the same age, and possess temperaments nearly the same. Both are fond of travel and romance; and their travels have been over nearly the same grounds. Mr. Hyde, from his intimate acquaintance with the subject of the sketch is well qualified for the undertaking which he has accomplished. He has dealt impartially, as may be seen from his criticisms where there is ought to criticise. He has had access to papers and memoranda of Maxwell which few persons have had the privilege of seeing, and from them he has drawn where it was necessary to do so.—JAS. W. WHITE.



HU MAXWELL.



C. H. MAXWELL.



ABBE BONNIFIELD.



JOHN MOORE.

PHOTOGRAPH

PHOTOGRAPH

PHOTOGRAPH

One of the four-line doggrels composed by him when quite a small boy, it is not remembered at what age, was preserved by him after learning how to write. The idea was suggested by seeing some hogs rooting in a swamp. The lines show a boy's ability to coin words if they possess no other merit. The lines ran thus:

All the hogs are digging deeper
After lizzards in the mud;
And their ears look like a *veeper*,
And their noses like a bud.

Immediately under this preserved effusion the author afterwards wrote, "what this means, I don't know;" and, in all probability, he is correct. But he must be given credit for the possession of a virtue—in other words, a good judgment—not usually possessed by those who engage in versification at an early age: Although expressing his thoughts in rhyme at the early age of eight years,—six years before he was taught to write—he was not known to offer a single production to the public until he was twenty years of age, at which time his occasional poems elicited the very favorable criticism of the leading members of the State press.

His education in the country schools was limited to a few months, during which time it was not observed by his parents that he had made ordinary progress in the attainment of knowledge. His mother taught him about all he knew until he reached his fifteenth year. Up to this time he did not learn much; for he did not know his letters at eleven, and never got higher than the Third Reader and the rudiments of arithmetic during the time he attended the country schools. However—strange to say—at the age of fourteen he was one of the very best geographers in West

writer has heard him say: "My studying, then, was more of a desultory character than most people thought." He was always studying something, but it was one thing at a time, to the exclusion or neglect of everything else.

He fell into the habit of reading biography, and usually read forty pages a day. He went through the whole curriculum of English authors from Chaucer to Tennyson, and did likewise with the history of the naval and military men of the world. He read everything of a biographical nature that he could get possession of. He then returned to histories and read everything from Josephus to Peter Parley. He could read an average-sized book in a day, and so remarkable was his memory that he could remember every event, place and date in it. While he was doing this, of course, other studies were more or less neglected.

In June, 1880, Mr. Maxwell graduated. He was given a diploma on twenty-one branches, six of which he had never studied in school three days in his life. But he passed his examination on them, and passed well. He had gained his information from general reading. On the day before he was to be examined on bookkeeping, he borrowed Duff's treatise on that subject, and read it that night. The next day he answered every question asked him and was given 100 per cent. on the examination. He never opened a work on geology in the school room and yet never missed a question. He had read probably a dozen books on the subject—also on mineralogy and astronomy—so he had no need of studying them in the school room.

Full one-half of the school-time study of his life was devoted to Latin. He studied Greek for a short time but never made much progress. However, he studied it long enough to be able to read a few sentences in Herodotus,

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every day and was soon able to stand almost anything. He did not bother his head with books. He might have made more money at easier work; but he was rebuilding his constitution, and well did he succeed. No matter how cold the morning, if Horse Shoe Run was not frozen over, he would pull off his boots and wade it. Once when it was over its banks—and it is a dangerous stream—he pulled off his boots, coat and hat and swam it. The ice was running thick, and in the drift he was carried down the stream nearly a quarter of a mile. But he came out and walked home, a half mile, barefooted, through the snow and ice.

Thus he spent the winter, and the spring found him with a constitution like iron. He could say then, as he can say now, that, he can stand anything in the shape of exposure, fatigue or hardship, that any other man can stand. About the only literary work of that winter was the writing of two novels, "Rich Mountain" and "Llewellyn."

In the spring of 1881, Mr. Maxwell taught a graded school at St. George. He did good work there, but the school was not a financial success. When his school was out he went to Parkersburg and took part in an Institute which was in progress there at that time. After visiting Blannerhassett Island, and other points near Parkersburg, he went to Taylor County and engaged a school which he taught the following winter.

The next summer he spent at home writing a history called "Conquest of the Ohio Valley." He had worked on it some before that time; and in the summer of 1881 he had written a history of Tucker County; but it was not published until 1884. The "Conquest" is yet incomplete and unpublished. He has worked on it for two years, and

where he remained until his ankle got better when he proceeded home.

He spent the winter of 1882-83 at home in the lumber business, and wrote some and read a little at night. Early in the following March he set out for a series of wanderings. He visited all the Southern States except Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia. He took up his head-quarters for a short time at New Orleans, and from there made excursions into the surrounding country, passing through some vast swamps filled with alligators. He went to Texas and traveled over 1,000 miles in that State. Then he crossed into Mexico, and back to Texas again. He then went to New Mexico, and from there to Arizona—that dread region of the dead universe. In New Mexico he came near getting mixed up in the Indian war. General Crook was then there, and Mr. Maxwell was on the point of starting to Silver City, but did not. The company with whom he would have gone was set upon by the Indians and destroyed. He went to Arizona and stopped a very short time at Tucson, and a little longer at Yuma. From Yuma it was only across the river to California, and he soon had crossed and had set his feet on the Golden Shore. That waste solitude looked to him little like a paradise. The morning he crossed the mercury stood 130 degrees in the shade. He passed into the Colorado Desert, one of the hottest countries of the earth. It extends north-westward from the Gulf of California. He visited that great wonder of the Pacific Slope, the “Boiling Gulf,” of California, and wrote a splendid description of it for the columns of *The Wheeling Intelligencer*, from which we make the following extract:

Half smothered as we were, we climbed from the cars to the

mountains in company with his brother, Cyrus H. Maxwell, to spend a few months. They took up their head-quarters on the upper waters of the San Joaquin River, about 5,000 feet above the sea. From there they made excursions into the surrounding canons, wildernesses and mountains. One of these excursions was to the Nihilvideo Abyss. Mr. Maxwell wrote up the excursion for the Eastern press, and from his vivid description of the awful sublimity of the rocks, crags and shadows of this abysmal wonder, we extract the following :

We were by this time drawing near to Nihilvideo; everything indicated that it was not far off. We had rounded a curve in the canon of Stephenson Creek, and the canon thence ran straight about a half a mile, when we could see that there was a precipice, because everything seemed to end there in abrupt nothing. We pressed forward over rocks, logs, brush or whatever was in our path. We were growing enthusiastic. Each was ambitious to be foremost. Our hands were cut on the rocks and bleeding, our faces were scratched by thorns and our clothes were rent like Rip Van Winkle's. It was now noon, on the 20th of May, and our eight miles were at an end.

Nihilvideo! What an impression the first sight made upon the minds of my companions, I knew not: I scarcely knew what passed through my own mind. Ten seconds were as momentous as ten years among ordinary things. Never before had such a train of swift visions passed before me. Never before had I beheld such a manifestation of awful sublimity, the infinite and the eternal, and never before had the frailty of man and the immensity of creation burst upon me as it did then. Like the Austrian geologist, who stood upon the crest of the Himalaya Mountains and watched the morning sunshine light up the glaciers of the "Everlasting Valley," I could only stand mute and let my thoughts and imaginations whirl whither as ever they would. No language could paint that panorama. I was looking down into an abyss thousands of feet deep whose ragged sides yawned asunder, hungry to swallow the world. I instinctively shrunk back. One moment everything was clear, rocks, crags, shadows, depths, all was visible. The next, the

We had come, not only to look into the gulf, but go into it. We had expected to be able to climb down the side, through cracks and rifts and thus reach the bottom. But now, with the undertaking full in view, we began to weaken on the enterprise. It was plainly an impossibility, unless we would throw ourselves headlong down. The perpendicular walls of rock offered no means of descent. There were a few jutting crags, but these would be perilous footings, and one misstep would land us into unknown worlds. We crept cautiously along the brink of the overhanging cliff, to the eastward, and one hundred yards from the point where the water goes over. We amused ourselves rolling rocks over the edge, and hearing them strike the bottom. The time required in falling from our hands till we heard them strike the first time was ten seconds. This, allowing one second for the sound to reach us, was 1,296 feet, or thereabout. But when they struck they were not at the bottom. They went bounding from one cliff to another hundreds of feet further.

We found a boulder, weighing fully four thousand pounds, on the very brink of the cliff, tottering on its frail support. By a united effort, we pushed it off. For many seconds all was silent. We held our breath and listened for it to strike. We could not see it, but we knew it was still falling, and seconds seemed minutes. At length, a jarring crash and thousands of repeating echoes announced that it struck terra firma. The echoes from the sides rolled back and forth, dying away in rhythmic undulations, almost as regular as the vibrating chords of a musical instrument.

"The owlets started from their dreams,
The eagles answered with their screams."

And all was still, save the never-tiring fall and dash of the cataract. Passing on some fifty yards further to the east we discovered a rough abutment of rock standing out from the main wall in bas relief—like a chimney built up from the bottom of the cliff against its side. It extended more than one hundred feet from the verge of the precipice and we walked out upon it, thinking it possible that we might climb down its uneven side and thus reach the bottom. When I reached its outer edge, I found the chimney-like structure composed of huge rocks, one upon another. All were overgrown with vines and shrubs. I found little difficulty in climbing down more than one hundred feet, and I believe that I could

When he left the mountains he went to the plains and worked a month in the harvest field. By this time it was late in July, and the weather was very hot. He and his brother, and a young Kentuckian, procured a span of horses and a spring wagon and set out for a thousand miles of travel over the coast counties of California. They first visited Lake Tulare, the largest lake west of the Mississippi, the Great Salt Lake excepted. This lake is rapidly drying up while the water of the Great Salt Lake is rising. After spending a day studying the peculiarities of this wonderful lake, they turned westward across the desert,—one of the most desolate portions of America—got lost, and wandered for twenty-four hours without finding water. The hills were bare and gloomy. The night was lit by the weird light of the moon and the landscape looked like a desolate and neglected resting-place for the dead, where only sand-storms and hot winds moaned mournfully their requiems. But Maxwell and his two companions pushed on. At 2 o'clock in the morning they reached Avernall Pass, where they got water. The next day they reached the mouth of Cholame River, and camped, with little to eat and no feed for their horses. The next day they reached San Luis Obispo and and staid there a few days, visited the beach, and, for the first time looked upon the placid waters of the Pacific. It is a wild, rugged coast about Avalda, and Maxwell and his brother—the Kentuckian not going—climbed the cliffs, where probably no white man ever went before, and had a splendid view of the ocean and the sea birds.

From San Luis Obispo they went south to Santa Barbara, whence they went off to the sea in a boat; got wrecked on the Santa Barbara Islands, and came near star-

during his extensive travel. We deem extensive extracts in this case unnecessary, for the subject of this sketch, as a writer, is known beyond the bounds of the circulation of a single county history, and will soon be known more widely than now, though we doubt if more favorably known.

Mr. Maxwell is a model of physical manhood and an indefatigable worker. He drinks nothing but water and is master of his temper. It is impossible to excite him so as to make him lose his presence of mind. He never forgets a friend.

Politically, Mr. Maxwell is a Democrat. He believes that the South had right on their side in the Civil War. But he does not tolerate a belief in the institution of slavery. He hates it with a lasting and inappassable hatred. He believes that the white man is superior to every other race of the earth.

He believes that a man merits honor only for what he accomplishes—not for what he attempts to accomplish. He might try to build a world; but he should have no praise for trying unless he succeeds.

Mr. Maxwell is an advocate of the doctrine of Carlyle, concerning social order and organization. He is with Emerson and Herbert Spencer. In science he is a follower of Proctor, Tyndall, Huxley and Darwin. He believes that the Scriptures are inspired, and that the human soul is immortal. His belief in the immortality of the soul is as firm and unshaken as the rocks. He believes nothing, will hear nothing, and hate everything, that conflicts with this one prime corner-stone of all his beliefs and creeds—that which brings the pleasing, dreadful thought of eternity to man.

near's Stone House.* For clerk of the circuit court Bonni-
field and Ewin each received 44 votes; but, for clerk of the
county court Bonnifield received 45 and Ewin 42.† For
sheriff, Jesse Parsons received 49 votes, William Corrick 24
and Samuel W. Bowman 14. For commonwealth's attor-
ney, Rufus Maxwell received 41 votes, John N. Hughes 26
and Samuel P. Wheeler 21. For commissioner of revenue,
Daniel C. Adams received 43 votes, Job Parsons, Jr., 33 and
Thomas Bright 12. For surveyor of lands, Solomon Bonner
received 44 votes, Jacob W. See 25 and David Wheeler 20.
District Officers: There were four justices of the peace to
be elected. There were nine candidates, and they received
votes as follows: John Kaler 52, Israel Phillips 43, F. D.
Talbott 43, John Yoakam 38, Samuel Rudolph 36, James W.
Parsons 30, W. R. Parsons 30, David Bonnifield 32, James
Long 11. Kalar, Phillips, Talbott and Yoakam were elected.
For constable, Alfred Phillips received 43 votes and N. M.
Wilmoth 41. For overseer of the poor, Jonathan M. Par-
sons received 49 votes and Washington A. Long 36.

District No. 3.—The election was held at the house of
Andrew Fansler.‡ County Officers: For clerk of the circuit
court, Arnold Bonnifield received 55 votes and William
Ewin 2. For clerk of the county court it was the same.
For sheriff, Jesse Parsons received 25 votes, William Cor-
rick 34, and S. W. Bowman none. For commonwealth's
attorney, John N. Hughes received 28 votes, Rufus Maxwell
27 and Samuel P. Wheeler 2. For commissioner of the
revenue, Job Parsons, Jr., received 32 votes, Thomas Bright

* This house stands near the present Court-house, and is the old Minear Homestead.

† Samuel Minear voted for Bonnifield for county clerk and for Ewin for circuit clerk.
F. D. Talbott voted for Ewin for circuit clerk and did not vote for any one for county
clerk.

‡ Near the confluence of Black Fork and Dry Fork.

APPENDIX.

ELECTION OF 1857.

An election was held in Tucker County on May 28, 1857, for an attorney general of Virginia, for a commissioner of public works of Virginia, for a member of congress, for a state senator and for a member of the House of Delegates of the Legislature of Virginia. In Tucker County at this election, John Randolph Tucker received 114 votes for attorney general. There was no other candidate for. Z. Kidwell received 117 votes for commissioner of the board of public works. No other candidate was voted for. S. Carlile 21. For senator, John Brannon received 116 votes. There was no opposition. For house of delegates, Samuel Crane received 82 votes, Jacob Conrad 18, William Hamilton 17, and Henry C. Moore none. At that time, and ever since, in both states, Tucker and Randolph together composed a delegate district, and the race between Crane and Conrad in the district was very close, but Crane got the certificate of election, and Conrad contested his seat, and after a protracted struggle in the house of delegates, succeeded in ousting him. But Conrad did not venture to be a candidate at the next election.*

A special election was held, December 14, 1857, in District No. 2, for overseer of the poor, in place of Jonathan M. Parsons, at which election David Wheeler received 8 votes and Samuel Kalar 7.

SPECIAL ELECTION, 1858.

A special election was held on the first day of January, 1858, in District No. 1, to fill a vacancy in the office of overseer of the poor, occasioned by the retirement of D. K. Du-

* Crane, Conrad, Hamilton and Moore were all citizens of Randolph County, but Moore lived within what is now Webster County.

APPENDIX.

tion George M. Nester was elected without opposing ten votes.

SPECIAL ELECTION, 1859, IN DISTRICT NO. 1.
A special election was held March 12, 1859, in District No. 1,* to fill the vacancy in the office of justice of the peace, occasioned by the resignation of John Jones, which election Aaron J. Loughry received 8 votes and George M. Nester 6.†

ELECTION OF 1859.
An election was held in Tucker County, May 26, 1859, for the purpose of electing a governor, lieutenant-governor, attorney general, congressman, and a member of the State legislature. The following table shows the result:‡

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- * This election was held at the residence of A. H. Bowman.
† An election had been held on the 11th day of November, 1858, to fill this vacancy, and why it became necessary to hold a second election cannot be learned from the records, but such was the case.
‡ The poll books and returns for congress and the legislature for the first district are missing.

OFFICES AND CANDIDATES.	District No. 1.	District No. 2.	T. Mason's	District No. 3.	Finnagan's	County.
	A. H. Bowman's	Court-House.		A. Parsons'		
JUDGE.						
G. D. Camden	39	47	32	17	20	145
Wm. G. Brown	2	14	1	19	2	38
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.						
Rufus Maxwell	11	32	22	30	8	102
Thomas B. Rummel	30	31	2		5	38
SHERIFF.						
Abraham Parsons	14	31	16		2	†
William Corrick	12	10	3		20	
Samuel W. Bowman	13	21	4		0	
ASS-SECR.						
Daniel C. Adams	13	32	8	12	21	86
Job Parsons, Jr.	6	23	2	23	1	55
John White, Sr.	21	3	13	1	0	43

*Poll books missing.

† Abraham Parsons was elected.

In District No. 1, the vote stood as follows: For justice, James W. Miller received 38 votes, G. M. Nester 35, A. H. Bowman 32, J. C. A. Goff 32 and Jacob Dumire 29. Miller, Nester, Bowman and Goff were elected. For constable, Andrew D. Moore received 21 votes, Joshua Robinson 16, and Johnson Goff 14. Moore was elected. John D. Nester was elected overseer of the poor. The other candidates were J. W. Dumire, A. J. Loughry and John J. Cline.

In District No. 2 the vote stood as follows: For justice, Stephen Domire 60, George B. See 52, Israel Phillips 29, William R. Parsons 33, Andrew Pifer 32, Moses Phillips 32, John Auvil 22, John Kalar 31, F. D. Talbott 29, S. D. Kalar 18. Stephen Domire, George B. See, William R. Parsons and Andrew Pifer were elected. Aaron Phillips was elected constable without material opposition. D. K. Dumire was elected overseer of the poor. The other candidates were J. P. Fitzwaters and Andrew B. Parsons. Dumire's majority over Parsons was four, and over Fitzwaters, seven.

The election in District No. 3 was as follows: For justice, Enos Carr received 57 votes: N. J. Lambert 55, J. H. Long

AMENDMENT TO CONSTITUTION.

	District No. 1 A. H. Bowman's	District No. 2 Court-House	District No. 2 Horse shoe run	District No. 3 A. Parsons'	District No. 3 E. Flanagan	In County.
For	00	74	22	17	00	113
Against	00	2	0	9	00	11
SENATE.						
John Brannon.....	19	61	9	18	7	114
B. Jackson.....	2	18	12	9	11	52
LEGISLATURE.						
J. N. Hughes.....	19	58	9	16	6	108
Sam. Crane.....	2	15	12	10	12	51
ORDINANCE OF SECESSION.						
For	6	?
Against.....	10	?*

* Brannon and Hughes were elected in their respective districts. The votes for and against the constitutional amendment has not been found in the clerk's office at St. George, further than above reported. The vote for and against the ordinance of secession is missing for every precinct, except Dry Fork; but, it is well known that the county gave a majority in favor of secession.

ELECTION UNDER REORGANIZED GOVERNMENT, JUNE 29, 1861.

An election was held under military guard of the United States forces, at the residence of Adam H. Bowman, District No. 1, for the purpose of electing a delegate to represent Tucker and Randolph in the legislature of the Reorganized Government of Virginia (usually called the Wheeling Government). The election was held on June 29, 1861.* At this election some fifteen or twenty votes were cast for Solomon Parsons, of Tucker County. There was no other poll opened in any other precinct in the two counties, and no return was made from this. But Parsons was duly elected according to the laws and exigencies of war times.†

* The exact date of this election is arrived at by consulting the family records of the McChesney family. They have it recorded that "Robert McChesney was born June 30, 1812, and died June 29, 1861," and since he was killed here, the election must have been on that day. There exist only the merest records of this election, and nothing official.

† This has come to be the most noted election ever held in Tucker County. It was there that McChesney was killed, and Paxton and Dock Long were slightly wounded, and twenty voters elected an officer for two counties, and no official return was ever made of the matter.

So stood the vote of Tucker County, December 14, 1861.

ELECTION ON RATIFICATION OF FIRST CONSTITUTION OF WEST VIRGINIA.

On April 3, 1861, an election was held in all the precincts of Tucker County, except that of Dry Fork, to vote upon the ratification or rejection of the constitution of the proposed new state of West Virginia. It was also to elect justices, an overseer of the poor, and a constable for certain districts of the county. The following table shows the result:

CONSTITUTION.	Dist. No. 1.	Dist. No. 2.	Dist. No. 3.	Total
For.....	13	21* 2†	8	44
Against	00	00 0	0	00
FREE STATE.				
For.....	12	20 0	0	32
Against	00	00 0	0	00
JUSTICES.				
Jacob W. Parsons.....	6	6
William R. Parsons.....	7	7
Jacob Flanagan.....	1	1
Jacob Kalar.....	6	6
Frederick Dumire.....	..	7	..	7
J. M. L. Porter.....	..	1	..	1
CONSTABLE.				
I. S. James.....	4	4
N. C. Graham.....	7	7
OVERSEER OF POOR.				
William Marsh.....	..	2	..	2
H. A. Linsey.....	..	5	..	5
Adam White.....	..	9	..	9†

* The votes in this column were cast at St. George. † Vote at Horse Shoe Run.

‡ Members of Company F, 6th Va. regiment, voters of Preston County, voted at St. George, casting 25 votes for the constitution and none against it, and 23 votes for Free State, and none against it.

ELECTION OF MAY 22, 1862.

On May 22, 1862, an election was held in Districts Nos. 1 and 2 of Tucker County, for the purpose of electing a governor, lieutenant-governor and attorney general of the re-organized state of Virginia (West Virginia). The election

Name of Voters.	Justice		Constable
	A. C. Scott	A. Dumire	R. Phillips
John Dumire.....	0	1	1
Enoch Minear.....	1	0	1
D. S. Minear.....	0	1	1
Adam Dumire.....	0	0	1
David Wheeler.....	1	0	1

ELECTION OF MARCH 26, 1863.

An election was held in Tucker County on March 26, 1863, to take the vote for and against the amended constitution of the proposed State of West Virginia.* Polls were opened at Hannahsville (A. H. Bowman's), St. George and Horse Shoe Run, and the vote was as follows:

	St. George	Horse Shoe Run	Hannahsville	Total
For Amendment.....	27	3	15	45
Against ".....	00	0	1	1

GENERAL ELECTION, MAY 28, 1863.

On May 28, 1863, an election was held in Tucker County, and polls were opened at St. George, Hannahsville, and at Pine Grove Church, on Horse Shoe Run. The following officers were to be voted for: governor, secretary of state, treasurer, auditor, attorney general, and three judges for the court of appeals, for the STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA.† There were also to be elected a judge for the circuit court, senators, members of the legislature (at Wheeling), clerk of the circuit court, sheriff, prosecuting attorney, surveyor of lands, and recorder. The following table shows the result of the vote as it was taken:

* There is a tag attached to these poll books, urging the officers of election to make prompt returns. At this time the admission of West Virginia as a State in the Union, was kept back for want of the Amendment to the Constitution.

† This is the first mention on the official records of Tucker County of the State of West Virginia. This was May 23. On June 20, it was admitted into the Union. It was at first proposed to name it "New Virginia."

opened at Hannahsville, St. George and Black Fork (Abraham Parsons'). Following is the result :

	1st District Hannahsville	2nd District St. George	3rd District Abraham Parsons'
SENATOR.			
D. D. Farnsworth,.....	9	24	0
Fred Berlin,.....	7
CONGRESS.			
W. G. Brown,.....	9	25	2
W. B. Zinn,.....	0	..	5
LEGISLATURE.			
Cyrus Kittle,.....	8	9	1
Charles Burke,.....	1	15	6
ASSESSOR.			
W. W. Parsons,.....	10	19	6
Adam Tait,.....	1	1	..
SHERIFF.			
Jacob W. Parsons,.....	11	2	..

ELECTION OF JANUARY 23, 1864.

In an election held in Tucker County, January 23, 1864, S. E. Parsons was elected County Treasurer.

In Hannahsville Township the vote stood as follows for district officers :

For supervisor, W. T. White received 8 votes, Jacob Dumire 7 and D. C. Adams 7. For justice, James W. Miller received 21 votes. For constable, John W. Dumire received 20 votes. For township clerk, T. C. Adams received 22 votes. For township treasurer, J. P. Gray received 19 votes. For inspector of elections, John O. Robinson and John Neville each received 20 votes. For overseer of the poor, William Jones received 20 votes and Jehu Lipscomb 2.

*St. George Township Officers.**—For supervisor, Andrew Pifer received 29 votes and John White 11. For justice of the peace, D. S. Minear received 14 votes, I. Phillips 25, John Kálar 1. For township clerk, Adam Tait received 42 votes. For county treasurer, D. K. Dumire received 35 votes. For overseer of the poor, Adam Dumire received 3

* A poll was opened at the Court-house only.

OFFICES AND CANDIDATES.

	Hannaberville.	St. George.	Black Fort.	Total.
GOVERNOR.				
Arthur I. Boreman,.....	13	38	43	94
ATTORNEY GENERAL.				
E. R. Hall,.....	13	38	43	94
SECRETARY OF STATE.				
G. D. Hall,.....	13	38	43	94
AUDITOR.				
J. M. McWhorter,.....	13	38	43	94
TREASURER.				
Campbell Tarr,.....	13	38	43	94
CONGRESS.				
Moses Titchenell,.....	12	8	0	20
George R. Latham,.....	2	9	25	36
— Smith,.....	2	0	2	4
William Zinn,.....	9	7	9	25
SENATE.				
— Rolison,.....	13	5	3	21
— Corley,.....	0	10	3	13
LEGISLATURE.				
— Wilmoth,.....	0	5	4	9
Cyrus Kittle,.....	4	3	18	25
Charles Burke,.....	10	29	22	61
— Phares,.....	0	1	1	2
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.				
Spencer Dayton,.....	8	3	22	33
Charles Hooton,.....	5	0	2	7
Moses B. Butterfield,.....	1	0	0	1*
— Brown,.....	0	31	2	33
G. Cresap,.....	0	0	17	17
COUNTY TREASURER.				
S. E. Parsons,.....	15	38	33	86
RECORDER.				
A. H. Bowman,.....	6	10	16	32
John J. Adams,.....	8	34	21	63
SURVEYOR OF LANDS.				
Cornelius Parsons,.....	0	26	16	42
Joseph Parsons,.....	0	4	10	14
William Thompson,.....	14	0	1	15
ASSESSOR.				
D. C. Adams,.....	14	26	2	42
William R. Parsons,.....	1	19	25	45

* On the margin of the election returns some one wrote, just after Butterfield's name :
 "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

of their sympathy with the South, that the vote shows no considerable part of the voters. It stood thus:

OFFICES AND CANDIDATES.

SENATE.				
	Hannahsville	St. George	Black Fork	Total
E. J. O'Brien,.....	18	21	11	50
Joseph Teter,.....	15	7	8	30
J. H. Woodford,.....	1	7	0	8
Charles Burke,.....	1	2	5	8
LEGISLATURE.				
Rufus Maxwell,.....	19	25	11	55
David Wheeler,.....	18	13	15	46
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.				
Charles Hooton,.....	21	7	14	42
G. Cresap,.....	13	1	13	27
Samuel Woods,.....	1	20	..	21
SURVEYOR.				
Solomon Bonner,.....	30	13	22	65
Joseph Parsons,.....	4	16	3	23

ELECTION OF MAY 24, 1866.*

On May 24, 1866, an election was held in Tucker County, and the vote stood thus:

CANDIDATES.

CO. SUPT. OF SCHOOLS.				
	Hannahsville	St. George	Black Fork	Total
A. H. Bowman,.....	22	51	35	108
Cornelius Parsons,.....	20	22	16	58
Jacob Dumire,.....	4	0	0	4
Abraham Parsons,.....	0	0	7	7
For ratification constitution	19	13	9	41
Against " " "	29	61	51	141

A. H. Bowman's majority was 50. The ratification of the amendment to the constitution was defeated by 100 majority. There is no record of a poll having been opened on Horse Shoe Run or Dry Fork. The election of Black Fork Township was held at the residence of John R. Goff.

* After 1865 only the election of county, state and national officers will be given in full. It would require too much space even to mention the officers and candidates for the district offices.

(Continued.)

OFFICES AND CANDIDATES.

COUNTY RECORDER.	Hannahsville	St. George	Black Fork	Total
A. H. Bowman,.....	23	28	30	81
John J. Adams,.....	29	46	19	94
COUNTY TREASURER.				
S. E. Parsons,.....	1	12	10	23
Arnold Bonnifield,.....	40	56	39	135
Andrew Pifer,.....	0	1	0	1
A. H. Bowman,.....	0	1	0	1
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY.				
Charles Hooton,.....	15	7	10	27
G. Cresap,.....	30	48	33	111
J. H. Carroll,.....	12	16	9	37
SURVEYOR OF LANDS.				
Joseph Parsons,.....	47	65	41	153
William Ewin,.....	0	1	0	1
A. Bonnifield,.....	0	1	0	1
ASSESSOR.				
A. H. Long,.....	0	4	18	22
John White,.....	35	49	25	109
D. C. Adams,.....	20	7	6	33
D. L. Dumire,.....	6	14	5	25
JUDGE CIRCUIT COURT.				
John A. Dille,.....	0	0	5	5

TOWNSHIP ELECTIONS, MAY 23, 1867.

On May 23, 1867, township elections were held in Tucker County, with results set forth in the following table:

Hannahsville. Man elected.	Maj.	St. George. Man elected.	Maj.	Black Fork. Man elected.	Maj.
FOR SUPERVISOR.					
T. F. Hebb,	4	John Jones,	9	Job Parsons, Jr.,	30
JUSTICE.					
J. W. Miller,	..	S. E. Parsons,	23	M. Wolford,	1
CONSTABLE.					
W. J. Sage,	4	Wm. Shaw,	11	John H. Long,	27
OVERSEER OF THE POOR.					
Wm. Jones,	40	Wm. Shaw,	20	Jacob Fansler,	21
CLERK OF THE TOWNSHIP.					
J. W. Dumire,	6	J. J. Adams,	12	Solomon Bonner,	33
TOWNSHIP TREASURER.					
J. P. Gray,	1	D. K. Dumire,	10	Thomas Bright,	1
INSPECTOR OF ELECTIONS.					
J. J. Cline,	10	D. K. Dumire,	11	Ward Parsons,	3